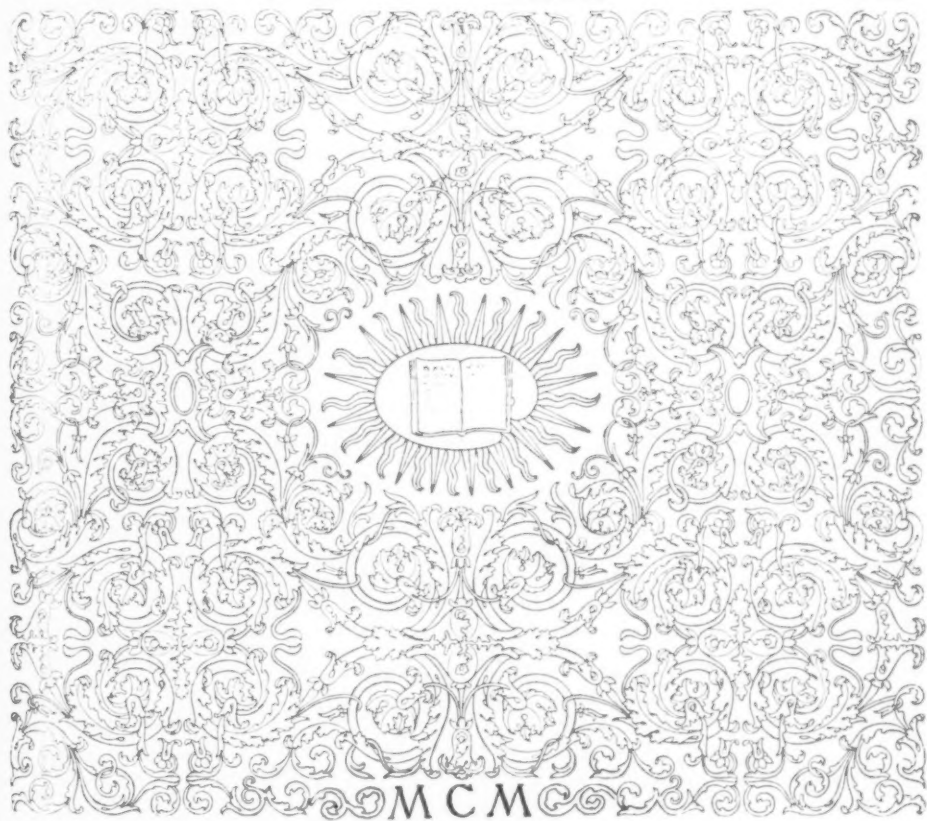


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(SEE "AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTING," PAGE 820.)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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CHINA'S "HOLY LAND."

A VISIT TO THE TOMB OF CONFUCIUS.

BY ERNST VON HESSE-WARTEGG.

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.

THOUGH the religion of the Chinese has changed in the course of time, their standards of life, manners, and morals were fixed by Confucius twenty-five centuries ago. They consider him the greatest man China has produced. In a way, he is to the Chinese what Buddha, Moses, and Mohammed are to other nations. He is held in the greatest veneration as the holiest and wisest of all sons of Han. The Chinese emperors conferred upon him the title "King." Magnificent temples and monuments were erected in his honor over all China, and the most gorgeous of them were for a long time reported to be in the country where he was born, lived, and died, a district in the province of Shan-tung, lying between the Grand Canal and the Yellow Sea. This part of China has been considered sacred for over four thousand years. Here rises to the clouds the holy mountain, the famous Tai-schan, and at its foot lies the Mecca of the Chinese, Tai-ngan-fu, a city antedating the Egyptian pyramids, and which, since its foundation forty-five centuries ago, has seen within its walls untold millions of Chinese pilgrims.

It was not till the second half of this century that white men succeeded in penetrating into the holy land of China. The English missionary Williamson was the first to have a glimpse of the grave of Confucius. He was followed, a few years later, by several others. One or two travelers succeeded in ascending the holy mountain, but several of the most sacred spots remained unseen by white men till 1898, the year of my visit. The inhabitants of western Shan-tung have the name of being very fanatical, and all attempts at travel or missionary work have here failed, except in the city of Tai-ngan-fu. No correct map had been drawn of the holy land, nor any photograph or drawing made of its holy places, palaces, temples, and graves.

The occupation of the port of Kiao-chau by the Germans made the trip into Shan-tung more feasible than theretofore, so far as the safety of traveling was concerned; but in every other way my undertaking was not an easy one. I knew from previous trips the hardships of traveling in the interior of China. There are no railways, carriage-roads, hotels, or other comforts; there are



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

GREAT TAI-SCHAN TEMPLE OF TAI-NGAN-FU.

not even country roads fit for ordinary wheel-carts; and as for night accommodation, the traveler has at his disposal in most cases only miserable hovels, filthy and almost without furniture. In order to get along at all the traveler must provide himself before starting with almost all the necessities of life, from a portable stove to knives and forks, and even drinking-water, for in many places the water is entirely unfit for human use. My caravan was therefore necessarily large: a horse and a cart for myself, and three other carts, each drawn by two tandem horses, for my servants and photographers, all Shanghai men, who made themselves as comfortable as they could on top of my numerous boxes.

A Shan-tung cart is neither as large nor as convenient as our ordinary country carts, consisting only of a box of the shape and size of a big Saratoga trunk, open in front, and placed directly on the axle between the two wheels. There are no benches or cushions, and after crawling inside the cover on all fours one must crouch on the wooden floor, grasping firmly the side beams of the box, in

order to withstand the continual bumping caused by the wretched state of the roads. The driver sits in front of the traveler, on one of the double shafts, with his nose almost on the horse's tail. These carts are a luxury obtainable only by mandarins in the larger towns, the ordinary mode of traveling being on a wheelbarrow pushed by a coolie. During my trips I even saw American missionaries traveling in such vehicles.

For white travelers there is not so much danger now from fanatics or robbers, who sometimes in large bands infest entire districts of this vast province, which in size may be compared with the State of Michigan, though containing a population nearly twenty times as large—indeed, more than half the population of the United States. China having been forced by the powers to pay heavily for every white man killed by her subjects, each mandarin is now held personally responsible for the safety of white travelers within his district. Moreover, a fear of the German guns and bayonets in Kiao-chau spread like wild-fire over the entire province. The mandarins, formerly the

prime movers in all mischief, became as polite as dancing-masters. They did everything in their power to conduct me safely through their respective districts. A courier was sent ahead from place to place to inform the next mandarin of my coming. From six to twelve soldiers accompanied my caravan to the boundary of a district, where the soldiers of the next district would be waiting to receive me.

After a three days' journey across the great plain of the neck of the Shan-tung promontory I reached Wei-hsien, a large and picturesque market-town with over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and during my several days' stay there enjoyed the hospitality of the American Presbyterian missionaries, who have an important station

here, with pretty dwellings, school-houses, and a hospital.

Shan-tung has been described as a poor province, with a miserable, famine-stricken population. True, misery prevails sometimes, owing to prolonged droughts, or to the inundations caused by "China's Sorrow," the mighty Hoangho River. But the soil is extremely fertile, and the inhabitants are so industrious and sober that the effects of such calamities are not lasting. I was surprised at the comparative wealth to be seen in the cities, and even in many of the larger villages. There are a number of millionaires in Wei-hsien; also in Tsi-nan, the capital of the province; in Tsing-chau, the great mart on the Grand Canal; and in other cities I visited. On my way from Wei-hsien due west



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER

IMPERIAL STONE MONUMENT IN THE GARDENS OF THE TAI-SCHAN TEMPLE, TAI-NGAN-FU.

to Tsi-nan I passed through rich industrial districts, notably that of Poshan, with its vast coal- and iron-mines, from which I infer that the projected German railways through Shan-tung will prosper. Up to the present, foreign commerce in this province is very small, owing to the entire absence of roads. Every article, from mining machinery to matches, from cotton-bales to needles, must be carried on mules' backs or on wheelbarrows over hundreds of miles. There has been, so far, only one port of entry, Chi-fu, and the entire foreign trade of a population of over thirty-five millions amounts to hardly twenty millions of dollars annually. With the advent of the iron horse this trade will increase by leaps and bounds. In commerce Americans have so far had the advantage here over all other nations, not excepting the English, owing principally to the much-abused missionaries. There are over a hun-

dred American missionaries stationed in the province, and they teach not only the gospel, but also Western culture and civilization. They are the real pioneers of commerce in China, and wherever they go, the Western merchant can follow with sure prospect of success.

After two weeks' wearisome travel along the northern base of the picturesque mountain-ranges occupying the central part of Shan-tung, I reached Tsi-nan, the seat of the seventy or more mandarins forming the government of the province. Owing to the official letters presented by me to the provincial governor, he smoothed my way south to the holy land. The Chinese are a slow race, they do not know the value of time, so several days passed before all preparations for my trip were made. However, I did not regret it, for Tsi-nan is a most picturesque city of over four hundred thousand



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. N. WELLINGTON.

HALF-WAY TO THE SUMMIT OF THE TAI-SCHAN MOUNTAIN (THE SUMMIT IS INDICATED BY A CROSS).



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

VIEW OF THE SUMMIT OF THE TAI-SCHAN TAKEN FROM AN ARCHWAY OF THE MAIN TEMPLE.

inhabitants. The strangest scenes are met with at every step. The more I saw of the Chinese and the deeper I entered into their curious civilization the more I liked them, which is the experience of nearly everybody who does not content himself with flying visits to Hongkong or Shanghai. A race of four hundred millions, inhabiting the largest empire on the globe, should not be judged altogether by the specimens seen in one or two seaports.

A two days' ride through the mountain districts south of Tsi-nan brought me to the Chinese Mecca, Tai-ngan-fu. For several hours before reaching the walls of this most ancient city I skirted the foot of bold granite mountains, the stone guard of the famous Tai-schan, which rises to a height of about six thousand feet. My expectations ran

high as I passed through the dark city gate, for I was entering one of the most ancient cities of the universe, mentioned by Chinese historians in the year 2254 B.C. That year the great Emperor Shun visited Tai-ngan-fu in order to receive the homage of the petty princes then residing in this region, and was so delighted with the place that he remained several months.

It was during this sojourn that the emperor ascended the Tai-schan, rising north of the city, and dedicated the mountain to the gods of heaven and earth. From the time of this imperial visit the Tai-schan became the holy mountain of the Middle Kingdom, ascended by hundreds of millions of pilgrims, who also sacrificed in the gorgeous temples of the city. I hoped to find in this most ancient place some remnants of its glo-



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

THE SUMMIT ROCK OF THE TAI-SCHAN, SURROUNDED BY A BALUSTRADE.

rious history—old castles, palaces, towers, or temples, which form such picturesque objects in cities comparatively much younger. Jerusalem, Damascus, Constantinople, Cairo, have also been sacked and destroyed many times, yet they still contain ancient monuments inviting the admiration of the traveler. From what I had so far seen, China possessed nothing of the kind; but here in the capital of this most ancient province there must be, I thought, some vestiges left of its former glory.

Even here I was sadly disappointed. The narrow, dirty streets were lined with poor, one-story houses, just like those in any other town of the Middle Kingdom, probably even more dilapidated; no squares, or temples, or palaces; none of those sometimes magnificent stone arches which the Chinese love to erect to the memory of faithful widows or virtuous maidens, or to a beloved mother, and which are such graceful and conspicuous ornaments of almost every Chinese city. Even of these modern marble arches I saw not one; and as for pilgrims,—of whom, on the day that Mr. Williamson visited

Tai-ngan-fu, he said that he encountered about seventy thousand within the walls,—I could discover but few.

I had been offered the hospitality of the American Baptist mission, situated in the principal street leading from the south to the north gate. Through this street passes the principal highway from the south of the empire to its capital, Peking; nevertheless the street does not differ from any other in the town, except by the great number of miserable inns. They must have been doing poor business, for the advent of a foreigner drew every innkeeper, with all his servants, to the doors. With deep kotows and respectful gestures they invited me to enter, some of them even grasping the reins of the horses and pulling them toward their filthy hovels. They were sorely disappointed when they saw me enter the Baptist mission, for such a prize as a "foreign devil" was rare in those bad times. How many years may have elapsed since the last advent of a white man in Western dress? The present generation has seen none, for the English and American missionaries stationed there

wear Chinese dress, with long pigtails like the natives themselves.

Dr. Crawford, my amiable Baptist host, who, with his wife, has been residing in China for nearly half a century, explained to me why missionaries were compelled to abandon our Western dress. When he first came to China to preach the gospel he considered it hardly compatible with the dignity of an American citizen to wear a pigtail and felt slippers. Moreover, the Western dress appeared to him an advantage in his mission, more liable to attract the attention and respect of the population in the different places he visited. In fact, no effort was needed to get an audience together, for great crowds usually collected about him, anxious to learn what the tall stranger with the stove-pipe hat, narrow trousers, and leather boots had to say. But hardly had he begun to preach to them in their own language than they became bolder, investigated the cut of his coat and trousers, felt the materials between their fingers, touched his boots, and interrupted him continually with all sorts of questions,—how the leather boots were put on and off, where he got the trousers, how much the materials cost, and where he had learned their language,—as if the God whom he preached interested them but little. Tired of these continual interruptions, he at last determined to satisfy the curiosity of his listeners from the very outset. Arriving in the next village, he addressed the crowd assembled about him as follows: "Brothers, I hail from America; my trousers are made of wool stuff, to be got at Shanghai for two tiao per yard; my boots are made of calfskin, and are put on in the same way as the socks you are wearing; your language I acquired in Peking, and I have come to tell you about the true God," etc. This, however, satisfied the audience but little. They waited patiently till he had finished, and then, instead of approaching him, crushed by the eternal truths, in order to ask for baptism, they again began questioning him about his trousers. Finally he became convinced that it was by far the best policy to adopt the Chinese dress, and for nearly fifty years he has worn no other.

While at dinner in congenial company, an officer in great state arrived at the mission, and handing me, with continual kotows, the huge red visiting-card of the town mandarin, placed himself at my disposal. He said that, by order of the provincial authorities, everything worth seeing would be shown to me, and that I should be accompanied by six

soldiers for my protection, as a great festival was being held and many thousands of pilgrims had collected from all parts of the empire. I had not seen them when entering the city, as they were then assembled in the big Tai-schan temple, in the northern part of the town. Mr. Crawford, who had been a resident of the Chinese Mecca for many years, informed me that the pilgrimages were then beginning to approach something like the old standard. Previous to the great Taiping war, probably the most terrible war in history, Tai-ngan-fu used to be visited by probably half a million pilgrims every year. Moreover, at that time steamers from the Chinese ports to Peking were few, so that the mandarins, great merchants, and other personages who had business in the capital had no other means of getting there than by traveling overland. Arriving at Tai-ngan-fu, they used to stop over a few days in order to ascend the holy mountain. All this traffic was stopped by the Taiping war. The rebels took and sacked the city seven times, destroying the flourishing suburbs and laying parts of the city itself in ashes. Even after the war traveling overland was so insecure, owing to the numberless bands of marauders, that for many years few ventured on a pilgrimage to Tai-ngan-fu; at the same time the number of steamers plying between the southern and northern ports increased so considerably, and ocean travel was made so comfortable, that most of the passenger traffic was diverted to the sea.

Almost the entire northern half of Tai-ngan-fu consists of a great park with enormous cedars, firs, and cypress-trees, many of them several thousand years old. Within this venerable park stands the great Tai-schan temple, surrounded by numerous side buildings, the only place left unravaged by the Taiping rebels. The park is surrounded by enormous walls with most picturesque pavilions and pagodas at the four corners. The main avenue leading to it through the town is closed by several monumental gates, opened only on the occasion of imperial visits, and as these happen only every twenty or thirty years, the space about these gates, and even the gates themselves, are taken up by labyrinths of booths and stands, restaurants, tea-houses, portable kitchens, theaters, etc., making a picturesque and gaily colored ensemble, not unlike a fair in Europe. Thousands of pilgrims thronged about these gates and in the avenue leading to them, and my military guard succeeded in clearing a way for me only with the help of their sticks.

These pilgrims, from all provinces of China, as far as the Tibetan and Mongolian frontiers, had no special attire, like the Japanese pilgrims to the famous Fujiyama. They did not differ from their four hundred million countrymen in any way, and only occasionally I noticed among certain groups red triangular flags with curious large characters in white, giving the name of the town or village whence they came.

The news of the advent of a Western man spread like wild-fire among them; they left theaters and tea-houses to throng about me as if I had been a circus. They were amazed when they saw that the large gates leading to the temple park were being thrown open for me. They pushed and squeezed inside in great crowds, and before I had reached the middle of the park every space within the sacred precinct was filled. Thousands of eyes watched my doings with intense curiosity. They seemed greatly interested in my big photographic apparatus, for since the foundation of Tai-ngan-fu no such machine had been seen there. When they observed the putting up of the three-legged stand, the strange screwing and directing, an expression of fear came over their faces, as if I had been directing a cannon at them. Finally I threw the black cloth over my head. This was the signal for furious shouting and screaming, and a volley of stones came flying at me. Angrily I jumped up and threatened them with my stick. Those standing nearest turned on their heels and retreated. My soldiers thought the moment favorable, and made a determined onslaught with their sticks. Fear was probably even more contagious than curiosity, for, quicker than I can describe it, the thousands turned toward the gates and fled. Within two minutes all had left the grounds, the gates were closed behind them, and I was alone, to behold the scene about me.

In the shade of the enormous trees, some of them among the biggest I have ever seen, I saw numerous stone arches, monuments, huge tablets resting on giant turtles of stone, bearing ancient inscriptions partly effaced by time and exposure, large bronze urns and vases of magnificent workmanship and great value. Here and there were pavilions and smaller temples with curiously shaped roofs, all grouped about an enormous central platform, raised about a man's height above the well-sanded ground. This square-shaped platform, surrounded by a balustrade of white marble with artistic carving, serves for the sacrifice at religious ceremonies.

Behind this platform rises another, much higher and larger.

Ascending the white marble steps, I found myself in front of the famous Tai-schan temple, one of the holiest in China, and at the same time one of the largest and most beautiful, with a main front of one hundred and fifty feet and a depth of sixty feet. There is no façade in our sense of the word, for immediately over the twelve monumental gates occupying nearly the entire length of the temple rises the enormous two-story roof, the main feature of nearly all Chinese temple buildings. Here the roof protrudes about fifteen feet over the walls, and the upward-turned corners are ornamented with grotesque porcelain figures. The covering of the roof consists, like all imperial buildings in China, of orange-colored glazed tiles. The gable ends are surmounted by huge porcelain dragons of the same color. The huge timbers bearing each roof protrude on each side, with their heads most artistically arranged, carved, and painted, resembling in general effect the stalactite arches of Moorish architecture.

Above the center door between the first and second roof a large tablet is suspended, inclosed in a heavy gilt carved frame, and bearing an inscription in gold letters on blue ground. A broad veranda supported by curiously painted wooden columns leads around the entire building. There are no windows, and the light falls into the temple through the latticework of the doors. The temple is thrown open only on special celebrations, a few times every year; but, owing to an order obtained from the viceroy, I was allowed to enter.

The center is occupied by a raised massive throne with a giant figure in a sitting position, representing the famous Emperor Shun, who reigned over China forty-two hundred years ago. The wooden statue, gilded all over, is about a thousand years old. Next to it sits a smaller female figure, said to represent the holy mother of the Tai-schan. A sacrificial table of superb old red lacquer stands in front of the statues, covered with numerous bronze vessels of the time of Emperor Shun. Six massive square stone pillars support the roof. There is no other altar, no other object inside the temple, but the walls are covered with magnificent paintings, the most beautiful I have seen in China. They represent a succession of scenes describing the ascent of the Tai-schan by the first emperor of the present dynasty. Hundreds of life-size fig-

ures enliven these scenes, the emperor himself being represented in double life-size. The grouping of the figures, the painting of the landscapes, the curious perspective, reminded me vividly of the way in which Western artists at the time of Van Eyck and Hans Memling used to paint. The colors are very bright, and the whole is fortunately in an excellent state of preservation, doubly surprising in a country where everything is in ruins.

The Tai-schan temple, with its numerous side buildings, is the principal and, I may say, the only object of great interest in the Chinese Mecca, for all the other temples, palaces, and gardens have been devastated by the rebels. On my way to the holy mountain the following morning, I passed over vast tracts literally covered with ruins, as if the Tai-schan were another Vesuvius, and Tai-ngan-fu another Pompeii.

To have been in Tai-ngan-fu without having ascended the Tai-schan would be the same as if a visitor to Lucerne should fail to go up the Rigi. At present the only way to reach the top is on foot or by chair. The height of the holy mountain is about six thousand feet above Tai-ngan-fu, and the distance something over sixteen miles. The road is probably the best in all China. About a mile north of the city walls a large gate stands amid the ruins of once flourishing suburbs, and after passing this gate I found myself in an avenue several miles in length, and lined with temples, convents, and holy shrines, where pilgrims stop and pray if they succeed in shaking off the thousands of beggars who occupy this only road leading to the summit.

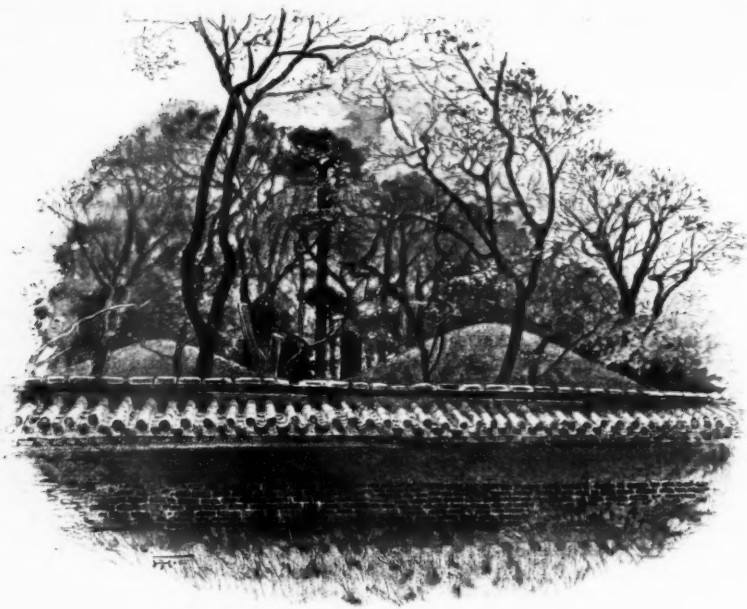
They are not ordinary modest beggars, but the real lords of the Tai-schan, who levy a sort of entrance-fee, which every traveler is compelled to pay. They are not content with crouching modestly by the roadside, for that would enable pilgrims to make their escape. In order to prevent this, each beggar builds a sort of wall of loose stones, about three feet high, across the avenue, with an opening of only a yard in the center, and in this opening he sits or kneels, knocking his head on the ground, and shouts, screams, and howls at the approach of every pilgrim. They make room for nobody. Each traveler has to step over them, and naturally enough a few "cash" coins are thrown to them in order to avoid being touched or pulled by the clothes with their sore and filthy hands. They are most numerous in the lower portion of the road, but they assail the

pilgrims also a few thousand feet higher up on the mountain.

The real ascent begins at a stone portal at which, according to its inscription, the great Confucius himself halted and turned back twenty-six hundred years ago, not having had the strength to climb the six thousand stone steps leading to the top. Imagine a staircase leading to the top of Mount Washington! These Tai-schan stairs are by far the highest in the wide world, for taking the number of steps in one story of an ordinary house to be twenty, the number of Tai-schan steps equals three hundred stories. Still, I had to climb up, for these steps are in many places so narrow that I dared not trust my bones to the care of my two chair-coolies; moreover, they were exhausted by the fatigue and heat, and apparently unable to carry even the empty chair. Their tariff for carrying one person up and down the Tai-schan, a distance of twice sixteen miles, is six hundred cash, or thirty cents—fifteen cents for each coolie!

After six hours of tedious climbing I passed through the Gate of Heaven and stood on the large plateau at the summit, which is covered with numerous temples and stone monuments. The main temple is that of the holy mother, consisting of a number of buildings surrounded by a high wall. Magnificent bronze statues and bronze monuments adorn the several courts, in the last of which rises the principal temple, with a huge statue of the holy mother on an altar. The doors of this temple are opened only once every year for an imperial commissioner who comes to collect the money offerings of the pilgrims. But thanks to a substantial bakshish, or, as it is called in China, *kumshah*, a priest pushed a loose bar of the main gate aside, enough to let me have a glimpse of the interior. The floor of this large temple was filled with a heap of coins three feet high—coins of every description, size, and value, ancient and modern, mostly brass cash, but many millions of them, representing probably ten thousand dollars United States currency. The money is divided among the convents and beggars of the holy mountain, but the lion's share goes into the pockets of that enterprising lady, the dowager empress.

Still higher up stands a temple dedicated to the "sleeping holy mother," and entering, I found an elegantly furnished bedroom, with a life-size doll lying under silk coverings on the bed. The accompanying priest whispered to me not to speak too loud, lest I should disturb the young lady's slumber.



DRAWN BY HARRY PENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE TOMB OF CONFUCIUS, WITH THE STONE TABLET BEFORE IT. (THE MOUND TO THE LEFT IS THE GRAVE OF HIS GRANDSON.)

The real summit rock of the Tai-schan is fenced in, with temple buildings about it, something like the famous Rock in the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem.

Still weary from the hard climb, I left on the following morning for Kiu-fu, the home of Confucius. After an easy trip through most beautiful and fertile country, I arrived at the huge city wall, over which I saw the yellow-tiled roofs of the Confucius temple and of the palace of the present duke, the lineal descendant of the Sage.

The tomb of Confucius is situated about two miles outside the town, and, in order not to arouse the suspicion of the fanatical population, I determined to visit it before entering the city. Consequently I sent one of my soldiers to the duke's secretary, praying that the gates of the family graveyard should be opened to me. The orders of the viceroy had, however, preceded me, and on my arrival at the gates I met some chamberlains of the duke, in great state, already waiting. After profound kotowing, they led the way to the most sacred spot of the Chinese empire, which, so far, has been seen only by one or two white men. Fortunately, the vicar of the German Catholic mission of southern Shan-tung, a most learned man

and excellent Chinese scholar, had joined me on the way, and I was thus able to get translations of the inscriptions on all the numerous portals, bridges, temples, and tombs.

The avenue leading from the city to the grave of Confucius is lined with enormous cedars and cypresses, many of them thousands of years old, and spanned by magnificent wood or marble arches covered with most beautiful carvings. After crossing the Sze-shui River, the Chinese Jordan, we entered the sacred precincts. A road to the right leads to the tombs of the dukes, the lineal descendants of the Sage. The middle road is gradually lost amid the many thousands of graves of members of the Confucius clan, which is very large, the city Kiu-fu alone numbering amid its twenty-five thousand inhabitants about eighteen thousand descendants of the Sage, all bearing the name Kung-tze (Confucius). The road to the left leads through a grove of giant trees to a walled inclosure with a sacrificial temple at its gate. Here the duke, with his immediate family, performs twice every year the prescribed ancestral rites and offers sacrifices.

Passing through this temple, which contains nothing but a large table of sacrifice,

of red lacquer, I entered the central inclosure and stood before the grave of Confucius. Here, under an earthen mound probably fifty feet high and one hundred and twenty feet in circumference, lie the ashes of the Sage, or, as the inscription on the stone tablet in front of it says: "The most sacred, the serene Sage, the venerable teacher, the philosopher Kung." Twenty-six centuries have elapsed since this mound was erected, thousands of millions of sons of Han have lived and died, and still the teachings of the great man form the Bible of this most numerous nation on earth. He has impressed his religion and his code of morals on a third of the entire population of the globe; but all these millions, from the long line of emperors down to the present day, worship him not as a god, but as a man. They erected no gorgeous temples for sacred shrines over his grave, and no relics of Confucius are worshiped, like the piece of ivory which in the temple of Kandy represents the tooth of Buddha, or the hair from the head of Mohammed in the Mosque of Kairwan. Confucius is not a legendary figure, distorted by the commentaries of priests, but a man like his contemporaries and their descendants, yet withal greater than the deities for whom the peoples of Asia prostrate themselves in the dust.

There are two other smaller earth mounds within the inclosure, one covering the remains of Kung-li-pa-yu, the son of Confucius, born 532 B.C., the other those of his grandson Tse-tse, the teacher of the greatest Confucian apostle, Meng-tse, or Mencius, as he is called in the Western world.

On leaving we passed through the graveyard of many thousands of descendants of Confucius, small mounds, mostly without any inscription or gravestone, rising here and there in the shadow of the hoary old ones, some of which were planted by Tse-tse twenty-four centuries ago. Arriving at the gate, we encountered a funeral procession with a band of music and all the grotesque paraphernalia in which the Chinese indulge on such occasions. The body of the deceased had been carried hither several hundred miles overland from distant Ho-nan. So great is the desire of the members of the Kung-tze clan to be buried on this sacred spot.

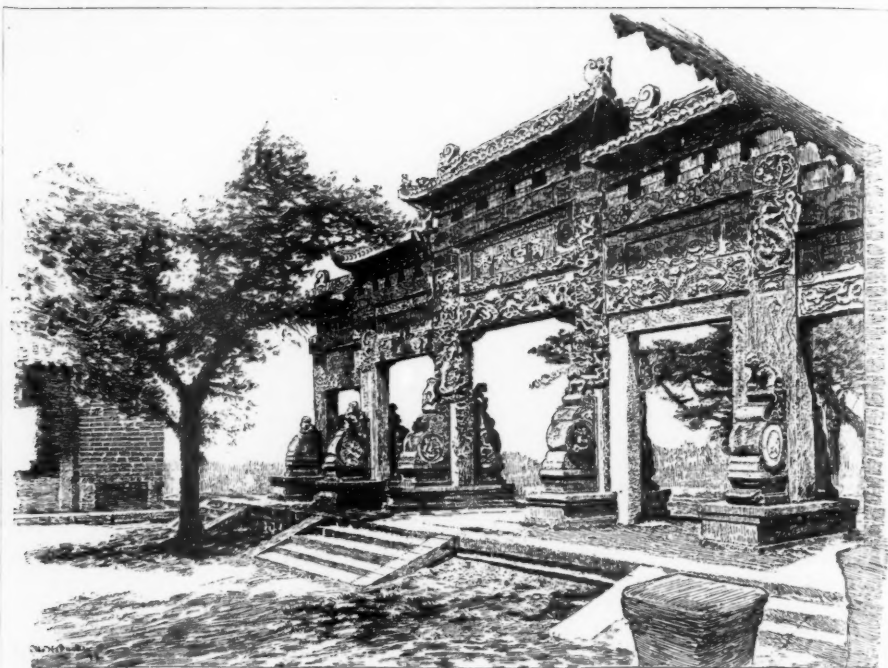
The city of Kiu-fu, the Chinese Jerusalem, is a quiet place, with narrow streets and poor houses, just as dirty and dilapidated as all other towns I have visited in the Middle Kingdom. Hardly had we reached our miserable

inn, filled with wheelbarrow coolies, when the chief mandarin of the city arrived in great state to bid us welcome, preceded by an official with a portfolio the size of a square foot, containing the mandarin's visiting-cards. The mandarin himself was carried in a blue litter, overshadowed by a big red state umbrella, and surrounded by a dozen soldiers in ragged uniforms, carrying curiously formed ceremonial weapons. A great crowd thronged after him, for two foreigners together had probably never before been seen in Kiu-fu. News of our coming had spread through the town, and all were anxious to see the strange foreign creatures.

The mandarin showed us all signs of respect, placed himself entirely at our disposal, but declined to show us the two most interesting objects in this famous city, the great Confucius temple and the palace of the present duke, which still contains many personal belongings and manuscripts of the great Sage. According to the mandarin, the temple is thrown open only twice every year, and a special order from Peking is required to see it; as for the duke, his Grace was not well, and his house could not be entered under any circumstances. I begged and remonstrated in vain. Finally, during my return visit to the mandarin, I insisted upon being shown these two principal sights of the holy land. I would write to Peking and wait here under the protection of the mandarin, even if it should be weeks.

At the mention of Peking the stony dignity collapsed. He would see the duke and do his best. I should merely return to my inn, and on the morrow he would give me the duke's decision. I insisted that the question must be settled at once, as I would wait at the yamun till the arrival of a favorable reply. My firmness startled the mandarin, his officials, and soldiers, who crowded about him. A great palaver was held, as the result of which I was invited to proceed to the great temple in the mandarin's own litter, under a strong military escort. Soon after reaching the temple gate about a dozen of the duke's chamberlains, attired in their ceremonial dress, appeared, and after presentation the gates were opened for the first time, with one exception, to a white man.

Probably one half of the entire space within the high city walls is taken up by the well-wooded temple grounds. An avenue lined with numerous yellow-tiled, double-roofed pavilions divides the park. Each pavilion has been erected by an emperor, and contains an enormous stone tablet, many



DRAWN BY JITO H. BACHER.

IMPERIAL ARCHES OF STONE IN FRONT OF THE GRAVE OF CONFUCIUS.

tons in weight, covered with inscriptions in praise of Confucius. Hoary old pines, cedars, and cypresses overshadow the many temples and pagodas on the south side of the avenue, while in the middle of the latter rises a wonderful temple building, forming the entrance-gate to the northern half of the grounds. The yellow-tiled roof is supported by magnificently sculptured stone pillars, the finest I have seen in Asia.

Passing by the side of the central passage, reserved for imperial visitors, through this temple I entered a large, shady square, surrounded by numerous other temples. On the right of the entrance I noticed a large cypress-tree, surrounded by a stone balustrade. An old stone tablet close by bears an inscription stating that this tree was planted by Confucius himself; in that case its age is twenty-five centuries. There is, however, only a portion of the trunk of the original tree left, out of which sprang the present tree (see the picture, page 817) several hundred years ago.¹

The long rows of temples lining the square on the right and left contain high altars of

red lacquered wood, with the ancestral tablets of the seventy-two disciples or apostles of Confucius, and are otherwise bare of any ornament. In the center of the square rises a small terrace crowned by an open pavilion. This, called the Hing Tan, or "apricot altar," indicates the spot where Confucius used to preach to his disciples. Only emperors and the highest dignitaries are allowed to step on this terrace to perform the prescribed kotows. A few steps beyond there is a larger square platform, of a man's height, surrounded by a triple row of white marble balustrades, similar to those in the famous imperial Temple of Heaven in Peking. Here, on this "moon terrace," during the annual sacrificial ceremonies, fifty youths of the ducal household, clad in robes of antique cut, perform the prescribed slow ceremonial dances, which by tradition have come down to the present from most remote times. These religious dances played a great rôle in the heathen ceremonies of Babylon and Nineveh, with the Greeks and Romans, and are still observed in a somewhat different form in Seville, where I have seen the *baile de los seises* in the cathedral.

The entire back part of the great square

¹ Some of the big trees (*Sequoia*) of California are supposed to be between three and four thousand years old.—EDITOR.

is occupied by the real temple terrace, higher than the two others, and also surrounded by triple balustrades of white marble. Ascending the broad marble stairs, I found myself before the great Confucius temple, one of the largest and most inspiring of China.

The building is about one hundred and eighty feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide, consisting of only one hall, with side walls twenty-two feet high, surrounded on the outside by a broad veranda with superbly carved marble pillars. Over these rises the huge double roof, covered with porcelain tiles of orange color. The entire building reaches a height of over eighty feet. The architraves are of most artistic construction and are beautifully carved. Between the first and second roof a big blue tablet, surrounded by a richly carved and gilt frame, bears the inscription, "Temple of the ideal man."

With great ceremonial the principal temple guardian, a very high imperial functionary, unlocked the center doors, and as probably the first white man I entered the most sacred place of the Chinese empire, for here, on the site where the original dwelling of Confucius stood, rises the richly gilt altar on which the statue of Confucius is enthroned. This statue, sixteen feet high and most ancient, represents the Sage as an old man with a long white beard, holding a scroll in his right hand. A canopy of heavy yellow silk with most costly embroideries shelters the statue, which, owing to the absence of windows in the temple, is shrouded in mystic darkness. Only when, at my request, some additional gates were opened, was I able to distinguish the different objects of the interior. The walls are covered with numerous huge memorial tablets, dedicated by emperors of different dynasties, and bearing suitable inscriptions in praise of Confucius. Four massive square stone columns support the richly paneled and painted roof, and by the side of these columns rise four other altars, with the statues of the four favorite disciples of the Sage, of similar execution as that of the latter, only of smaller size.

However, the objects which interested me most were the five high sacrificial altars or tables, of magnificent red lacquer, placed in front of the statue of Confucius. They are covered with personal belongings and relics of the Sage, most ancient bronze figures and urns, principally gifts of various emperors. Among them I noticed two bronze cows, one foot high, bearing the date of the Shang

dynasty, and consequently about thirty-five hundred years old. One large bronze dish and a curiously shaped ash-urn were pointed out to me as objects of the time of an emperor who reigned over China forty-three hundred years ago. The mandarins appeared to attribute the greatest value to a number of large, richly enameled copper vases, with colored ornaments in ancient Persian style, and, as I was informed afterward, they were indeed gifts of a Persian ruler to a Chinese emperor in some remote period.

On the altar of Confucius and at the foot of his statue stands his ancestral tablet, about one foot high, surrounded by a richly carved and gilt frame bearing the inscription, "Resting-place of the spirit of the most holy Sage Confucius." Unfortunately, the interior of the temple was too dark to photograph.

Accompanied by the crowd of mandarins and their retinue, we next visited the ancestral temples of father, mother, wife, and the immediate descendants of Confucius, all situated in special smaller courts overshadowed by big pine-trees. I was, however, disappointed at the dearth of old inscriptions, of which, I had been told, many were to be seen in these sacred precincts. I found far more of them in the temple of Yen Hwuy, the Sage's favorite disciple, which we next visited. Here the arrangement of the grounds is very similar to that of the described Confucian temple grounds, only on a much smaller scale. The ancestral tablet in front of Yen Hwuy's statue in the main temple here shows the inscription, "The perfect man who attained holiness equal to that of the holy man."

This temple is said to stand on the spot of Yen's dwelling-house, and near by rises a most beautiful silver pine, over one hundred and fifty feet high and nearly ten feet in diameter, one of the most magnificent trees I have ever seen. The stem and branches are of spotless silvery white, while the dead branches are dull coal-black; the rays of the sun glittering through the crown gave it a magical appearance.

Leaving Yen Hwuy's temple by the south gate, I admired the three rows of white marble balustrades, which, rising slightly above one another, inclose the south side of the temple grounds, over three hundred feet long. The carvings on these balustrades, representing foliage, dragons, and different sorts of Chinese emblems, are most beautiful.

The town mandarin now proposed to ac-

company us to the inn, but I insisted upon being shown to the palace of the duke. After some hesitation the crowd of ducal chamberlains, mandarins, guards, and populace took the direction to the ancient abode of the Confucius family, and arriving at the monumental gate of the palace grounds, I at once entered, knowing that I would succeed only through boldness. The mandarins, with what appeared to me an expression of fear on their faces, remained behind. I heard some grumbling from among the crowd, which did not deter me, but after traversing the first court some of the duke's bodyguard, tall, magnificent fellows in silken uniforms, stepped in my way, and pointing to the next court, said that the duchess and her ladies in waiting were there. As Chinese ladies of high rank are kept in seclusion, it would have been a great breach of etiquette had I persisted in proceeding farther.

To my great regret, I was obliged to return to the gate. At this moment the missionary, my traveling companion, directed my attention to a Chinaman of prepossessing appearance, clad in silken robes and probably six feet tall. He was leaning against a tree, somewhat hidden by the crowd of bystanders. "Look at this man," the missionary said; "this is the duke." The mandarins, who had insisted first upon the duke's illness, then on his absence from Kiu-fu, showed consternation, which I apparently heightened by kotowing to the lineal descendant of the Sage. The mandarins had been convicted of an open lie, and had thus "lost face," as the Chinese say. The former cordiality between us was now over. Coldly I bade them farewell and returned to the hostelry, leaving the next morning for Tsu-hsien, the birthplace and home of Mencius.

After half a day's ride through most fertile plains we noticed among the great orchards and vegetable-gardens the high walls of that ancient city, and approached the gate not without fear, for the inhabitants of Tsu-hsien are noted for their fanatical hatred of Christians. Missionaries who on previous occasions had ventured into the town had been driven out again, barely escaping with their lives. Threatening crowds gathered round us when we entered the main street.

To my surprise, the mandarin, who had been notified the day before of our coming, had not sent the usual guard of soldiers for our protection, and we did not know where to turn. At the farther end of the main street, lined with miserable hovels with

thatched roofs, I noticed extensive and well-wooded grounds, with a yellow-tiled temple roof among the trees. Opposite these grounds was a poor inn, the stopping-place for muleteers and wheelbarrow coolies, the poorest place I had yet seen. However, our stay here was not to be a long one, and we decided to put up there. Hundreds of Chinese in filthy rags followed us inside the inn, and became so threatening that I despatched my "boy" at once to the mandarin, requesting him to send some soldiers for our protection, and asking at the same time to have the Mencius temple opened. The boy returned without bringing a satisfactory reply, and I had to send him repeatedly back to the yamun, threatening the mandarin to report to Peking. This brought him to terms; the word "Peking" seems to exercise a magic influence on all mandarins. Within a few minutes the great man himself appeared at the inn, in order to present his excuses for our "evident misunderstanding." He promised to have everything worth seeing in Tsu-hsien immediately thrown open for me, and, further to indicate his good will, he sent me a sumptuous meal from his private kitchen, consisting of some forty dishes with all sorts of Chinese delicacies, including swallows' nests, sharks' fins, and cakes baked in rhinoceros oil.

On my return visit I expressed a desire to meet the lineal descendant of Mencius in the seventy-second generation, the Go-tse, as he is called by the Chinese. Like the descendants of Confucius, those of Mencius are also enjoying certain privileges. The head of the Mencius clan is a member of the Hanlin Academy in Peking, a hereditary honor in the family. They possess valuable entailed property, although not near so much as the Duke Confucius, who is one of the wealthiest men of China, counting his fortune by tens of millions of dollars.

My wish to meet the Go-tse could not be gratified, for very sound reasons. According to the mandarins, the Go-tse had absconded with a sum of five hundred taels, the property of a relative, besides committing all sorts of smaller crimes. I now asked for the next representative of the great Meng-tse family, for I was anxious to be shown the numerous relics, including some manuscripts of the sage; but alas! he also was *en voyage* for similar reasons.

I insisted no further, and contented myself with being shown the temple of the great ancestor of this degenerate family. Of similar arrangement and construction as



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

THE TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS AT KIU-FU AND THE CYPRESS-TREE SAID TO HAVE BEEN PLANTED BY CONFUCIUS.

that of Confucius, it is far less imposing and in a very dilapidated state. The outer walls of the temple grounds are partly in ruins, the gates cannot be locked, and grass in thick clusters covers the stone-paved terrace in front of the temple. The latter, about half as large as the great Confucian temple of Kiu-fu, contains a remarkably well-made statue of Mencius, representing a stout old man with a ruddy face and long white beard. The large, expressive eyes are the most striking feature. Instead of the sacrificial tables in front of the statue which we had seen in Kiu-fu and Tai-ngan-fu, the Mencius temple had only a small, round, five-legged table, with a sacrificial urn of modern make standing on it. The present temple building dates from the year 1068, and stands on the spot of the original Mencius dwelling.

Under the shadow of the large old cypresses, some of which, according to tradition, were planted by Mencius himself, are scores of

large stone memorial tablets, mostly the gifts of various emperors.

Besides this temple, and another dedicated to the memory of Tse-tse, the grandson of Confucius, the city contains nothing of any interest. It is one of the poorest and most dilapidated places I saw in Shan-tung, without any trade or traffic. Very few pilgrims include Tsu-hsien in their program, or, indeed, even Kiu-fu. The Chinese are an exceedingly practical people; they do nothing without some tangible object; and thus the large mountain to the south of Tsu-hsien, called Yeh-shan, is far more visited by pilgrims.

Yeh-shan is one of the holy mountains of China, and those who ascend it and sacrifice in the temple and convents on the summit are promised the realization of all their wishes.

We left Tsu-hsien without regret, taking our way westward through the plain, a perfect paradise of fertility, among orchards

and splendidly kept poppy-fields, to the great city of Yenchon-fu, one of the most ancient of the Middle Kingdom. After half a day's ride we reached the broad bed of the Wen River, the last of the large tributaries of

which the German government had avenged the murder of two Catholic missionaries during the previous winter, the attitude of the mandarins and literati toward the Western man has changed considerably for the better.



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

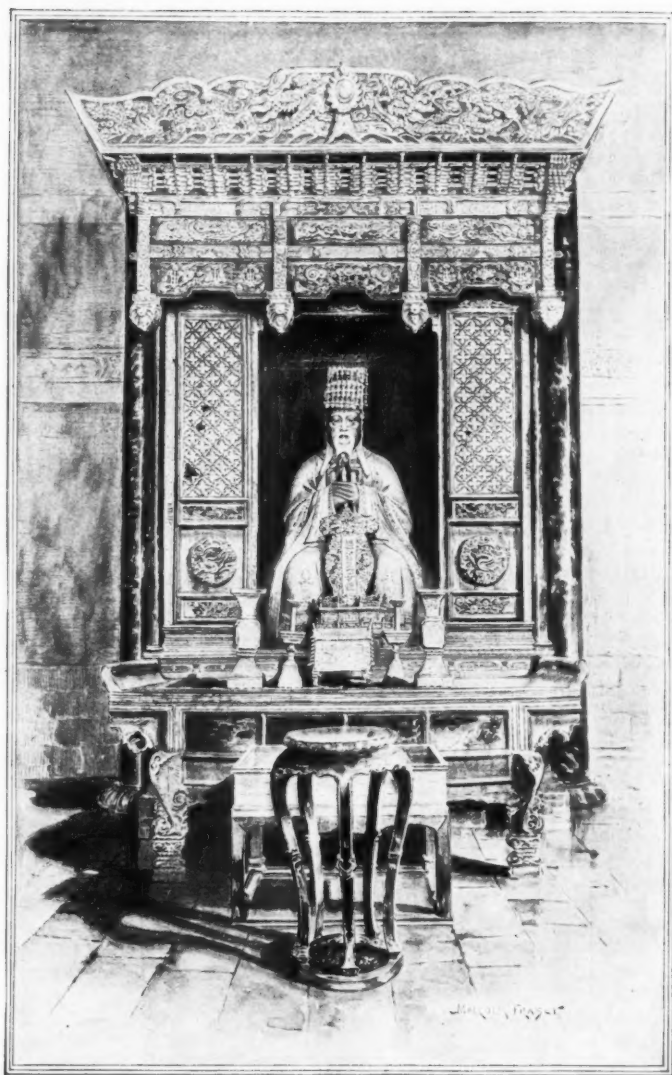
AVENUE LEADING TO THE GRAVE OF CONFUCIUS, KIU-FU.

the mighty Hoangho River, the turbulent waters of which every summer flood the country for many thousands of square miles. Then also the Wen River spreads over an enormous tract of this exceedingly fertile but very low-lying country.

At the time of my visit in the spring the river contained but little water. We passed it on a magnificent stone bridge with arches like those of the ancient Roman bridges which span the Tiber at Rome. Inscriptions over the gates of Yenchon-fu refer to events which happened in this vicinity over six thousand years ago. The interior fell rather short of my expectations. True, the streets are wider, better paved, and lined with better houses than those of the other cities of the holy land of China, the temples, yamuns, monuments, and stone arches are more imposing and more numerous, but the reputed great wealth of the inhabitants is not noticeable. Owing to the firmness with

I had hardly put up at the Catholic mission, the only Christian mission in this much-dreaded city, before a guard of about a dozen well-armed soldiers was placed at the gates for my protection, and the mandarins came in turn with their state paraphernalia to pay their respects. They assured me with all signs of sincerity that the life and property of Christian missionaries and their Chinese converts would be respected in future. Indeed, during my wanderings through this interesting city, even when visiting temples, convents, or markets, I was not in any way molested. The literati and fanatical disciples of Confucius, so very numerous in Yenchon-fu, kept in the background, and the populace, seeing the consideration paid us by the mandarins, including the commanding general of the province, remained in respectful attitude.

However, I doubt if this peace, forced by German guns and bayonets, will be last-



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

STATUE OF MENCIOUS IN HIS TEMPLE AT TSU-HSIEN.

ing. The hatred of the ruling and intelligent classes toward the foreigner is too deep-rooted for permanent peace, and I am afraid the short armistice which permitted me to travel safely over the entirely untrodden paths of the holy land of China will sooner or later be followed by outrages and revolutions, till the iron horse penetrates those sacred districts and brings them within easy reach of the "mailed fist."





HISTORY proves that the powers of the intellectual and esthetic world are no less recuperative than those of the natural one. Though years may go by in an unbroken lethargy, though the technic and even the materials that the masters used are forgotten, yet surely at last other men arise who fill the vacant places. There have been so many examples of this recovered strength that a great faith in the vitality of beauty and truth is inspired, and a belief that the arts are never really lost, but have only strayed away. This opinion is incompatible with the idea, so often expressed, that certain forms of art were the results of bygone phases of feeling, have belonged to special ages, and can have no further development. The nineteenth-century revival of stained glass, to cite the most extraordinary new birth of an old craft, gives flat denial to any such limiting of artistic capacities. Another instance in point, though less important, perhaps, and not so widely known, is the unexpected and interesting return to miniature painting in the last ten years.

This decade has been so branded as utilitarian and unromantic that there seems to

be a distinct contradiction between its professions and the encouragement given to a form of portraiture which is fostered by sentiment and the affections. But this decree of callousness passed upon the time is only a superficial view, and a deeper observation of life brings the conviction that, however much manners and modes of expression have changed, the cravings of the soul, the demands of the heart, and the desires of love are as strong now as they were in the centuries before chivalry had been relegated to a place in the world's great fairy-tale. It would be absurd to conclude from the unpicturesqueness of our material prosperity that heroism, high-mindedness, and manliness no

longer exist; or to determine from the evidences of formal behavior that our men and women are lacking in fine sensibilities or tender and faithful affections, and that lovers are grown so abnormal that they do not cherish one another's likenesses. That in every heart some loved persons are enshrined is a fact as old as humanity. The delicate reserve that surrounds such relations has its desires more completely satisfied by small representations of the loved features



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.
PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY J. A. MacDOUGALL.

than by great life-size portraits, and delights in tiny pictures that can be carried in locket or put away in secret places. That colorless, soon-fading photographs have been replaced by miniatures, which are in themselves things of superlative daintiness, is a gain for individual pleasure as well as for esthetic taste.

ents to be best fitted for small work, and proceeded to study out the old methods of painting on ivory, they met with encouragement and appreciation.

Although popularity does not affect artistic standards, it is interesting to note that it is now as much the mode to have a portrait "done in little" as it was when Mr. Pepys



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.
PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY W. J. BAER.

After the early part of the century painting in this manner ceased to occupy a position of any importance. First, its patrons turned to the daguerreotypes then introduced, and, later, every improvement in photography seemed to be burying it deeper. Photographs on ivory retouched in a perfectly mechanical way were accepted in place of the likenesses fashioned by artistic skill, and these quite worthless productions usurped the name of the old work, and the public was satisfied with the change. Yet, despite this attitude, despite the fact that there were no schools where the technic could be learned, no masters to go to for advice, as soon as certain artists felt their tal-

felt that no man of taste could afford to be without one of Cooper's miniatures, and deciding that Mrs. Pepys should sit to the artist as soon as possible, recorded the progress of the work in his immortal "Diary."

Before a really just estimate of miniature painting can be made, all feelings of condescension on account of the smallness of the work must be laid aside. Quality alone is to be considered in matters of art, and no distinctions can be allowed between a portrait of two inches and one of as many feet merely on account of their proportions. Moreover, the smaller picture should not be looked upon as a curiosity, for its form is a perfectly legitimate one, and has been in



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE OF BLISS CARMAN BY THEODORA W. THAYER.

constant usage since antique times. Such narrow limits are no more to be despised than those of the sonnet, and what was not considered a too "scanty plot of ground" for Holbein and the Clouets needs no more apology than Milton's choice of verse.

The history of contemporary work began when Miss Laura C. Hills and Mr. William J. Baer turned their attention to painting on ivory. They were led to this by a liking for small things and an admiration for the old masters, and they had no idea of the results they might obtain. To this period belong Mr. Baer's companion pictures called "Aurora" and "The Golden Hour," showing the heads and shoulders of two lovely young women, whose floating, wind-blown, golden-brown hair is outlined against appropriate

effects of sunrise and sunset; and the first of those portraits, marvelously broad in treatment, beautiful in color, and glowing with life and character, which are now inseparably connected with Miss Hills's name. When these were first seen at a loan collection gathered from the best on this side of the Atlantic they could not be looked upon

as experiments, for they took their place among the many fine examples of old work as a natural continuation of the art. While they were distinctly modern, there was no cheapness of novelty, no invention of startling new technic about them; the impression given was so simple and so wholly artistic that it disclaimed any methods not legitimate, and asked for judgment by the standards of the earlier masters.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY ALICE BECKINGTON.

While the new departure was received with flattering notice, it seemed wise to wait further developments. Time alone could prove whether the artists had happened to make a first impression which they would be unable to sustain, or whether this was the beginning of a revival that would be of rich and permanent value. It is now evident that the latter judgment is the true one. The tentative standards of the early work have been taken as

tive ability, and which is an important addition to the line of "painters in little."

This position has been generously acknowledged by the artistic fraternity. The Society of American Artists, during the years of its existence, had had no occasion to consider the question of including miniatures in the annual exhibitions, for none had been painted that was worthy of hanging; but no sooner was admission asked for



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE OF J. WELLS CHAMPNEY BY MARIE CHAMPNEY HUMPHREYS.

guiding principles by a whole band of ambitious miniaturists, and some of those who began but feebly have broadened out along personal lines and shown fine originality; others, it is true, once thought to be of great promise, succumbed to the temptation of working on photographs, and their deterioration has been lamentable: but viewing the achievements of these years as a whole, a distinctly American school of miniaturists must be recognized—a school which is distinguished by sincerity, originality, and crea-

the new work than it was received upon its merits and placed most advantageously. Moreover, showing how completely distinctions of size in works of art are ignored, Miss Hills was elected to the society's distinguished membership, and somewhat later Mrs. Lucia Fairchild Fuller was similarly honored. Miniatures are now accepted as a regular part of the winter exhibitions, and a society composed exclusively of miniaturists has been organized. In February last this association showed at the Knoedler Gal-



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"AURORA," BY W. J. BAER, FROM THE ORIGINAL MINIATURE IN THE POSSESSION OF H. WALTERS.

lery a most interesting collection of portraits and pictures, and glancing through this representative array, where there were cases that recalled past triumphs, and others fresh from unknown hands, the value of the work as a whole lay open to judgment. Individual performance was lost in a general impression, and the excellences and characteristics that had been the strength of the revival, the limitations that had been its weakness, were too strikingly evident to be mistaken.

The first impression made by the portraits was one of reality and the animation of life. Any exaggeration of details or trifling defects would be impossible in such a compass, and would result in a caricature, not in a likeness. The power displayed in representing lifelike personality, and the insistence upon character, were so remarkable that the effect suggested a gallery of finely studied life-size portraits seen through a diminishing-glass. The ideals of John Sargent had swept away the reproach that "miniatures look all alike."

The liberty allowed in costume added to this feeling of naturalness, for the sitters had been painted in the ordinary garments

of our time, and whether the choice was the maiden's ball-dress, the gray-haired matron's trim high robe, the young man's stiff collar and black coat, or the child's little tucked frock, the form was accurately presented, and was a distinct addition to the types of persons so clothed. The backgrounds were another point of interest, for in place of the cloudy effects so dear to the mechanical workmen, because they can be made by an easily learned trick, some distinct color in the general scheme was used, or a bit of drapery or tapestry, or a landscape, just as these objects would be utilized in large canvases, and some of these backgrounds were very beautiful in color and repaid careful examination.

The gain by these changes cannot be overestimated; they are not only an artistic advance, but make the portraits of future historical interest, both as types and for their costumes. For after a lapse of time even the art of Holbein gathers interest from showing us the artist's contemporaries just as they looked when they walked about the streets and pursued their business or plea-

sure, and the inimitable portraits of Lady Jane Seymour and the chubby Brandon children, the finest old miniatures in existence, are doubly charming because of the not too many of them; and these, combined with flesh-tones that are faithfully studied from nature, have often resulted in ensembles of rare beauty. Although powerful



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY VIRGINIA REYNOLDS. (ORIGINAL AT PARIS EXPOSITION.)

quaintly cut garments and caps that were then the ordinary wear.

Another mark of this revival is the predominance of fine coloring. In such narrow boundaries many tones cannot be used without confusion, nor without degeneration into meaningless, vapory tints. These miniaturists, preferring simplicity and harmonious arrangements that are telling in a general effect, have used clear, direct colors, and

colorists are never very numerous, and this quality reaches a high development only in the hands of a few gifted persons, the general impression given is like that of our stained glass, in which something of the glory of La Farge's coloring has been repeated by almost every American glassworker, though no one has equaled his genius.

In this regard Miss Hills has been the

leader. Her arrangements may be of the simplest,—a lady in a black gown, with a black aigret in her hair, and a background of turquoise-blue, or the delicate profile of a red-haired beauty, outlined against tapestry, the snowy neck and shoulders rising out of dusky-brown velvet,—but the effect is gem-like, a revelation of exquisite coloring that is completely artistic. When, taking a hint from some natural object, Miss Hills paints such a picture as "The Goldfish," in which the girl's bright tresses, her gown, and the mysterious background suggest the elusive glitter of a swarm of goldfish through cool water, she takes a place among colorists of the first rank.

The question of technic must always be a serious one in painting a miniature. It cannot be done roughly and effectively, like an oil-canvas, which is to be viewed from a distance, but must have a loveliness of workmanship that will bear close examination. Moreover, it must be a fine, delicate object on which a frame of gold or precious stones will not be amiss. Our miniaturists have been very wise

in choosing a golden mean between the roughness of body-color on one hand, and on the other the excessive stippling which destroys all style. Just now, when a good many new workers are coming forward, there are signs that this mean may not be as carefully observed as formerly, and that the exuberant American temperament, which objects to being confined too closely to rule, is thrusting aside the distinctions between this work and larger water-colors; and with this is shown a tendency to ugly and realistic subjects that seem unsuited to the delicacy of this beautiful art. It is to be hoped that such violations of good taste will be short-lived, as they would surely result in cheapening and vulgarizing miniatures, as, in the past, the opposite qualities carried too far entailed the loss of all artistic charm, and degraded the art to the level of curious examples of minute industry.

Thus much for a better understanding of the artistic side of the work; its interest from a human standpoint has already been commented upon; and if, going outside the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

MINIATURE ("THE GOLDFISH") BY LAURA C. HILLS



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MINIATURE ("MOTHER AND CHILD") BY LUCIA FAIRCHILD FULLER.

limits of our special subject, the value of portraiture, in all the modes in which it is practised, is considered, the debt which has been conferred upon humanity cannot be overestimated. In our era alone, from the time when the worshipers in the catacombs made in mosaic a likeness of the Founder of Christianity, while yet the type of his features lingered in the memories of men, what a procession of the images of kings, queens, knights, popes, beauties, and fair children has come down from one generation to another, transforming the walls of many a palace and gallery into a more living record than the pages of written history! The thought of this wonderful painted pageant fires the imagination and conjures up visions out of the great past; and these emotions are mingled with sadness in look-

ing over old miniatures, with their faint, pathetic suggestion of bygone romance. The large portraits were part of the public state, but these are the mementos of fond loves and deep friendships. Sentiment gilds again the tarnished cases, which were once tenderly cherished, which were wept over and kissed during long absences, or lay safe under thick coats of mail through battle and foray, which knew the tempestuous beating of a queen's passionate heart, or kept the secrets of princes. The number of miniatures now recognized as authentic is marvelous, for the size, which contributes to their easy preservation, also makes them as easily lost or destroyed. Even the destructive period of the Commonwealth in England shows many instances of such escape from the slashing and ravaging spirit, which evidently

preferred larger things on which to wreak its vengeance. At the dispersal of the great collection made by Charles I, a number of the portraits were slipped into places where they were safe, and were forgotten. The catalogue which the king had had carefully

as an entirely new departure invented by our artists, whereas it is a matter of historical evidence that theirs is the very oldest known form of the art. For miniature painting arose in the early centuries of our era, when manuscripts and missals were illumi-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY I. A. JOSEPHI.

made, as well as the "C.R." with which each portrait was marked, have identified, after years of neglect in garrets and lumber-rooms, miniatures which are now among the finest examples owned by her Majesty the Queen and other distinguished English collectors.

In our revival the pictures in miniature have had quite as much distinction as the portraits, but their position has been so little understood that they are often spoken of

nated with red letters and ornaments, and the distinctive term was derived from *mini-um*, the Latin name of the favorite bright pigment. To the original embellishments of the text were gradually added illustrations, or figures of saints, popes, and historical personages, and at first these were of a severely Byzantine order; but when, as there is authentic record, Cimabue, Giotto, Botticelli, Fra Angelico, and other great masters

of the Renaissance made such tiny pictures both for books and for the ornamentation of altars, painting from nature was undertaken, and a free, natural style prevailed. For some time miniature painting was not divorced from the accomplishments of a medieval artist. Vasari describes many small masterpieces by his celebrated contemporaries, and records of Giulio Clovio that he was the first Italian to devote himself entirely to such work, and not only executed pictures that contained faithful likenesses of notable men and women, but also separate portraits which were kept in rich cases and highly valued by princes and rich collectors. Such portraits were soon in great demand, and, with the neglect that befell illuminated manuscripts after the spread of printing, the limner—the old English name for the miniaturist—confined himself entirely to them, so that the history of the art for many generations is one of portraiture.

A very interesting link between the old pictures and our recent ones is the celebrated "Hours" painted by Edward Greene Malbone at the time when the first American artists were making an honorable position, and in praise of which Benjamin West

is known to have said: "I have seen a picture painted by a young man named Malbone, which no man in England could excel." This ivory is now owned by the Athenæum at Providence, Rhode Island, and shows at

three-quarters length the figures of a graceful trio who represent Eunomia, Dice, and Irene, the past, the present, and the coming hour. The lines of the composition are so arranged that the maidens seem to circle with a graceful movement most suggestive of the onward flight of time; the color is still fresh and beautiful, and the faces and even the arrangements of the hair are typical of the handsome, modish women of that period. This picture remained for nearly a hundred years an isolated example in American art, when its influence was worthily carried on by Mr. Baer's "Aurora" and "The Golden Hour,"—which have had earlier mention,—and the interesting figure-pieces signed by Lucia Fairchild Fuller. In these a perfection of arrangement in line and fine color, combined with technical qualities of a high order, has



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY FLORENCE MACKUBIN.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET.

produced in a space of a few square inches effects as strong and picturesque as they are esthetically satisfying; and in the "Mother and Child" there is added to these powers an inspiration drawn from the sweetness of the subject.

From a background of blue brocade, beautified by age into faded purple and

an adorable gesture; and the innocent grace of this child recalls the feeling that touches our hearts in Della Robbia's naïve babies, and makes the picture seem an afterthought of those lost miniatures that the early Italian artists set about their altars.

Other artists whose names are connected with this revival are Miss Lydia Field



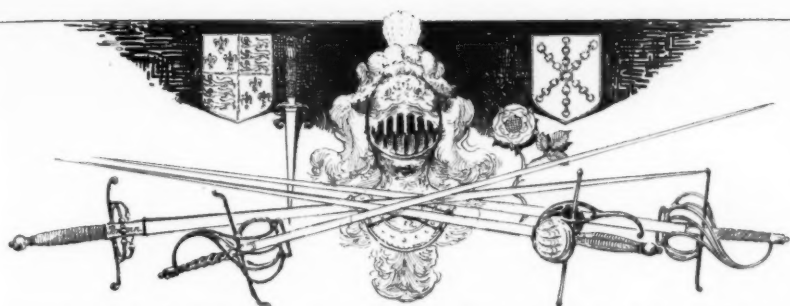
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY W. J. WHITTEMORE.

greens, the golden halo of motherhood gleams about the head of a fair woman with classic profile; a long purple scarf covers her light-brown hair, and crosses the soft ivory-white drapery that is wrapped over a red brocade gown. Half standing in her lap, and upheld by her strong arm, is a little blonde girl whose hands are outstretched with

Emmet, Miss Theodora W. Thayer, Miss Alice Beckington, Miss Helen Kirchner, Mrs. Virginia Reynolds, Mrs. Alice Ham Brewer, Miss Florence Mackubin, Miss Maria J. Streat, Miss Amalia Küssner, Mrs. Marie Champney Humphreys, and Messrs. W. J. Whittemore, I. A. Josephi, H. Vance Swope, and John A. MacDougall.





THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

By Bertha Runkle.

XIII. MADEMOISELLE.

I WENT to find Maître Menard, to urge upon him that some one should stay with M. Étienne while I was gone, lest he swooned or became light-headed. But the surgeon himself was present, having returned from bandaging up some common skull, to see how his noble patient rested. He promised that he would stay the night with M. le Comte; so, eased of that worry, I set out for the Hôtel de Lorraine, one of the inn-servants, with a flambeau, coming along to guide and guard me. M. Étienne was a favorite in this inn of Maître Menard's; they did not stop to ask whether he had money in his purse before falling over one another in their eagerness to serve him. It is my opinion that one gets more out of the world by dint of fair words than by a long purse or a long sword.

We had not gone a block from the inn before I turned to the right-about, to the impatience of my escort.

"Nay, Jean, I must go back," I said. "I will only delay a moment, but see Maître Menard I must."

He was still in the cabaret, where the crowd was thinning.

"Now, what brings you back?"

"This, maître," said I, drawing him into a corner. "M. le Comte has been in a fracas to-night, as you perchance may have divined. His arch-enemy gave us the slip. And I am not easy for monsieur while this Lucas is at large. He has the devil's own cunning and malice; he might track him here to the Three Lanterns. Therefore, maître, I beg you to admit no one to M. le Comte—no one on any

business whatsoever. Not if he comes from the Duke of Mayenne himself."

"I won't admit the Sixteen themselves," the maître declared.

"There is one man you may admit," I conceded. "Vigo, M. de St. Quentin's equerry. You will know him for the biggest man in France."

"Good. And this other; what is he like?"

"He is young," I said, "not above four or five and twenty. Tall and slim,—oh, without doubt, a gentleman. He has light-brown hair and thin, aquiline face. His tongue is unbound, too."

"His tongue shall not get around me," Maître Menard promised. "The host of the Three Lanterns was not born yesterday, let me tell you."

With this comforting assurance I set out once more on my expedition, with, to tell truth, no very keen enthusiasm for the business. It was all very well for M. Étienne to declare grandly that as recompense for my trouble I should see Mlle. de Montluc. But I was not her lover, and I thought I could get along very comfortably without seeing her. I knew not how to bear myself before a splendid young noblewoman. When I had dashed across Paris to slay the traitor in the Rue Coupejarrets, I had not been afraid; but now, going with a love-message to a girl, I was scared.

And there was more than the fear of her bright eyes to give me pause. I was afraid of Mlle. de Montluc, but more afraid of M. de Mayenne's cousin. What mocking devil had driven Étienne de Mar, out of a whole France full of lovely women, to fix his untamable desire on this Ligueuse of May-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"I DO NOT FORGIVE HIS DESPATCHING ME HIS HORSE-BOY." (SEE PAGE 837.)

enne's own blood? Had his father's friends no daughters, that he must seek a mistress from the black duke's household? Were there no families of clean hands and honest speech, that he must ally himself with the treacherous blood of Lorraine?

I had seen a sample of the League's work to-day, and I liked it not. If Mayenne were, as Yeux-gris surmised, Lucas's backer, I marvelled that my master cared to enter his house; I marvelled that he cared to send his servant there. Yet I went none the less readily for that; I was here to do his bidding. Nor was I greatly alarmed for my own skin; I thought myself too small to be worth my Lord Mayenne's powder. And I had, I do confess, a lively curiosity to behold the interior of the greatest house in Paris, the very core and centre of the League. Belike if it had not been for terror of this young demoiselle I had stepped along cheerfully enough.

Though the hour was late, many people still loitered in the streets, the clear summer night, and all of them were talking politics. As Jean and I passed at a rapid pace the groups under the wine-shop lanterns, we caught always the names of Mayenne and Navarre. Everywhere they asked the same two questions: Was it true that Henry was coming into the Church? And if so, what would Mayenne do next? I thought that old Maître Jacques of the *Amour de Dieu* knew what he was talking about: the people of Paris were sick to death of the Leagues and their intrigue, galled to desperation under the yoke of the Sixteen.

Mayenne's fine new hôtel in the Rue St. Antoine was lighted as for a fête. From its open windows came sounds of gay laughter and rattling dice. You might have thought them keeping carnival in the midst of a happy and loyal city. If the Lieutenant-General found anything to vex him in the present situation, he did not let the men in the street know it.

The Duke of Mayenne's house, like my duke's, was guarded by men-at-arms; but his grilles were thrown back while his soldiers lounged on the stone benches in the archway. Some of them were talking to a little knot of street idlers who had gathered about the entrance, while others, with the aid of a torch and a greasy pack of cards, were playing lansquenet.

I knew no way to do but to ask openly for Mlle. de Montluc, declaring that I came on behalf of the Comte de Mar.

"That is right; you are to enter," the cap-

tain of the guard replied at once. "But you are not the Comte de Mar yourself? Nay, no need to ask," he added with a laugh. "A pretty count you would make."

"I am his servant," I said. "I am charged with a message for mademoiselle."

"Well, my orders were to admit the count, but I suppose you may go in. If mademoiselle cannot land her lover, it were cruel to deny her the consolation of a message."

A laugh went up, and one of the gamblers looked round to say:

"It has gone hard with mademoiselle lately, sangdieu! Here's the Comte de Mar has not set foot in the house for a month or more, and M. Paul for a quarter of a year is vanished off the face of the earth. It seemed as if she must take the little cheese or nothing. But now things are looking up with her. M. Paul has walked calmly in, and here is a messenger at least from the other."

"But M. Paul has walked calmly out again," a third soldier took up the tale. "He did not stay very long, for all mademoiselle's graces."

"Then I warrant 't was mademoiselle sent him off with a flea in his ear," another cried. "She looks higher than a bastard, even Le Balafre's own."

"She had better take care how she flouts Paul de Lorraine," came the retort, but the captain bade me march along. I followed him into the house, leaving Jean to be edified, no doubt, by a whole history, false and true, concerning Mlle. de Montluc. We bow down before the lofty of the earth, we underlings, but behind their backs there is none with whose names we make so free. And there we have the advantage of our masters; for they know little of our private matters, while we know everything of theirs.

In the hall the captain turned me over to a lackey, who conducted me through a couple of antechambers to a curtained doorway, whence issued a merry confusion of voices and laughter. He passed in, while I remained to undergo the scrutiny of the pair of flunkies whose repose we had invaded. But in a moment my guide appeared again, lifting the curtain for me to enter.

The big room was ablaze with candles set in mirrored sconces along the walls, set also in silver candelabra on the tables. There was a crowd of people in the place, a hundred it seemed to my dazzled eyes; grouped, most of them, about the tables set up and down, either taking hands themselves at cards or dice, or betting on those who did. Bluff soldiers in breastplate and jack-boots

were not wanting in the throng, but the larger number of the gallants were brave in silken doublets and spotless ruffs, as became a noble's drawing-room. And the ladies! *mordieu*, what am I to say of them? Tricked out in every gay colour under the sun, a gleam with jewels—*eh bien*, the ladies of St. Quentin, that I had thought so fine, were but serving-maids to these.

I stood blinking, dazed by the lights and the crowd and the chatter, unable in the first moment to note clearly any face in the congregation of strange countenances. Nor would it have helped me if I could, for here close about were a dozen fair women, any one of whom might be Mlle. de Montluc. My heart hammered in my throat. I knew not whom to address. But a young noble near by, dazzling in a suit of pink, took the burden on himself.

"I heard Mar's name; yet you are not M. de Mar, I think."

He spoke with a languid but none the less teasing derision. In truth, I must have resembled a little brown hare suddenly turned out of a bag in the midst of that gorgeous company.

"No," I stammered; "I am his servant. I seek Mlle. de Montluc."

"I have wondered what has become of Étienne de Mar this last month," spoke a second young gentleman, advancing from his place behind a fair one's chair. He was neither so pretty nor so fine as the other, but in his short, stocky figure and square face there was a force which his comrade lacked. He regarded me with a far keener glance as he added:

"Peste! he must be in low water if this is the best he can do for a lackey."

"Perhaps the fellow's errand is to beg an advance from Mlle. de Montluc," suggested the pink youth.

"Who speaks my name?" a clear voice called; and a lady, laying down her hand at cards, rose and came toward me.

She was clad in amber satin. She was tall, and carried herself with stately grace. Her black hair shadowed a cheek as purely white and pink as that of any yellow-locked Frisian girl, while her eyes, under their sooty lashes, shone blue as corn-flowers.

I began to understand M. Étienne.

"Who is it wants me?" she repeated, and catching sight of me, stood regarding me in some surprise, not unfriendly, waiting for me to explain myself. But before I could find my tongue the man in pink answered her with his soft drawl:

"Mademoiselle, this is a minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary—most extraordinary—from the court of his Highness the Comte de Mar."

"Oh, that is it!" she cried with a little laugh, but not, I think, at my uncouthness, though she looked me over curiously.

"He has not come himself, M. de Mar?"

"It appears not, mademoiselle."

She did not seem vastly disconcerted for all she cried in doleful tones:

"Alack! alack! I have lost. And Paul is not present to enjoy his triumph. He waged me a pair of pearl-brodered gloves that I could not produce M. de Mar."

"But it is not his fault," I answered her, eagerly. "It is not M. de Mar's fault, mademoiselle. He has been hurt to-day, and he could not come. He is in bed of his wounds; he could not walk across his room. He tried. He bade me lay at mademoiselle's feet his lifelong services."

"Ah, Lorraine!" cried a young demoiselle in a sky-coloured gown, "methinks you have indeed lost M. de Mar if he sends you no better messenger of his regrets than this horse-boy."

"I have lost the gloves, that is certain and sad," Mlle. de Montluc replied, as if the loss of the wager were all her care. "I am punished for my vanity, mesdames et messieurs. I undertook to produce my recumbent squire, and I have failed. Alas!" And she put up her white hands before her face, with a pretty imitation of despair, save that her eyes sparkled from between her fingers.

By this time the gamblers about us had stopped their play, in a general interest in the affair. An older lady, coming forward with an air of authority, demanded:

"What is this disturbance, Lorraine?"

"A wager between me and my cousin Paul, madame," she answered with instant gravity and respect.

"Paul de Lorraine! Is he here?" the other asked, displeased, I thought.

"Yes, madame. He dropped from the skies on us this afternoon. He is out of the house again now."

"But while he was in the house," quoth she in sky-colour, "though he did not find time to pay his respects to Mme. la Duchesse, he had the leisure for considerable conversation with Mlle. de Montluc."

The other lady, whom I now guessed to be the Duchesse de Mayenne herself, turned somewhat sharply on her cousin of Montluc.

"I do not yet hear your explanation, made-

moiselle, for the introduction of a stable-boy into my salon."

"I beg you to believe, madame, I am not responsible for it," she protested. "Paul, when he was here, saw fit to rally me concerning M. de Mar. Mlle. de Tavanne informed him of the count's defection, and they were pleased to be merry with me over it. I vowed I could get him back if I wished. The end of the matter was that I wrote a letter which my cousin promised to have conveyed to M. le Comte's old lodgings. This is the answer," mademoiselle cried, with a wave of her hand toward me. "But I did not expect it in this guise, madame. Blame your lackeys, who know not their duties, not me."

"I blame you, mademoiselle," Mme. de Mayenne answered her, tartly. "I consider my salon no place for intrigues with horse-boys. If you must hold colloquy with this fellow, take him whither he belongs—to the stables."

A laugh went up among those who laugh at whatever a duchess says.

"Come, mesdames, we will resume our play," she added to the ladies who had followed her on the scene, and turned her back in lofty disdain on Mlle. de Montluc and her concerns. But though some of the company obeyed her, a curious circle still surrounded us.

"Dame! if you must be banished to the stables, we all will go, mademoiselle," declared the pink gallant. "We all want news of the vanished Mar."

"Indeed we do. We have missed him sorely. And I dare swear this messenger's account will prove diverting," lisped the sky-coloured demoiselle.

I was not enjoying myself. I had given all my hopes of glory to be out in the street again. I wished Mlle. de Montluc would take me to the stables—anywhere out of this laughing company. But she had no such intent.

"I think madame does not mean her sentence," she rejoined. "I would not for the world frustrate your curiosity, Blanche; nor yours, M. de Champfleury. Tell us what has befallen your master, Sir Courier."

"He has been in a duel, mademoiselle."

"Whom was he fighting?"

"And for what lady's favour?"

"Is it a pretty Huguenot this time?"

"Does she make him read his Bible?"

"Or did her big brother set on him for a wicked papist?"

The questions chorussed upon me; I saw

they were framed to tease mademoiselle. I answered as best I might:

"He thinks of no lady but Mlle. de Montluc. The fight was over other matters. I am only told to say M. le Comte regrets most heartily that his wound prevents his coming, and to assure mademoiselle that he is too weak and faint to walk across the floor."

"Then exceed your instructions a little. Tell us what monsieur has been about these four weeks that he could not take time to visit us."

I was in a dilemma. I knew she was M. Étienne's chosen lady, and therefore deserving of all fealty from me; yet at the same time I could not answer her question. It was sheer embarrassment and no intent of rudeness that caused my short answer:

"About his own concerns, mademoiselle."

"The young puppy begins to growl!" exclaimed the thick-set soldierly fellow who had bespoken me before, whose hostile gaze had never left my face. "I'll have him flogged, mademoiselle, for this insolence."

"M. de Brie—" she began at the same moment that I cried out to her:

"I meant no insolence; I crave mademoiselle's pardon." I added, in my haste floundering deeper into the mire: "Mademoiselle sees for herself that I cannot tell about M. le Comte's affairs in this house."

Brie had me by the collar.

"So that is what has become of Mar!" he cried triumphantly. "I thought as much. If Mar's affairs are to be a secret from this house, then, *nom de dieu*, they are no secret."

He shook me back and forth as if to shake the truth out of me, till my teeth rattled together; I could not have spoken if I would. But he cried on, his voice rising with excitement:

"It has been no secret where St. Quentin stands and what he has been about. He came into Paris, smooth and smiling, his own man, forsooth—neither ours nor the heretic's! Mordieu! he was Henry's, fast and sure, save that he was not man enough to say so. I told Mayenne last month we ought to settle with M. de St. Quentin; I asked nothing better than to attend to him. But the general would not, but let him alone, free and unmolested in his work of stirring up sedition. And Mar, too—"

He stopped in the middle of a word. All the company who had been pressing around us halted still. I knew that behind me some one had entered the room.

M. de Brie dragged me back from where

we were blocking the passage. I turned in his grasp to face the newcomer.

He was a tall, stout man, deep-chested, thick-necked, heavy-jowled. His wavy hair, brushed up from a high forehead, was lightest brown, while his brows, mustachios, and beard were dark. His eyes were dark also, his full lips red and smiling. He had the beauty and presence of all the Guises; it did not need the star on his breast to tell me that this was Mayenne himself.

He advanced into the room, returning the salutes of the company, but his glance travelling straight to me and my captor.

"What have we here, François?"

"This is a fellow of Étienne de Mar's, M. le Duc," Brie answered. "He came here with messages for Mlle. de Montluc. I am getting out of him what Mar has been up to since he disappeared a month back."

"You are at unnecessary pains, my dear François; I already know Mar's whereabouts and doings rather better than he knows them himself."

Brie dropped his hand from my collar, looking by no means at ease. I perceived that this was the way with Mayenne: you knew what he said, but you did not know what he thought. His somewhat heavy face varied little; what went on in his mind behind the smiling mask was matter for anxiety. If he asked pleasantly after your health, you fancied he might be thinking how well you would grace the gallows.

M. de Brie said nothing, and the duke continued:

"Yes, I have kept watch over him these five weeks. You are late, François. You little boys are fools; you think because you do not know a thing I do not know it. Was I cruel to keep my information from you, *ma belle Lorraine*?"

The attack was absolutely sudden; he had not seemed to observe her. *Mademoiselle* coloured and made no instant reply. His voice was neither loud nor rough; he was smiling upon her.

"Or did you need no information, *mademoiselle*?"

She met his look unflinching.

"I have not been sighing for tidings of the Comte de Mar, *monsieur*."

"Because you have had tidings, *mademoiselle*."

"No, *monsieur*, I have had no communication with M. de Mar since May—until to-night."

"And what has happened to-night?"

"To-night—Paul appeared."

"Paul!" ejaculated the duke, startled momentarily out of his phlegm. "Paul here?"

"He was, *monsieur*, an hour ago. He has since gone out again, I know not whither or for what."

Mayenne ruminated over this, pulling off his gloves slowly.

"Well? What has this to do with Mar?"

She had no choice but to go through with her tale, which she did straightforwardly, though speaking in evident dread of his displeasure.

"*Monsieur*, Paul joined Mlle. de Tavanne and me as we came back from chapel, after supper, and was pleased to rally me concerning M. de Mar. I confessed I had neither seen nor heard of him for a month. Paul suggested that M. de Mar had taken his aspirations elsewhere, and—well, in a word, *monsieur*, he roused my vanity. I said that if M. de Mar was gone, it was my frowns had driven him away; I had but to say the word to bring him to my feet again. So in the end Paul bet me a pair of gloves I could not produce him; and I sent a letter to his old lodgings in the Rue Turenne. I had little thought that he would be there. But it appears he was, in bed of a wound. And he despatched me this boy with his excuses."

She was moistening her dry lips as she finished, her eyes on his face wide with apprehension. But he answered amiably, half absently, as if the whole affair were a triviality:

"Never mind; I will give you a pair of gloves, *Lorraine*."

He stood smiling upon us as if amused for an idle moment over our childish games. The colour came back to her cheeks; she made him a curtsy, laughing lightly.

"Then my grief is indeed cured, *monsieur*. A new bit of finery is the best of balms for wounded self-esteem, is it not, *Blanche*? I confess I am piqued; I had dared to imagine that my squire might remember me still after a month of absence. I should have known it too much to ask of mortal man. Not till the rivers run up-hill will you keep our memories green for more than a week, *messieurs*."

"She turns it off well," cried the little *demoiselle* in blue, Mlle. *Blanche de Tavanne*; "you would not guess that she will be awake the night long, weeping over M. de Mar's defection."

"I!" exclaimed Mlle. de Montluc; "I weep over his recreancy? It is a far-fetched jest,

my Blanche; can you invent no better? The Comte de Mar—behold him!”

She snatched a card from a tossed-down hand, holding it up aloft for us all to see. It was by chance the knave of diamonds; the pictured face with its yellow hair bore, in my fancy at least, a suggestion of M. Étienne.

“Behold M. de Mar—behold his fate!” With a twinkling of her white fingers she had torn the luckless knave into a dozen pieces and sent them whirling over her head, to fall far and wide among the company.

“Summary measures, mademoiselle!” quoth a grizzled warrior, with a laugh. “Mordieu! have we your good permission to deal likewise with the flesh-and-blood Mar, when we go to arrest him for conspiring against the Holy League?”

But Mlle. de Tavanne’s quick tongue robbed him of his answer.

“Marry, you are severe on him, Lorance. To be sure, he does not come himself, but he sends so gallant a messenger!”

Mademoiselle glanced at me with hard blue eyes.

“That is the greatest insult of all,” she said. “I could forgive—and forget—his absence, but I do not forgive his despatching me his horse-boy.”

Thus far I had choked down my swelling rage at her faithlessness, her vanity, her spiteful entreatment of my master’s plight. I knew it was sheer madness for me to attempt his defence before this hostile company; nay, there was no object in defending him; there was not one here who cared to hear good of him. But at her last insult to him my blood boiled so hot that I lost all command of myself, and I burst out:

“If I were a horse-boy,—which I am not,—I were twenty times too good to be carrying messages hither. You need not rail at his poverty, mademoiselle; it was you brought him to it. It was for you he was turned out of his father’s house. But for you he would not now be lying in a garret, penniless and dishonoured. Whatever ills he suffers, it is you and your false house have brought them.”

Brie had me by the throat. Mayenne interfered without excitement.

“Don’t strangle him, François; I may need him later. Let him be flogged and locked in the oratory.”

He turned away as one bored over a trifling matter. And as the lackeys dragged me back to the door, I heard Mlle. de Montluc saying:

“Oh, M. de Latour, what have I done in destroying your knave of diamonds! Ma foi, you had a quatorze!”

XIV. IN THE ORATORY.

“HERE, Pierre!” M. de Brie called to the head lackey, “here’s a candidate for a hiding. This is a cub of that fellow Mar’s. He made a mistake when he brought his insolence into this house. Lay on well, boys; make him howl.”

Brie would have liked well enough, I fancy, to come along and see the fun, but he conceived that his duty lay in the salon. Pierre, the same who had conducted me to Mlle. de Montluc, now led the way into a long oak-panelled parlour. Opposite the entrance was the huge chimney, carved with the arms of Lorraine; at one end a door led into a little oratory where tapers, burned before the image of the Virgin; at the other, before the two narrow windows, stood a long table with writing-materials. Chests and cupboards nearly filled the walls. I took this to be a sort of council-room of my Lord Mayenne.

Pierre sent one of his men for a cane, and to the other suggested that he should quench the Virgin’s candles.

“For I don’t see why this rascal should have the comfort of a light in there,” he said. “As for Madonna Mary, she will not mind; she has a million others to see by.”

I was left alone with him, and I promised myself the joy of one good blow at his face, no matter how deep they flayed me for it. But as I gathered myself for the rush, he spoke to me low and cautiously:

“Now howl your loudest, lad; and I’ll not lay on too hard.”

My clinched fist dropped to my side.

“You never did me any harm,” he muttered. “Howl so they’ll think I’m half killing you, and I’ll manage.”

I gaped at him, not knowing what to make of it. But this is the way of the world; if there is much cruelty in it, there is much kindness, too.

“Here’s the cane, *nom d’un chien!*” Pierre exclaimed boisterously. “Give it here, Jean; there’ll not be much of it left when I get through.”

“You’ll strip his coat off?” said the second lackey, from the oratory.

“My faith! no; I should kill him if I did, and the duke wants him,” Pierre retorted. So without more ado the two men tied my wrists in front of me, and Jean held me by the knot while Pierre laid on. And he, good

fellow, grasping my collar, contrived to pull my loose jerkin away from my back, so that he dusted it down without greatly incommoding me. Some hard whacks I did get, but they were nothing to what a strong man could have given in grim earnest.

I trust I could have taken a real flogging with as close lips as anybody, but if my kind succourer wanted howls, howls he should have. I yelled and cowered and dodged about, to the roaring delight of Jean and his mate. Indeed, I had drawn a crowd of grinning varlets to the door before my performance was over. But at length, when I thought I had done enough for their pleasure and that of the nobles in the salon, I dropped down on the floor and lay quiet, with shut eyes.

"He has had his fill, I trow; we must not spoil him for the master," Pierre said.

"Oh, he'll come to in a minute," another answered. "Why, you have not even drawn blood, Pierre!" He laid his hand on my back, whereat I groaned my hollowest.

"It will be many a day before he cares to have his back touched," laughed Pierre. "Here, men, lend a hand. *Pardieu!* I wonder what Our Lady thinks of some of the devotees we bring her."

As they lifted me, he took my hand with an inquiring squeeze; and I squeezed back, grateful, if ever a boy was. They flung me down on the oratory floor and left me there a prisoner.

I spent the next hour or so trying to undo the knot of my handcuff with my teeth; and failing that, to chew the stout rope in two. I was minded, as I worked, of Lucas and his bonds, and wondered whether he had managed to rid himself of their inconvenience. He went straightway, doubtless, to some confederate who cut them for him, and even now was planning fresh evil against the St. Quentins. I remembered his face as he cried to M. le Comte that they should meet again; and I thought that M. Etienne was likely to have his hands full with Lucas, without this unlucky tanglement with Mlle. de Montluc. In the darkness and solitude I called down a murrain on his folly. Why could he not leave the girl alone? There were other blue eyes in the world. And it would be hard on humanity if there were none kindlier.

He had been at it three years, too. For three long years this girl's fair face had stood between him and his home, between him and action, between him and happiness. It was a fair face, truly; yet, in my opinion, neither it nor any maid's was worth such

pains. If she had loved him it had not been worth it, but this girl spurned and flouted him. Why, in the name of Heaven, could he not put the jade out of his mind and turn merrily to St. Denis and the road to glory? When I got back to him and told him how she had mocked him, hang me but he should, though!

Ah, but when was I to get back to him? That rested not with me, but with my dangerous host, the League's Lieutenant-General, dark-minded Mayenne. What he wanted with me he had not revealed; nor was it a pleasant subject for speculation. He meant me, of course, to tell him all I knew of the St. Quentins; well, that was soon done; belike he understood more than I of the day's work. But after he had questioned me, what?

Would he consider, with his servant Pierre, that I had never done him any harm? Or would he—I wondered, if they flung me out stark into some alley's gutter, whether M. le Comte would search for me and claim my carcass? Or would he, too, have fallen by the blade of the League?

I was shuddering as I waited there in the darkness. Never, not even this morning, in the closet of the Rue Coupejarrets, had I been in such mortal dread. I had walked out of that closet to find M. Etienne; but I was not likely to happen on succour here. Pierre, for all his kind heart, could not save me from the Duke of Mayenne.

Then, when my hope was at its nadir, I remembered who was with me in the little room. I groped my way to Our Lady's feet and prayed her to save me, and if she might not, to stand by me during the hard moment of dying to receive my seeking soul. Comforted now and deeming I could pass, if it came to that, with a steady face, I laid me down, my head on the prie-dieu cushion, and presently went to sleep.

I was waked by a light in my face, and, all a-quiver, sprang up to meet my doom. But it was not the duke or any of his hirelings who bent over me, candle in hand; it was Mlle. de Montluc.

"Oh, my boy, my poor boy!" she cried pitifully, "I could not save you the flogging; on my honour, I could not. It would have availed you nothing had I pleaded for you on my bended knees."

With bewilderment I observed that the tears were brimming over her lashes and splashing down into the candle-flame. I stared, too confused for speech, while she, putting down the shaking candlestick on the

altar, as she crossed herself, covered her face with her hands, sobbing.

"Mademoiselle," I stammered, "it is not worth mademoiselle's tears! The man, Pierre, he told me to scream, so they would think he was half flaying me. But in truth he did not strike very hard. He did not hurt so much."

She struggled to check the rising tempest of her tears, and presently dropped her hands and looked at me earnestly from out her shining wet eyes.

"Is that true? Are you not flayed?" And to make sure, she laid her hand delicately on my back.

"They have whacked your coat to ribbons, but, thank St. Génévieve, they have not brought the blood. I saw a man flogged once—" she shut her eyes, shuddering, and her mouth quivered anew.

"But I am not much hurt, mademoiselle," I answered her.

She took out her film of a handkerchief to wipe her wet cheeks, her hand still trembling. I could think of nothing but to repeat:

"I am not in the least hurt, mademoiselle."

"Ah, but if they have spared you the flogging to take your life!" she breathed.

It was not a heartening suggestion. To my astonishment, suddenly I found myself, frightened victim, striving to comfort this noblewoman for my death.

"Nay, I am not afraid. Since mademoiselle weeps over me, I can die happily."

She sprang toward me as if to protect me with her body from some menacing thrust.

"They shall not kill you!" she cried, her eyes flashing blue fire. "They shall not! Mon dieu! is Lorraine de Montluc so feeble a thing that she cannot save a serving-boy?"

She fell back a pace, pressing her hands to her temples as if to stifle their throbbing.

"It was my fault," she cried—"it was all my fault. It was my vanity and silliness brought you to this. I should never have written that letter—a three years' child would have known better. But I had not seen M. de Mar for five weeks—I did not know, what I readily guess now, that he had taken sides against us. M. de Lorraine played on my pique."

"Mademoiselle," I said, "the worst has not followed, since M. Étienne did not come himself."

"You are glad for that?"

"Why, of course, mademoiselle. Was it not a trap for him?"

She caught her breath as if in pain.

"I knew that as soon as I saw that my cousin Mayenne was not angry. When I told what I had done and he smiled at me and said I should have my gloves, why, then I thought my heart would stop beating. I saw what I had accomplished—mon dieu, I was sick with repentance of it!"

I had to tell her I had not thought it.

"No," she answered; "I had got you into this by my foolishness; I must needs try to get you out by my wits. Brie, the one who took you by the throat—there has been bad blood between him and your lord this twelve-month; only last May M. le Comte ran him through the wrist. Had I interfered for you," she said, colouring a little, "M. de Brie would have inferred interest in the master from that in the man, and he had seen to your beating himself."

It suddenly dawned on me that this M. de Brie was the "little cheese" of guard-room gossip. And I thought that the gentleman would hardly display so much venom against M. Étienne unless he were a serious obstacle to his hopes. Nor would mademoiselle be here at midnight, weeping over a serving-lad, if she cared nothing for the master. If she had not worn her heart on her sleeve before the laughing salon, mayhap she would show it to me.

"Mademoiselle," I cried, "when the billet was brought him M. Étienne rose from his bed at once to come. But he was faint from fatigue and loss of blood; he could not walk across the room. But he bade me try to make mademoiselle believe his absence was no fault of his. He wrote her a month ago; he found to-day the letter was never delivered."

"Is he hurt dangerously?"

"No," I admitted reluctantly; "no, I think not. He was wounded in the right forearm, and again pinked in the shoulder; but he will recover."

"You said," she went on, the tears standing in her eyes, "that he was penniless. I have not much, but what I have is freely his."

She advanced upon me, holding out her silken purse, which she had taken from her bosom; but I retreated.

"No, no, mademoiselle," I cried, ashamed of my hot words; "we are not penniless—or if we are, we get on very well sans le sou. They do everything for monsieur at the Trois Lanternes, and he has only to return to the Hôtel St. Quentin to get all the gold pieces he can spend. Oh, no; we are in no want, mademoiselle. I was angry when I

said it; I did not mean it. I cry mademoiselle's pardon."

She looked at me a little hesitatingly.

"You are telling me true?"

"Why, yes, mademoiselle; if my monsieur needed money, indeed, indeed, I would not refuse it."

"Then if you cannot take it for him, you can take it for yourself. It will be strange if in all Paris you cannot find something you like as a token from me." With her own white fingers she slipped some tinkling coins into my pouch, and cut short my thanks with the little wailing cry:

"Oh, your poor, bound hands! I have my poniard in my dress. I could free them in a second. But if they know I have been here with you they never will let you go."

"If mademoiselle is running into danger staying here, I pray her to go back to bed. M. Étienne did not send me hither to bring her worry and grief."

"Who are you?" she asked me abruptly. "You have never been here before on monsieur's errands?"

"No, mademoiselle; I came up only yesterday from Picardie. I belong on the St. Quentin estate. My name is Félix Broux."

"Alack, you have chosen a bad time to visit Paris!"

"I came up to see life," I said, "and mor-dieu! I am seeing it."

"I pray God you may not see death, too," she answered soberly.

She stood looking at me in helplessness.

"I am in my lord's black books," she said slowly, as if to herself; "but I might weep François de Brie's rough heart to softness. Then it is a question whether he could turn Mayenne. I wish I knew whether the duke himself or only Paul de Lorraine has planned this move to-night. That is," she added, blushing, but speaking out candidly, "whether they attack M. de Mar as the League's enemy or as my lover."

"This M. Paul de Lorraine," said I, speaking as respectfully as I knew how, but eager to find out all I could for M. Étienne—"this M. de Lorraine is mademoiselle's lover, too?"

She shrugged her shoulders, neither assenting nor denying. "We are all pawns in the game for M. de Mayenne to push about as he chooses. For a time M. de Mar was high in his favour. Then my cousin Paul came back from a two years' disappearance, and straightway he was up and M. de Mar was down. And then Paul vanished again as suddenly as he had come, and it became the turn of M. de Brie. Now, to-night, Paul

walked in as suddenly as he had left, and at once played on me to write that unlucky letter. And what it bodes for him I know not."

She spoke with amazing frankness; yet, much as she had told me, the fact of her telling it told me even more. I saw that she was as lonely in this great house as I had been at St. Quentin. She would have talked delightedly to M. le Comte's dog.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "I would like well to tell you what has been happening to my M. Étienne this last month, if you are not afraid to stay long enough to hear it."

"Oh, every one is asleep long ago; it is past two o'clock. Yes, you may tell me if you wish."

She sat down on a praying-cushion, motioning me to the other, and I began my tale. At first she listened with a little air of languor, as if the whole were of slight consequence and she really did not care at all what M. le Comte had been about these five weeks. But as I got into the affair of the Rue Coupejarrets she forgot her indifference and leaned forward with burning cheeks, hanging on my words with eager questions. And when I told her how Lucas had evaded us in the darkness, she cried:

"Blessed Virgin! M. de Mar has enough to contend with in this Lucas, without Paul de Lorraine, and Brie, and the Duke of Mayenne himself."

I was silent, being of her opinion. Presently she asked reluctantly:

"Does your master think this Lucas a tool of M. de Mayenne's?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. He says secretaries do not plot against dukedoms for their own pleasure."

"Assassination was not wont to be my cousin Mayenne's way," she said with an accent of confidence that rang as false as a counterfeit coin. I saw well enough that mademoiselle did fear, at least, Mayenne's guilt. I thought I might tell her a little more.

"M. le Comte told me that, since his father's coming to Paris, M. de Mayenne made him offers to join the League, and he refused them. So then M. de Mayenne, seeing himself losing the whole house of St. Quentin, invented this."

"But it failed. Thank God, it failed! And now he will leave Paris. He will—he must!"

"He did mean to seek Navarre's camp to-morrow," I answered; "but—"

"But what?"

"But then the letter came."

"But that makes no difference! He must go for all that. The time is over for trimming. He must stand on one side or the other. I am a Ligueuse born and bred, and I tell him to go to King Henry. It is his father's side; it is his side. He cannot stay in Paris another day."

"I do not think he will go, mademoiselle."

"But he must!" she cried with vehemence. "Paris is not safe for him. If he cannot stand for his wound, he must go. I will send him a letter myself to tell him he must."

"Then he will never go."

"Félix!"

"He will not. He was going because he thought his lady flouted him; when he finds she does not—well, if he budges a step out of Paris, I do not know him. When he thought himself despised—"

"And why did I turn his suit into laughter in the salon if I did not mean that I despised him? I did it for you to tell him how I made a mock of him, that he might hate me and keep away from me."

"Oh," I said, "mademoiselle is too much for me; I cannot keep up with her."

"And you believed it! But you must needs spoil all by flaring out with impudent speech."

"I crave mademoiselle's pardon. I was wrong and insolent. But she played too well."

"And if it was not play?" she cried, rising. "If I do—well, I will not say despise him—but care nothing for him? Will he then go to St. Denis? Then tell him from me that he has my pity as one cruelly cozened, and my esteem as a one-time servant of mine, but never my love. Tell him I would willingly save him alive, for the sake of the love he once bore me. But as for any answering love in my bosom, I have not one spark. Tell him to go find a new mistress at St. Denis. He might as well cry for the moon as seek to win Lorraine de Montluc."

"That may be true," I said; "but all the same he will try. Can mademoiselle suppose he will go out of Paris now, and leave her to marry Brie and Lorraine?"

"Only one," she protested with the shadow of a smile; and then a sudden rush of tears blinded her. "I am a very miserable girl," she said woefully, "for I bring nothing but danger to those that love me."

I dropped on my knees before her and kissed the hem of her dress.

"Ah, Félix," she said, "if you really pitied me, you would get him out of Paris!" And

she fell to weeping as if her heart would break.

I had no skill to comfort her. I bent my head before her, silent. At length she sobbed out:

"It boots little for us to quarrel over what you shall say to M. de Mar, when we know not that you will ever speak to him again. And it was all my fault."

"Mademoiselle, it was the fault of my hasty tongue."

But she shook her head.

"I maintained that to you, but it was not true. Mayenne had something in his mind before. A general holds his schemes so dear and lives so cheap. But I will do my utmost, Félix, lad. It is not long to daylight now. I will go to François de Brie, and we'll believe I shall prevail."

She took up her candle and said good night to me, very gently and quietly, and gave me her hand to kiss. She opened the door,—with my fettered wrists I could not do the office for her,—and on the threshold turned to smile on me, wistfully, hopefully. In the next second, with a gasp that was half a cry, she blew out the light and pushed the door shut again.

XV. MY LORD MAYENNE.

I KNEW she was shutting the door, by the click of the latch; in the next second I made the discovery that she was still on my side of it. "What—" I was beginning, when she laid her hand over my mouth. A line of light showed through the crack. She had not quite closed the door on account of the noise of the latch. She tried again; again it rattled, and she desisted. I heard her fluttered breathing, and I heard something else—a rapid, heavy tread in the corridor without. Into the council-room came a man carrying a lighted taper. It was Mayenne.

Mademoiselle, with a whispered "God save us!" sank in a heap at my feet.

I bent over her to find if she had swooned, when she seized my hand in a sharp grip that told me plain as words to be quiet.

Mayenne was yawning; he had a rumpled and dishevelled look like one just roused from sleep. He crossed over to the table, lighted the three-branched candlestick standing there, and seated himself with his back to us, pulling about some papers. I hardly dared glance at him, for fear my eyes should draw his; the crack of our door seemed to call aloud to him to mark it; but the candle-light scarcely pierced the shadows of the long room.

More quick footsteps in the corridor. Mayenne hitched his chair about, sidewise to the table and to us, facing the outer door. A tall man in black entered, saluting the general from the threshold.

"So you have come back?" spoke the duke in his even tones. It was impossible to tell whether the words were a welcome or a sentence.

"Yes," answered the other, in a voice as non-committal as Mayenne's own. He shut the door after him and walked over to the table.

"And how goes it?"

"Badly."

The newcomer threw his hat aside and sat down without waiting for an invitation.

"What! Badly, sirrah!" Mayenne exclaimed sharply. "You come to me with that report?"

"I do, monsieur," answered the other, with cool insolence, leaning back in his chair. The light fell directly on his face and proved to me what I had guessed at his first word. The duke's night visitor was Lucas. "Yes," he repeated indifferently, "it has gone badly. In fact, your game is up."

Mayenne jumped to his feet, bringing his fist down on the table.

"You tell me this?"

Lucas regarded him with an easy smile.

"Unfortunately, monsieur, I do."

Mayenne turned on him, cursing. Lucas, with the quickness of a cat, sprang a yard aside, dagger unsheathed.

"Put up that knife!" shouted Mayenne.

"When you put up yours, monsieur."

"I have drawn none!"

"In your sleeve, monsieur."

"Liar!" cried Mayenne.

I knew not who was lying, for I could not tell whether the blade that flashed now in the duke's hand came from his sleeve or from his belt. But if he had not drawn before, he had drawn now and rushed at Lucas. He dodged, and they circled round each other, wary as two matched cocks. Lucas was strictly on the defensive; Mayenne, the less agile, by reason of his weight, could make no chance to strike. He drew off presently.

"I'll have your neck wrung for this," he panted.

"For what, monsieur?" asked Lucas, imperturbably. "For defending myself?"

Mayenne let the charge go by default.

"For coming to me with the tale of your failures. Nom de dieu, do I employ you to fail?"

"We are none of us gods, monsieur. You yourself lost Ivry."

Mayenne backed over to his chair and seated himself, laying his knife on the table in front of him. His face smoothed out to good humour—no mean tribute to his power of self-control. For the written words can convey no notion of the maddening insolence of Lucas's bearing—an insolence so studied that it almost seemed unconscious and was thereby well-nigh impossible to silence.

"Sit down," bade the duke, "and tell me."

Lucas, standing at the foot of the table, observed:

"They turned you out of your bed, monsieur, to see me. It was unnecessary severity. My tale will keep till morning."

"By Heaven, it shall not!" Mayenne shouted. "Beware how much further you dare anger me, you Satan's cub!"

He was fingering the dagger again, as if he longed to plunge it into Lucas's gullet, and I rather marvelled that he did not, or summon his guard to do it. For I could well understand how infuriating was Lucas. He carried himself with an air of easy equality insufferable to the first noble in the land. Mayenne's chosen rôle was the unmoved, the inscrutable, but Lucas beat him at his own game and drove him out into the open of passion and violence. It was a miracle to me that the man lived—unless, indeed, he were a prince in disguise.

"Satan's cub!" Lucas repeated, laughing. "Our late king had called me that, pardieu! But I knew not you acknowledged Satan in the family."

"I ordered Antoine to wake me if you returned in the night," Mayenne went on gruffly. "When I heard you had been here I knew something was wrong—unless the thing were done."

"It is not done. The whole plot is ruined."

"Nom de dieu! If it is by your bungling—"

"It was not by my bungling," Lucas answered with the first touch of heat he had shown. "It was fate—and that fool Grammont."

"Explain, then, and quickly, or it will be the worse for you."

Lucas sat down, the table between them.

"Look here," he said abruptly, leaning forward over the board. "Have you Mar's boy?"

"What boy?"

"A young Picard from the St. Quentin estate, whom the devil prompted to come up to town to-day. Mar sent him here to-night with a love-message to Lorraine."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

MLLE. DE MONTLUC AND FÉLIX BROUX IN THE ORATORY.

"Oh," said Mayenne, slowly, "if it is a question of mademoiselle's love-affairs, it may be put off till to-morrow. It is plain to the very lackeys that you are jealous of Mar. But at present we are discussing l'affaire St. Quentin."

"It is all one," Lucas answered quickly. "You know what is to be the reward of my success."

"I thought you told me you had failed."

Lucas's hand moved instinctively to his belt; then he thought better of it and laid both hands, empty, on the table.

"Our plot has failed; but that does not mean that St. Quentin is immortal."

"You may be very sure of one thing, my friend," the duke observed. "I shall never give Lorraine de Montluc to a white-livered flincher."

"The Duke of St. Quentin is not immortal," Lucas repeated; "I have missed him once, but I shall get him in spite of all."

"I am not sure about Lorraine even then," said Mayenne, reflectively. "François de Brie is agitating himself about that young mistress. And he has not made any failures—as yet."

Lucas sprang to his feet.

"You swore to me I should have her."

"Permit me to remind you again that you have not brought me the price."

"I will bring you the price."

"E'en then," spoke Mayenne, with the smile of the cat standing over the mouse—"e'en then I might change my mind."

"Then," said Lucas, roundly, "there will be more than one dead duke in France."

Mayenne looked up at him as unmoved as if it were not in the power of mortal man to make him lose his temper. In stirring him to draw dagger, Lucas had achieved an extraordinary triumph. Yet I somehow thought that the man who had shown hot anger was the real man; the man who sat there quiet was the party leader.

He said now, evenly:

"That is a silly way to talk to me, Paul."

"It is the truth for once," Lucas made sullen answer.

So long as he could prick and irritate Mayenne he preserved an air of unshakable composure; but when Mayenne recovered patience and himself began to prick, Lucas's guard broke down. His voice rose a key, as it had done when I called him fool; and he burst out violently:

"Mort de dieu! monsieur, what am I doing your dirty work for? For love of my affectionate uncle?"

"It might well be for that. I have been your affectionate uncle, as you say."

"My affectionate uncle, say you? My hirer, my suborner! I was a Protestant; I was bred up by the Huguenot Lucases when my father cast off my mother and me to starve. I had no love for the League or the Lorraines. I was fighting in Navarre's ranks when I was made prisoner at Ivry."

"You were spying for Navarre. It was before the fight we caught you. You had been hanged and quartered in that gray dawn had I not recognized you, after twelve years, as my brother's son. I cut the rope from you and embraced you for your father's sake. You rode forth a cornet in my army, instead of dying like a felon on the gallows."

"You had your ends to serve," Lucas muttered.

"I took you into my household," Mayenne went on. "I let you wear the name of Lorraine. I did not deny you the hand of my cousin and ward, Lorraine de Montluc."

"Deny me! No, you did not. Neither did you grant it me, but put me off with lying promises. You thought then you could win back the faltering house of St. Quentin by a marriage between your cousin and the Comte de Mar. Afterward, when my brother Charles dashed into Paris, and the people clamoured for his marriage with the Infanta, you conceived the scheme of forcing Lorraine on him. But it would not do, and again you promised her to me, if I could get you certain information from the royalist army. I returned in the guise of an escaped prisoner to Henry's camp to steal you secrets; and the moment my back was turned you listened to proposals from Mar again."

"Mar is not in the race now. You need not speak of him, nor of your brother Charles, either."

"No; I can well understand that my brother Charles is not a pleasant name in your ears," Lucas agreed. "You acknowledged one King Charles X; you would like well to see another Charles X, but it is not Charles of Guise you mean."

"I have no desire to be King of France," Mayenne began angrily.

"Have you not? That is well, for you will never feel the crown on your brows, good uncle! You are ground between the Spanish hammer and the Béarnais anvil; there will soon be nothing left of you but powder."

"Nom de dieu, Paul—" Mayenne cried, half rising; but Lucas, leaning forward on the table, riveting him with his keen eyes, went on:

"Do not mistake me, monsieur uncle. I think you in bad case, but I am ready to sink or swim with you. So long as the hand of Lorange is in your bestowing, I am your faithful servant. I have not hesitated to risk the gallows to serve you. Last March I made my way here, disguised, to tell you of the king's coming change of faith and of St. Quentin's certain defection. I demanded then my price, my marriage with mademoiselle. But you put me off again. You sent me back to Mantes to kill you St. Quentin."

"Aye. And you have been about it these four months, and you have not killed him."

Lucas reddened with ire.

"I am no Jacques Clément to stab and be massacred. You cannot buy such a service of me, M. de Mayenne. If I do bravo's work for you, I choose my own time and way. I brought the duke to Paris, delivered him up to you to deal with as it liked you. But you, with your army at your back, were afraid to kill him. You flinched and waited. You dared not shoulder the onus of his death. Then I, to help you out of your strait, planned to make his own son's the hand that should do the deed; to kill the duke and ruin his heir; to put not only St. Quentin but Mar out of your way—"

"Let us be accurate, Paul," Mayenne said. "Mar was not in my way; he was of no consequence to me. You mean, put him out of your way."

"He was in your way, too. Since he would not join the Cause, he was a hindrance to it. You had as much to gain as I by his ruin."

"Something—not as much. I did not want him killed—I preferred him to Valère."

"Nor did I want him killed; so our views jibed well."

"Why not, then? Did you prefer him as your wife's lover to some other who might appear?"

"I do not intend that my wife shall have lovers," Lucas answered.

Mayenne broke into laughter.

"Nom d'un chien, where will you keep her? In the Bastille? Lorange and no lovers! Ho, ho!"

"I mean none whom she favours."

"Then why do you leave Mar alive? She adores the fellow," Mayenne said. I had no idea whether he really thought it or only said it to annoy Lucas. At any rate, it had its effect. Lucas's brows were knotted; he spoke with an effort, like a man under stress of physical pain.

"I know she loves him now, and she

would love him dead; but she would not love him a parricide."

"Is that your creed? Pardieu! you don't know women. The blacker the villain, the more they adore him."

"I know it is true, monsieur," Lucas said smoothly, "that you have had successes."

Mayenne started forward with half an oath, changing to a laugh.

"So it is not enough for you to possess the fair body of Lorange; you must also have her love?"

"She will love me," Lucas answered uneasily. "She must."

"It is not worth your worry," Mayenne declared. "If she did, how long would it last? *Souvent femme varie*—that is the only fixed fact about her. If Lorange loves Mar to-day, she will love some one else to-morrow, and some one else still the day after to-morrow. It is not worth while disturbing yourself about it."

"She will not love any one else," Lucas said hoarsely.

Mayenne laughed.

"You are very young, Paul."

"She shall not love any one else! By the throne of heaven, she shall not!"

Mayenne went on laughing. If Lucas had for the moment teased him out of his equanimity, the duke had paid back the score a hundredfold. Lucas's face was seared with his passions as with the torture-iron; he clinched his hands together, breathing hard. On my side of the door, I heard a sharp little sound in the darkness; mademoiselle had gritted her teeth.

"It is a little early to sweat over the matter," Mayenne said, "since mademoiselle is not your wife, nor ever likely to become so."

"You refuse her to me?" Lucas cried, livid. I thought he would leap over the table at one bound on Mayenne. It occurred to the duke to take up his dagger.

"I promise her to you when you kill me St. Quentin. And you have not killed me St. Quentin, but instead come airily to tell me the scheme—my scheme—is smashed. Pardieu! it was never my scheme. I never advocated stolen pistols and suborned witnesses and angered nephews and deceived sons and the rest of your cumbrous machinery. I would have had you stab him as he bent over his papers, and walk out of the house before they discovered him. But you had not the pluck for that; you must needs plot and replot to make some one else do your work. Now, after months of intriguing and waiting, you come to me to tell me you have

failed. *Morbleu!* is there any reason why I should not have kicked you into the gutter, as no true son of the valorous *Le Balafré?*"

Lucas's hand went to his belt again; he made one step as if to come around the table. Mayenne's angry eye was on him, but he did not move; and Lucas made no more steps. Controlling himself with an effort, he said:

"It was not my fault, monsieur. No man could have laboured harder or planned better than I. I have been diligent, I have been clever. I have made my worst enemy my willing tool—I have made Monsieur's own son my cat's-paw. I have left no end loose, no contingency unprovided for—and I am ruined by a freak of fate."

"I never knew a failure yet but what the fault was fate's," Mayenne returned.

"Call it accident, then, call it the devil, call it what you like!" Lucas cried. "I still maintain it was not my fault. Listen, monsieur."

He sat down again and began his story, striving as he talked to reconquer something of his old coolness.

"The thing was ruined by the advent of this boy, *Mar's* lackey I spoke of. You said he had not been here?"

"You may go to *Lorance* with that question," Mayenne answered; "I have something else to attend to than the intrigues of my wife's maids."

"He started hither; I thought some one would have the sense to keep him. *Mordieu!* I will find from *Lorance* whether she saw him."

He fell silent, gnawing his lip; I could see that his thought had travelled away from the plot to the sore subject of *mademoiselle's* affections.

"Well," said Mayenne, sharply, "what about your boy?"

It was a moment before Lucas answered. When he did, he spoke low and hurriedly, so that I could scarce catch the words. I knew it was no fear of listeners that kept his voice down—they had shouted at each other as if there was no one within a mile. I guessed that Lucas, for all his bravado, took little pride in his tale, nor felt happy about its reception. I could catch names now and then, Monsieur's, M. Étienne's, Grammont's, but the hero of the tale was myself.

"You let him to the duke?" Mayenne cried presently.

At the harsh censure of his voice, Lucas's rang out with the old defiance:

"With *Vigo* at his back I did. *Sangdieu!*

you have yet to make the acquaintance of *St. Quentin's* equerry. A regiment of your *lansquenets* could n't keep him out."

"Does he never take wine?" Mayenne asked, lifting his hand with shut fingers over the table and then opening them.

"That is easy to say, monsieur, sitting here in your own *hôtel*, stuffed with your soldiers. But it was not so easy to do, alone in my enemy's house, when at the least suspicion of me they had broken me on the wheel."

"That is the rub!" Mayenne cried violently. "That is the trouble with all of you. You think more of the safety of your own skins than of accomplishing your work. *Mordieu!* where should I be to-day—where would the Cause be—if my first care was my own peril?"

"Then that is where we differ, uncle," Lucas answered with a cold sneer. "You are, it is well known, a patriot, toiling for the Church and the King of Spain, with never a thought for the welfare of Charles of Lorraine, Lord of Mayenne. But I, Paul of Lorraine, your humble nephew, lord of my brain and hands, freely admit that I am toiling for no one but the aforesaid Paul of Lorraine. I should find it most inconvenient to get on without a head on my shoulders, and I shall do my best to keep it there."

"You need not tell me that; I know it well enough," Mayenne answered. "You are each for himself, none for me. At the same time, Paul, you will do well to remember that your interest is to forward my interest."

"To the full, monsieur. And I shall kill you *St. Quentin* yet. You need not call me coward; I am working for a dearer stake than any man in your ranks."

"Well," Mayenne rejoined, "get on with your tale."

Lucas went on, Mayenne listening quietly, with no further word of blame. He moved not so much as an eyelid, till Lucas told of M. le Duc's departure, when he flung himself forward in his chair, with a sharp oath.

"What! by daylight?"

"Aye. He was afraid, after this discovery, of being set on at night."

"He went out in broad day?"

"So *Vigo* said. I saw him not," Lucas answered with something of his old nonchalance.

"*Mille tonnerres du diable!*" Mayenne shouted. "If this is true, if he got out in broad day, I'll have the head of the traitor that let him. I'll nail it over his own gate."

"It is not worth your fret, monsieur," Lucas said lightly. "If you did, how long would it avail? *Souvent l'homme trahie*; that is the only fixed fact about him. If they pass St. Quentin to-day, they will pass some one else to-morrow, and some one else still the day after."

Mayenne looked at him, half angry, half startled into some deeper emotion at this deft twisting of his own words.

"Souvent l'homme trahie,
Mal habile qui s'y fie,"

he repeated musingly. He might have been saying over the motto of the house of Lorraine. For the Guises believed in no man's good faith, as no man believed in theirs.

"*Souvent l'homme trahie*," Mayenne said again, as if in the words he recognized a bitter verity. "And that is as true as King Francis's version. I suppose you will be the next, Paul."

"When I give up hope of Lorraine," Lucas said bluntly.

I caught myself suddenly pitying the two of them: Mayenne, because, for all his power and splendour and rank next to a king's and ability second to none, he dared trust no man—not the son of his body, not his brother. He had made his own hell and dwelt in it, and there was no need to wish him any ill. And Lucas, perjured traitor, was farther from the goal of his desire than if we had slain him in the Rue Coupejarrets.

"What next? It appears you escaped the redoubtable Vigo," Mayenne went on in his every-day tone; and the vision faded, and I saw him once more as the greatest noble and greatest scoundrel in France, and feared and hated him, and Lucas too, as the betrayer of my dear lord Étienne.

"Trust me for that."

"Then came you here?"

"Not at once. I tracked Mar and this

Broux to Mar's old lodgings at the Three Lanterns. When I had shadowed them to the door I came here, and worked upon Lorraine to write Mar a letter commanding his presence. For I thought that the night was yet young, and to-morrow he might be out of my reach. Well, it appears he had not the courage to come, but he sent the boy. I was not sorry. I thought I could settle him more quietly at the inn. The boy went back once and almost ran into me in the court, but he did not see me. I entered and asked for lodgings; but the fat old fool of a host put me through the catechism like an inquisitor, and finally declared the inn was full. I said I would take a garret; but it was no use. Out I must trudge. I did, and paid two men to get into a brawl in front of the house, that the inn people might run out to look. But instead, they locked the gate and put up the shutters in the cabaret."

Mayenne burst out laughing.

"It was not your night, Paul."

"No," said Lucas, shortly.

"And what then? It did not take you till three o'clock to be put out of the inn."

"No," Lucas answered; "I spoke to you of the varlet Pontou, with whom Grammont had quarrelled. He had shut him in a closet of the house in the Rue Coupejarrets. After the fight in the court we all went our ways, forgetting him. So I paid the house a visit; I was afraid some one else might find him and he might tell tales."

"And will he tell tales?"

"No," said Lucas, "he will tell no tales."

"How about your spy in the Hôtel St. Quentin?"

"Martin, the clerk? Oh, I warned him off before I left," Lucas said easily. "He will lie perdu till we want him again. And Grammont, you see, is dead too. There is no direct witness to the thing but the boy Broux."

"That's as good as to say there is none,"

Mayenne answered; "for I have the boy."

(To be continued.)



MEMORIES OF A MUSICAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM MASON.

FOURTH PAPER.

SOME FAMOUS VIOLINISTS.

I HAVE already mentioned in these papers my meeting with Joachim in Leipsic in the year 1849. He was then about eighteen years of age and already famous as a violinist. He was of medium height, had broad,

would sometimes take part in the Altenburg private musicales, as well as in the public concerts at the theater.

During the year 1845-46 I heard and became well acquainted with three famous violinists, Vieuxtemps, Ole Bull, and Sivori, who came to Boston and played many times



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DUCHOCHOIS & KLAUSER.

THEODORE THOMAS, ABOUT TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OLD.

open features, and a heavy shock of dark hair somewhat like that of Rubinstein. I had a letter of introduction to him, which I presented a short time after my arrival in Leipsic, and received immediately a return call from him. He was kind and affable, and easy to become acquainted with, but owing to diffidence on my part I did not improve the opportunity as I should have done, a circumstance which I now much regret. He played the Mendelssohn concerto in one of the Gewandhaus concerts within a month of my arrival at Leipsic, and I heard him then for the first time, and was much impressed by his beautiful performance. Subsequently, when in Weimar, I had the pleasure of meeting him on many occasions, for he was in the habit of going there not infrequently, and

both in public and private. They were all great players, each having his special individuality. Vieuxtemps and Ole Bull I met several times in later years, and became familiar with their playing. Vieuxtemps came to Weimar and played both in private and in public. His playing was wonderfully precise and accurate, every tone receiving due attention, and his phrasing was delightful. Scale and arpeggio passages were absolutely clean and without a flaw. He was certainly a player of exquisite taste, and he still preserved his characteristics when I heard him years later, in 1853 at Weimar, and in 1873 at New York. Ole Bull came to Boston a year or so after Vieuxtemps. He was a born violinist, and developed after his own fashion and nature, in the manner of a genius.

Vieuxtemps was the result of scientific training and close adherence to well-founded principles. Ole Bull, on the other hand, was a law unto himself, and burst out into full blossom without showing the various degrees of growth. He did not realize the importance of close attention to detail while in the course of development.

Sivori was of the gentle, poetic, and graceful class of players. Beauty and grace rather than self-assertion characterized his style. Ernst, whom I heard in Homburg in the year 1852, was a player of great intensity of feeling, and was regarded as the most fervent violinist of his time. Joachim's style impressed me as classical and rather reserved, and while I enjoyed and admired it, there was present no feeling of enthusiasm. Wilhelmj, with his broad and noble style, was certainly most impressive. Henri Wieniawski had a musical organization of great intensity, and this, combined with his perfect technic, made his playing irresistible. Ferdinand Laub, for some reason not so well known to the general public as he should be, is generally conceded by the most distinguished violinists to have been the greatest of all quartet-players. Laub was concertmeister during the whole period of my stay in Weimar, and was an intimate friend of mine. It will be remembered that at that time Bernhard Cossmann was the violoncellist of the Weimar string quartet. I owe many delightful moments of musical enjoyment to his exquisitely poetical and refined playing. The last time I met him was at his own house in Frankfort. His wife and children were present, and being thus quite *en famille*, we played together, for the sake of old times, the piano and violoncello sonata of Beethoven in A major. There are many others whom I am prevented by lack of space from mentioning, but I must not omit the name of my friend Adolf Brodsky, a violinist of the very first rank, and a man of great nobility of character. His playing is broad, intelligent, and thoroughly musical, whether as soloist or as first violin in chamber quartet music. The time to enjoy him most is in the privacy of one's own home. There he feels entire freedom from restraint and puts himself intensely into his music, and the result is thorough and complete musical satisfaction.

REMENYI.

I HAVE already had something to say of Eduard Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist who accompanied Brahms to Weimar in

1853. He was a talented man, and was esteemed by Liszt as being, in his way, a good violinist. He belonged to the class typified by Ole Bull, but did not achieve so great a reputation. He remained at Weimar after Brahms left there, and I became intimately acquainted with him. He was very entertaining, and so full of fun that he would have made a tiptop Irishman. He was at home in the Gipsy music of his own country, and this was the main characteristic of his playing. He had also a fad for playing Schubert melodies on the violin with the most attenuated pianissimo effects, and occasionally his hearers would listen intently after the tone had ceased, imagining that they still heard a trace of it.

Not long before leaving Weimar I had some fun with him by asking if he had ever heard "any bona-fide American spoken." He replied that he did not know there was such a language. "Well," said I, "listen to this for a specimen: 'Ching-a-ling-a-dar-dee, Chebung cum Susan.'" I did not meet him again until 1878, twenty-four years after leaving Weimar. I was going up-stairs to my studio in the Steinway building when some one told me that Remenyi had arrived and was rehearsing for his concerts in one of the rooms above. So, going up, I followed the sounds of the violin, gave a quick knock, opened the door, and went in. Remenyi looked at me for a moment, rushed forward and seized my hand, and as he wrung it cried out: "Ching-a-ling-a-dar-dee, Chebung cum Susan!" He had remembered it all those years.

SOME DISTINGUISHED OPERA-SINGERS.

MY concert-playing and teaching have naturally made me more interested in instrumental than in vocal music. Moreover, the principal celebrities who came to visit Liszt during my sojourn at Weimar were composers and instrumentalists. For that reason I met but few distinguished opera-singers during my stay abroad. However, I heard the best of them in opera or concert.

In Boston, about the year 1846-47, the Havana Italian Opera gave a season at the Howard Athenæum of that city, and created considerable interest. They gave, I think for the first time in this country, Verdi's "Ernani," which was received with great favor. The principal soprano was Mme. Fortunata Tedesco, who was afterward at the Grand Opéra in Paris from 1851 to 1857. The tenor was Signore Perelli, who had an exceptionally fine voice. Both of these sing-

ers had well-trained voices and were well supported by chorus and orchestra. As this was my first experience in opera, it produced a deep and lasting impression.

The opera season in Leipsic in the year 1852, beginning about the 1st of February and continuing up to the 1st of May, was notable, for it afforded the opportunity of hearing in quick succession three singers of world-wide reputation: Henrietta Sontag, Johanna Wagner, and De la Grange.

HENRIETTA SONTAG.

THE singer of whom I have the liveliest impression is Henrietta Sontag, whom I heard in Leipsic on her first appearance after she had been twenty years in retirement. The interest I took in the occasion was much increased by the fact that I had a seat next to Moscheles, who was very communicative, and gave me an interesting history of his long acquaintance with Sontag, whom he had heard at her last appearance, I think, before her retirement. He was naturally on the *qui vive*, and impatiently waited for the opera to begin. Like many of her other old admirers who were in the theater, he was full of expectancy mingled with dread of possible failure. She appeared as *Maria* in Donizetti's "Fille du Régiment." In this part the voice of the singer is heard before she appears on the stage, and as soon as Moscheles heard Sontag's voice trilling behind the scenes, he exclaimed with delight, "It is Sontag! Nobody I have heard since she left the stage could do that! She is the same Henrietta!"

Some of the rôles in which I heard her were *Amina* in "Sonnambula," *Martha* in the opera of that name, *Susan* in "The Marriage of Figaro," and *Rosina* in "The Barber of Seville." I enjoyed the lovely feminine quality of her voice and manner. There was something peculiarly charming and womanly about her. She sang with unfailing ease and grace, her voice being so flexible that it sounded like the trilling of birds. The most difficult roudades and cadences were given with absolute accuracy and rhythm. It was simply fascinating.

JOHANNA WAGNER.

DURING the month of March of the same year, Johanna Wagner, niece of Richard Wagner, sang in several operas. Among those in which I heard her were Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet," as *Romeo*; "Fidelio," as *Leonora* or *Fidelio*; and "Iphigenia in Aulis," by Gluck, as *Iphigenia*. Here indeed she was a contrast to Sontag, and in these

parts she seemed to me quite unapproachable. Her voice was large and full, and her acting most dramatic. Like all the German singers whom I heard, she had not the same nicety of detail, the same clear and beautiful phrasing, characteristic of the Italians I had heard in Boston. But when I grew to know the German method, I began to admire it, not so much for the actual singing itself as for the combination of qualities that entered into it—the artistic earnestness, the acting, and the musicianship.

MME. DE LA GRANGE.

IT was my experience that the Germans themselves greatly admired singing of the Italian school, for when, following Sontag and Wagner, Mme. de la Grange came the next month (April and May, 1852) and sang an engagement in Leipsic, the management doubled the prices, and, notwithstanding this, the house was crowded every time she sang. She was in her prime, and one of the finest singers I ever heard. Her style was brilliant and dazzling, but never lacking in repose. Her high tones were clear and musical, without any trace of shrillness, and in the most rapid passages the tones were never slurred or confused, but distinct and in perfect rhythmic order. The rôles in which she the most appealed to me were as *Queen of the Night* in "The Magic Flute," by Mozart, and *Rosina* in "The Barber of Seville," by Rossini. But she also sang both parts of *Isabella* and *Alice* in Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil" in the most admirable manner.

"DER VEREIN DER MURLS."

LISZT was the head and front of the Wagner movement; but except when visitors came to Weimar and were inveigled into an argument by Raff, who was an ardent disciple of the new school, there was but little discussion of the Wagner question. Pruckner started a little society, the object being to oppose the Philistines, or old fogies, and uphold modern ideas. Liszt was the head and was called the Padishah (chief), and the pupils and others, Raff, Bülow, Klindworth, Pruckner, Cornelius, Laub, Cossmann, etc., were "Murls." In a letter to Klindworth, then in London, Liszt writes of Rubinstein: "That is a clever fellow, the most notable musician, pianist, and composer who has appeared to me among the modern lights—with the exception of the Murls. Murlship alone is lacking to him still." On the manuscript of Liszt's "Sonate" he himself wrote, "Für die Murlbibliothek."

THE WAGNER CAUSE IN WEIMAR.

RAFF IN WEIMAR.

My admiration for Wagner did not go to the extreme of Liszt's and of my fellow-pupils. Liszt rarely expressed his opinion of Wagner, because he took it for granted that everybody knew it, and he was not a controversialist. I know that he considered those people who refused to follow Wagner as old fogies, and my colleagues used to twit me for not being as enthusiastic as they were. Certain passages in his operas have always given me great musical enjoyment and delight, but here and there are crudities which, as it seemed to me, were unpardonable in a great composer. Under these circumstances I could not pose as a genuine Murl, although this fact did not disturb the genial and fraternal relations which existed between my colleagues and me; and on occasion also I was equal to the best of them in exercising the specialty of a genuine Murl claqueur.

I think that Wagner will always rank among the greatest composers, but will not always remain as preëminent as he is now in the popular estimation. Some of his compositions are wonderfully intricate, although musical, but at times his faults appear and disturb the balance of things in such a way that the music loses the effect of spontaneity and becomes forced.

In the Weimar days the general objection of the "old fogies" was that his music lacked melody. Doubtless by melody they meant the little tunes of the anti-Wagner period; but the fact is that Wagner has contributed his share to increasing the scope of melody and enlarging its boundaries. It may be that he has gone too far in this direction and has completely obliterated all limitations, thus approaching dangerously near confusion. It was said that he had no melody, but his scores are full of it. There are sometimes so many melodies in combination, each exercising its individuality and proceeding independently, that the "tune effect" is obscured and lost in the crowd of accompanying tunes. But to me Wagner's melody seems restless. It comes on suddenly and progresses without periods of repose. There is almost constant motion, which produces a feeling of unrest. A sentence must have its commas, semicolons, and periods, and punctuation is as necessary in music as it is in letters.

I have never quite understood just what it is in Wagner's music that so fascinates many people whom I know to be unmusical.

Of my Weimar comrades, Joachim Raff, it is hardly necessary to say, became the most distinguished. My first impression of him was not wholly favorable. He was hard to become acquainted with and not disposed to meet one half-way. He was fond of argument, and if one side was taken he was very apt to take the other. He liked nothing better than to get one to commit himself to a proposition and then to attack him with all his resources, which were many. Upon better acquaintance, however, one found a kind heart and faithful friend whose constancy was to be relied on. He was very poor, and there were times when he seemed hardly able to keep body and soul together. Once he was arrested for debt. The room in which he was confined, however, was more comfortable, if anything, than his own. He had a piano, a table, music-paper, and pen and ink sent there. How this was accomplished I do not know, but I think Liszt must have had a hand in it. Raff enjoyed himself composing and playing, and we saw to it that he had good fare. The episode made little impression on him: so long as he could compose he was happy. However, the matter was compromised, and in a short time he returned to his own lodgings. He was a hard worker and composed incessantly, with only a brief interval for dinner and a little exercise. We habitually sat together, and afterward usually took a short walk. I enjoyed his conversation exceedingly and profited much from it.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon, looking out of my window, I would frequently see Raff coming over the path leading through the park, with a bundle of manuscript under his arm. He liked to come and play to me what he had composed. His playing was not artistic, because he paid little attention to it, and he did not attempt to elaborate or finish his style.

He composed very rapidly, and many of his compositions do not amount to much. He could not get decent remuneration for good music, and he had to live; therefore he wrote many pieces that were of the jingling sort, because his publishers paid well for them. Sometimes, however, he turned out a composition which was really worthy, and among his works are symphonies, sonatas, trios, and chamber-music which gained him reputation. His symphony "Im Walde" is well known in the

musical world, and his "Cavatina" for violin, although not a piece of importance, is one of the most popular and effective violin solos and exists in various arrangements. At times he was much dejected, and there was a dash of bitterness in his disposition. I think he felt that, being obliged to turn out music for a living, he would never attain the rank to which his talents entitled him.

In promoting the cause of Wagner, Raff did considerable work for which Liszt got the credit. I think that at one time Raff acted as Liszt's private secretary; but he had decided ideas of his own, and knew how to express them. Being generally in close accord with Liszt, and having a ready pen, he rendered great assistance in promulgating the doctrines of the new school by means of essays, brochures, and newspaper articles. Of course much that he wrote was based upon suggestions made by Liszt. Raff was a tower of strength in himself, while at the same time acting as Liszt's mouthpiece in the Wagner propaganda.

BERLIOZ IN WEIMAR.

HECTOR BERLIOZ came to Weimar occasionally, and I remember particularly one of his visits which took place in May, 1854. He was famous as an orchestral conductor, and I saw him in this capacity in a concert the program of which consisted exclusively of his own compositions. These were especially attractive on account of their magnificent orchestral coloring. In this regard he was certainly wonderful, and produced many gorgeous effects. His masterly skill and intelligence in the treatment and development of his themes were also everywhere apparent. Every detail received careful attention, and the result was admirable.

Not long afterward he gave a similar concert in the Leipsic Gewandhaus Hall, on which occasion the Weimar contingent was of course present. There was no need of our services as claqueurs, however, for the hall was crowded and the audience demonstrative.

Schubert was spontaneous and inspired, and thus stands in contrast to Berlioz. Melody gushed from Schubert at such a rate, and musical ideas crowded upon each other so rapidly, that he had no time to work up his compositions elaborately. If he had constructive power—and certain passages in his work show that he had—he nevertheless failed to make adequate use of it. His music is charming and delightful on account of its melodious freshness and naïveté. It

appeals directly to the heart. The only drawback is his servile adherence to conventionalities, such, for instance, as the old method of invariably repeating every section of a movement.

Beethoven stands as the model of constructive power and emotional expression in happy equipoise. Both the head and the heart are satisfactorily employed, and in his orchestral treatment they find full expression. This is true of all of his concerted works; but his weak point is manifested in his pianoforte compositions, especially in the sonatas, which are not idiomatic of the instrument for which they were written. It is not intended to find fault with the music *per se*. It is simply to say that his ideas are all orchestrally conceived, and as they are not in the nature of the pianoforte, that instrument is inadequate to their true expression. The sonatas are not pianistic, idiomatic—*klaviermässig*. Had he written them for orchestra, we would have had thirty-two symphonies.

Chopin's compositions are the very essence and consummation of the piano, and he is, therefore, the pianoforte composer *par excellence*. On the other hand, his orchestral work is weak and incompetent, as, for example, the accompaniment to his concertos and some other pieces.

Schumann is at home in both directions. He is polyphonic in orchestral treatment, and at the same time thoroughly pianistic. Without suggesting comparisons, his music is *musical* and complete. Beethoven's is heroic.

ENTERTAINING LISZT'S "YOUNG BEETHOVEN."

LISZT sometimes left Weimar for a few days in order to be present at or conduct music festivals. On one of these occasions, early in June, 1854, I remained alone at home on account of slight illness. As Klindworth had gone to London for concert-playing and pianoforte-teaching, I had moved into a suite of rooms in the Hotel zum Erbprinzen. As a matter of interest to pianists I here note the fact that these identical rooms had been occupied by Hummel several years previously.

On the afternoon of the day on which Liszt left with his cortège the head waiter came to me, saying that a young man who had just arrived was in the café inquiring for Liszt and seemed disappointed on learning of his absence. "I told him," said the waiter, "that you were the only one of the family here. Will you see him?" I assented, and in a few moments he ushered

in a young man about twenty-four years of age, of strong features and with a great shock of dark hair, who introduced himself as Anton Rubinstein. I explained to him that Liszt had gone away for three or four days to conduct a festival, that I could not say precisely when he would return; but in the meantime, if I could make him feel at home, I should be very glad.

After some conversation he asked me to play. I remember very well how he looked sitting on the sofa, and the position of the piano in the room. I played, but he did not. I had a suspicion that he was inveigling me without any intention of allowing me to take his measure. He sat there in a gruff Russian way, like a bear, and perhaps my imagination helped to produce this impression.

Rubinstein was already quite well known as a child prodigy, but of course not nearly so famous as he afterward became. I do not recollect paying him very much attention during Liszt's absence, but, then, he did not allow me—he was rambling about all the time; nor did I hear him play before Liszt came back. When Liszt returned, Rubinstein was immediately invited to take up his residence on the Altenburg. I remember that there, one afternoon, he played many of his own compositions. His playing was full of rush and fire, and characterized by strong emotional temperament. He had a big technique and reveled in dash and fire. Those who heard Mark Hambourg here last winter can form a very good idea of Rubinstein's personal appearance at the time of which I write, and also his very pronounced style of playing. His touch also was hard, and lacked the mellow and tender beauty of tone which distinguished it in later years.

RUBINSTEIN'S OPPOSITION TO WAGNER.

RUBINSTEIN'S well-known dislike of Wagner, it seems to me, was temperamental in a large degree, and it was quite natural that he was not in agreement with him. Doubtless Chopin would not have approved of Wagner's music, whatever he might have thought of his method. The melodies of Chopin and Rubinstein are full of sentiment and well defined, and their compositions run in entirely opposite channels from those of Wagner, whose music is a vast sensuous upheaval, which proceeds uninterruptedly from the beginning of an act to the end.

All musicians have a good deal of self-esteem. Rubinstein had his own way of composing, which corresponded to his musical

temperament. He had to write everything just as it suited his musical ear, and he could not conceive of any one else having as fine a musical ear as he. At all events, he never stopped long enough to find out if any one else had. Few musicians do. Liszt was fond of Rubinstein, and used to call him the "young Beethoven," on account of a certain fancied resemblance he bore to the great composer. He also recognized Rubinstein's great ability as a pianist, although I think that as a player he rated Tausig much higher. Many years after I left Weimar a relative of mine met Liszt in Rome. She had a short time previous to this heard Rubinstein in concert, and was in a state of great enthusiasm about his playing, and so expressed herself to Liszt. His sole comment was, "Have you ever heard Tausig?" The inference was that those who had heard Rubinstein and not Tausig had missed hearing the greater of the two. I think Liszt regarded Tausig as the best of all his pupils.

As I have said once before in these papers, I never saw Liszt after leaving Weimar in July, 1854. I occasionally received letters from him,—several of them quite long and exceedingly entertaining,—and during the winter of 1879-80, which I spent at Wiesbaden on account of ill health, I received a very cordial invitation to visit him at Weimar sometime in the coming July, and made plans to do so, which were frustrated, however, through unforeseen circumstances. Bülow, when on his first visit here, in 1875, told me that the old charm had entirely passed away. The "Golden Time" was among the things that were.

The last message I had from Liszt was brought to me by Mr. Louis Geilfuss of Steinway & Sons, who met Liszt in one of the streets of Bayreuth only a few days before his death, which occurred somewhat unexpectedly on July 31, 1886.

RETURN FROM EUROPE.

WHEN I returned from Europe in 1854 my parents had moved from Boston, and were living at Orange, New Jersey.

On landing in New York I hurried to Boston, and went immediately to the house of Mr. Webb. This had been my constant purpose ever since the time I left America in 1849. In due course Miss Webb and I became engaged, and were married on March 12, 1857.

My first enterprise after returning from Germany was a concert tour. This I believe to have been the first exclusively pianoforte-recital tour ever undertaken in this country.

Gottschalk, who was here at that time, had traveled about giving concerts, but he was never without a singer or associate of some kind.

In 1853 I had attended a recital given in Frankfort, Germany, by Ferdinand Hiller, the program of which consisted exclusively of his own compositions, concluding with a free improvisation on themes suggested by the audience. My recitals were fashioned after this, only I played very few of my own pieces. The programs were somewhat similar to those of the present time, ranging from Beethoven and Chopin to Liszt. At that time Bach's name, according to my recollection, was never seen on a pianoforte-recital program. A large number of these compositions, such as Liszt's "Twelfth Rhapsody" and Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu," were played for the first time in this country at these concerts.

TOURING THE COUNTRY.

My friend Oliver Dyer managed the tour. My brothers Daniel and Lowell were at this time booksellers and publishers in New York, under the firm name of Mason Brothers, and Mr. Dyer was connected with them in business. He was a man of action, and possessed good literary ability. He had lived for a time in Washington as reporter of speeches made in Congress, and later on he was connected with Robert Bonner on the "Ledger."

He arranged a pamphlet in which he set forth and doubtless embellished the facts connected with my sojourn in Germany and the favor with which my playing had been received. When, in the course of our tour, we arrived at a town where a lecture was to be given,—not an uncommon occurrence,—he would take down the lecture stenographically and write notices of it for the local papers. The editors appreciated this favor, and were so kindly disposed toward us that they would print any advance notices he chose to write about me. In what he wrote of me, however, I was not willing to have him go to extremes, though he would frequently slip something into the paper without my knowledge, leaving me to find fault with him the next day.

All along the route it was difficult to persuade people that an entertainment of pianoforte-playing exclusively could be made interesting. They had never heard of such a thing, and insisted that there ought to be some singing for the sake of variety.

We stopped in Albany, Troy, Utica, and

many other places on the way to Chicago, where I gave two concerts, one of which took place on New Year's eve. After the concert I attended a large reception given in a private residence. I remember being struck by the fact, as it seemed to me, that there were so many young ladies at this reception, and I asked the hostess if there were no married ladies in Chicago. "Why, Mr. Mason," she replied, "there are only two or three unmarried ladies in the room." At that period Chicago was full of young men who had come from the Eastern States, principally New England. After staying in Chicago for two or three years and getting well started in business they would get married, many of them going to their native places for their brides. This accounted for the youthful appearance of the assemblage, and illustrates in part the very rapid growth of Chicago.

Up to the time we arrived in Chicago we had rainy weather constantly, and partly on this account we were out of pocket. Dyer was for going back to New York by the quickest route. I said: "No; I am going back through the same towns, and shall give concerts in every one of them. If the people liked my playing well enough they will come again and bring their neighbors. If they did not like it, I shall soon find it out." As it turned out, I had much larger audiences all the way home.

"YANKEE DOODLE" AND "OLD HUNDRED."

COPYING the custom of Ferdinand Hiller, I used to close my concerts by an improvisation upon themes suggested by the audience. All sorts of themes were put into the hat—from Mozart, Beethoven, "Jordan is a hard road to travel," "We won't go home till morning," and many negro melodies. I had a faculty of developing a subject in such a way as to hold my audience.

One night somebody sent up the request that I should play simultaneously "Old Hundred" with one hand and "Yankee Doodle" with the other. This I did, merely to show that even two such heterogeneous melodies could be played together in a musical way. There was a good deal of applause, but also considerable hissing from the religious element, so I made a speech explaining that I meant no disrespect to "Old Hundred" by placing it in such close connection with "Yankee Doodle," and that the melody which had to a certain extent been adopted as a national air was on that account worthy of being played with any hymn.

Fifteen years later, in 1870, George F. Root, who had assisted my father in his musical convention work in the East, but who had settled in Chicago and was doing the same kind of pioneer work in the West, was holding a summer musical convention in South Bend, Indiana. He wished to introduce piano as well as vocal teaching, and invited me to take charge of the piano classes. It was a fearfully hot summer, and during the month I was in South Bend the temperature was continuously close to 100°. Toward the close of the season concerts were given, and it was so hot that in lieu of a dress-coat I wore a linen duster which I had cut off at the waist.

At the last concert I received a request from two or three people to play "Yankee Doodle" with one hand and "Old Hundred" with the other. Possibly they had heard me do so in 1855. Remembering my experience then, I made a few remarks, in which I told them that some little feeling had been created fifteen years before by my doing the same thing, but that—and here I got a little mixed—in playing "Yankee Doodle" with "Old Hundred" I did not intend any disrespect to "Yankee Doodle." At this the audience began to laugh. Schuyler Colfax, who was then Vice-President of the United States, was on the stage behind me, and I could hear him chuckling. I thought to myself, "Well, I have made some funny mistake, though I don't know what it is, so I won't go back and try to correct it."

Afterward Mr. Colfax, who was a noted speaker, told me that whenever he made a *lapsus linguae*, if he found that it amused the audience, he never attempted to correct it.

On my return from this concert tour to New York, I established the series of chamber-music concerts which, begun as an experiment, continued thirteen years. I also settled down as a teacher. While I had returned from Weimar with the full intention of continuing my career as a piano-virtuoso, and while my concert tour had been promising enough, I found that the public demanded a constant repetition of pieces to which it happened to take a liking, and I knew that I should soon weary of playing the same things over and over again. Moreover, I felt that from my father I had inherited a certain capacity for giving instruction, and that the chamber-music concerts and engagements with the Philharmonic and at other concerts in New York and elsewhere would serve to keep up my practice as a virtuoso.

SETTLING DOWN TO TEACH.

IN 1855 I accepted as pupils some four or five young ladies who were being educated at a fashionable boarding-school in New York. One of these girls was very bright and intelligent, but without special musical talent. She was extremely averse to application in study, and the problem for me was to invent some way by which mental concentration could be compelled, for from the moment she sat down to the piano to practise she was constantly looking at the clock to see if her practice-hour was up. After a little study I found that in playing a scale up one octave and back, without intermission, in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, there are necessarily nine repetitions of the scale before the initial tone falls again on the first part of the measure. Thus,



and so on until another accent falls upon the initial C. Such an exercise is called a rhythmus, and the repetitions compel mental concentration just as surely as the addition of a column of figures does. I found that if the compass was extended four octaves, thus, from



the nine repetitions of the scale would require from three to four minutes if played at a moderate rate of speed. I saw at once that a state of mental concentration could not be avoided by the pupil, and that in this exercise lay a basic principle. I gave the exercise to my pupil. The result was that when the next lesson-hour came around and I asked her how she found the new exercise, she exclaimed: "How do I like it? Why, you have played a pretty trick on me! It took me nearly an hour to accomplish it; but I like it. Why did you not give it to me before?" "Because," I said, "I invented it simply in order to compel your attention to your work." Following up the principle of grouping the tones, I found there was apparently no end to the possible varieties. Two or three years after I had published a system of instruction based upon this principle I came across a statement in the writings of Moscheles to the effect that some one would eventually apply rhythmic forms to all sorts of finger-exercises, and that this

was a very desirable thing to bring about. It was precisely the means by which I had first taught my boarding-school pupil how to concentrate her mind upon her practice.

The idea of starting a series of *matinées* of chamber-music occurred to me. I wished especially to introduce to the public the "Grand Trio in B Major, Op. 8," by Johannes Brahms, and to play other concerted works, both classical and modern, for this kind of work interested me more than mere piano-playing. So I asked Carl Bergmann, who was the most noted orchestral conductor of those days, and thus well acquainted with musicians, to get together a good string quartet. This he accomplished in a day or two, and made me acquainted with Theodore Thomas, first violin; Joseph Mosenthal, second violin, and George Matzka, viola, Bergmann himself being the violoncellist. We very soon began rehearsing, and our first concert, or rather *matinée*, took place in Dodworth's Hall, opposite Eleventh street, and one door above Grace Church in Broadway. The program was as follows:

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| 1. Quartet in D Minor, Strings | Schubert |
| 2. Romance from Tannhäuser, "Abendstern" | Wagner |
| 3. Pianoforte Solo, Fantasia Impromptu, Op. 66 (first time) | Chopin |
| Deux Préludes, D flat and G, Op. 24 | Heller |
| 4. Variations Concertante for Violoncello and Piano, Op. 17 | Mendelssohn |
| 5. "Feldwärts flog ein Vöglein" | Nicolai |
| 6. Grand Trio in B Major, Op. 8, Piano, Violin, and Cello (first time) | Brahms |

It will be observed that we started out with a novelty, Brahms's Trio, which was played then for the first time in America. I repeated it in Boston a few weeks later with the assistance of some members of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club. It received appreciation on both occasions and was listened to attentively, but without enthusiasm. The newspapers spoke well of it in general, but there were some who regarded it as constrained and unnatural. The vocal pieces were inserted in deference to the prevailing idea of the period that no musical entertainment could be enjoyed by the public without some singing. We quickly got over that notion, and thenceforth, with rare exceptions, our programs were confined to instrumental music.

It was my purpose in organizing these concerts to make a point of producing chamber-works, which had never before been heard here, especially those of Schumann and other modern writers.

THEODORE THOMAS AT TWENTY.

THE organization as originally formed would probably have remained intact during all the years the concerts lasted had it not become apparent almost from the start that Theodore Thomas had in him the genius of conductorship. He possessed by nature a thoroughly musical organization and was a born conductor and leader.

Before we had been long together it became apparent that there was more or less friction between Thomas and Bergmann, who, being the conductor of the Germania and afterward of the Philharmonic orchestras, also a player of long experience and the organizer of the quartet, naturally assumed the leadership in the beginning. The result was that Bergmann withdrew after the first year, and Bergner, a fine violoncellist and active member of the Philharmonic Society, took his place. The organization was then called the Mason and Thomas Quartet, and so styled it won a wide reputation throughout the country. I should say in passing that Bergmann was an excellent though not a great conductor.

From the time that Thomas took the leadership free and untrammelled, the quartet improved rapidly. His dominating influence was felt and acknowledged by us all. Moreover, he rapidly developed a talent for making programs by putting pieces into the right order of sequence, thus avoiding incongruities. He brought this art to perfection in the arrangement of his symphony concert programs.

Our viola, Matzka, was also an excellent musician, and for many years the first viola of the Philharmonic orchestra. Mosenthal, who played second violin, achieved a wide reputation as composer and conductor, in which latter capacity he did splendid work for the Mendelssohn Glée Club. He was also one of the best teachers of piano and violin in New York.

THOMAS AS CONDUCTOR.

THOMAS's fame as a conductor has entirely overshadowed his earlier reputation as a violinist. He had a large tone, the tone of a player of the highest rank. He lacked the perfect finish of a great violinist, but he played in a large, quiet, and reposeful manner. This seemed to pass from his violin-playing into his conducting, in which there is the same sense of largeness and dignity, coupled, however, with the artistic finish which he lacked as a violinist. He is a very

great conductor, the greatest we have ever had here, not only in the Beethoven symphonies and other classical music, but in Liszt, Wagner, and the extreme moderns. Why should he not conduct Wagner as well as anybody else, or better? Everything is large about Wagner, and everything is large about Thomas. His rates of tempo are in accord with those of the most celebrated conductors whom I heard fifty years ago. In modern times the tendency has been toward an increased rate of speed, and this detracts in large measure from the impressiveness of the works, especially those of Mozart, Beethoven, Von Weber, and others.

That Thomas had entire confidence in himself was shown in the outset of his career. One evening, as he came home tired out from his work, and after dinner had settled himself in a comfortable place for a good rest, a message came to him from the Academy of Music, about two blocks away from his house in East Twelfth street. An opera season was in progress there, and, what was not unusual, the management was in financial difficulties. Anschütz, who was conductor of the orchestra, had refused to take the desk unless paid what was due him. The orchestra was in its place, the audience was seated, but there was no conductor. Would Thomas come to the rescue? He had never conducted opera, and the work for the evening's performance was an opera with which he was unfamiliar. Here was a life's opportunity, and Thomas was equal to the occasion. He thought for a moment, then said, "I will." He rose quickly, got himself into his dress-suit, hurried to the Academy of Music, and conducted the opera as if it were a common experience. He was not a man to say, "Give me time until next week." He was always ready for every opportunity.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.

I KNEW Gottschalk well, and was fascinated by his playing, which was full of brilliancy and bravura. His strong, rhythmic accent, his vigor and dash, were exciting and always aroused enthusiasm. He was the perfection of his school, and his effects had the sparkle and effervescence of champagne. He was as far as possible from being an interpreter of chamber or classical music, but, notwithstanding this, some of the best musicians of the strict style were frequently to be seen among his audience, among others Carl Bergmann, who told me that he always heard Gottschalk with intense enjoyment. He first made his mark through his arrangement of

creole melodies. They were well-defined rhythmically, and he played them with absolute rhythmic accuracy. This clear definition in his interpretation contributed more than anything else to the fascination which he always exerted over his audience. He did not care for the German school, and on one occasion, after hearing me play Schumann at one of the Mason-Thomas matinées, he said: "Mason, I do not understand why you spend so much of your time over music like that; it is stiff and labored, lacks melody, spontaneity, and naïveté. It will eventually vitiate your musical taste and bring you into an abnormal state."

Although an enthusiastic admirer of Beethoven symphonies and other orchestral works, he did not care for the pianoforte sonatas, which he said were not written in accordance with the nature of the instrument. It has been said that he could play all of the sonatas by heart; but I am quite sure that Mr. Richard Hoffman, who was his intimate friend, will sustain me in the assertion that such was not the fact.

I have known Mr. Hoffman for more than fifty years, having met him for the first time in the year 1847 or thereabout. His playing is still characterized by precision, accuracy, and clearness in phrasing, with an excellent technic, combined with repose. I have many times enjoyed his artistic interpretations, and I heard him with great pleasure not a long while ago, on the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary as a teacher in this country.

Returning to Gottschalk, a funny thing happened one day. At the time of which I write, forty-five years ago, William Hall & Sons' music-store was in Broadway, corner of Park Place, and was a place of rendezvous for musicians. Going there one day, I met Gottschalk, who, holding up the proof-sheet of a title-page which he had just received from the printer, said: "Read that!" What I read was, "The Latest Hops," in big block letters after the fashion of an outside music title-page. "What does this mean?" I asked. "Well," he replied, "it ought to be 'The Last Hope,' but the printer, either by way of joke or from stupidity, has expressed it in this way. There is to be a new edition of my 'Last Hope,' and I am revising it for that purpose."

I have in my autograph-book a letter of his, undated, but written in the late fifties:

MY DEAR M.: If you have nothing to do, come and spend the evening with me on Sunday next. No formality. Smoking required, impropriety al-

lowed, and complete liberty, with as little music as possible. I was going to mention that we will have a glass of wine and chicken salad.

Your friend,

GOTTSCHALK.

149 East Ninth Street.

PROPAGANDA FOR SCHUMANN'S MUSIC.

GOTTSCHALK'S remark about my playing Schumann's music was at that time echoed by others, for when I returned from Germany and found Schumann virtually unknown here, I made it my mission to introduce his music into this country—a labor of love in which I was afterward greatly aided by the quartet concerts and by my teaching. Shortly after my return from Germany I went to Breusing's, then one of the principal music-stores in the city,—the Schirmers are his successors,—and asking for certain compositions by Schumann, I was informed that they had his music in stock, but as there was no demand for it, it was packed away in a bundle and kept in the basement. Pretty soon, however, my pupils began calling for Schumann's pieces, and Schumann moved up from the cellar to the main floor. His music was expensive, because if a pupil wanted to buy one of the "Novellettes" or "Kinderscenen," it was necessary to purchase the whole collection. Consequently I persuaded some of the music-dealers to publish a number of the pieces separately. This had the effect in some measure of opening up the sale of his pieces to pupils and amateurs.

RUBINSTEIN AND THE AUTOGRAPH-HUNTER.

ONE afternoon I accompanied Rubinstein from his hotel to Steinway Hall, where he was to give a recital. Just outside of the stage-entrance were two young ladies, one of whom stepped forward, and handing me a sheet of paper and a pencil, begged me to ask Rubinstein for his autograph, and to leave it for her in the dressing-room, so that she could get it after the recital. I told her that Rubinstein did not like writing autographs; that he was a man of kindly disposition, but sometimes acted from impulse; nevertheless, I would see what could be done. So, following Rubinstein up-stairs to the retiring-room, I handed him the writing-materials, stating the young lady's request. He took them, saying nothing, but walked with an air of determination to the window, opened it, and threw them into the street. "Mason," he said, "I don't like your country. People pry too much into private affairs." He then went on to speak of news-

paper writers who had interviewed him, and by means of ingenuity beguiled him into speaking of many things which concerned solely his own personality, and the next day published all of these things in detail. He said: "There is absolutely no privacy in this country." "Rubinstein," I said, "I can quite appreciate your position, and understand why you should have come to such conclusions, but I am sure that upon due reflection you will realize that you are doing us an injustice. You have been incessantly occupied during your sojourn here, have hurried from place to place, given concerts with hardly any intermission, and naturally have had no time to see people in their homes. You have not been able to judge of our domestic life or to mingle in society and study our habits." He admitted this at once and made due acknowledgment. Wieniawski, who was once with us when a similar conversation occurred just before the close of their stay here, said: "Mason, I regret extremely that I have not been able to go out to Orange to visit you. We have traveled constantly and rushed from place to place in order to fulfil concert engagements, so that there has been no time for social intercourse. I do not wish you to gather from my apparent neglect an idea that Poles are unsociable; on the contrary, I assure you we are very fond of social life."

Rubinstein came here with a great reputation and achieved a good success. He had transcendent ability, accompanied, however, by certain limitations. By nature impulsive and excitable, he often lost self-control, and in consequence he frequently anticipated his climax. He was like a general who excelled in a brilliant sortie, but who had not the dogged persistence necessary to a long-sustained battle, and at the critical points he was constantly losing his self-poise. When, however, he did effect a climax, it was apt to be a great one, a jubilee. Liszt, on the other hand, was remarkable for his reserve force and for the discretion with which he made use of it; for if, perchance, he missed a climax he immediately made preparation for a new one, and was always sure to reach the zenith at precisely the right moment.

There were occasions on which Rubinstein played with the most wonderful repose, and at such times his playing was musical and poetic in the highest degree. This was particularly the case in slow or moderate movements characterized by tenderness, affection, and fervor. But in the rapid and spirited movements his tendency was to run away and finally to lose self-possession—an afflict-

tion to which the large majority of concert-pianists are subject. Violinists and singers are not nearly so much so, because they can prolong their tones with steady force, or diminish and increase the tone at will. The case is different with the pianist, for after the piano-key has been struck the tone immediately begins to decrease in power, and this incites the player to produce another tone; so he proceeds a little too quickly, constantly gaining a little in speed and crowding one tone upon the other. The effect is exasperating to the listener, who becomes more and more restless, until finally all quiet and repose is utterly lost.

The unevenness in Rubinstein's playing I believe to have been wholly due to the temperamental moods of a man of extreme artistic sensitiveness. He was a thoroughly conscientious artist and worked at the piano incessantly many hours a day. I remember his once saying to me: "I dislike nothing more than to have people say to me, as they frequently do, 'But you do not have to practise, for you are a born genius and get everything by nature.' It is provoking to listen to such stuff after having worked so hard."

BACH'S "TRIPLE CONCERTO" AND "LES AGRÉMENTS."

IN Bach's time many embellishments were used in playing the clavichord. They were all included under the general title *Les Agréments*, or, in German, *Manieren*. Of these the mordent, almost identical with the modern *Pralltriller*, was in most frequent use. It is quite a little thing and simple enough, but there are few players who succeed in giving it the right snap or rattle, without which its true significance is wholly lost. I have already mentioned playing this concerto with Klindworth and Pruckner at a court concert in Weimar. While previously rehearsing it Liszt was very particular in his directions, especially regarding the mordents, and we did our best to follow them. Moreover, Liszt was an authority. He always made thorough investigation of a subject before expressing an opinion upon it, and he was very careful to give a historically accurate and truthful rendering of these old-fashioned ornaments. I afterward found that when three pianists came together for the purpose of playing this concerto a good deal of time was wasted in discussing the proper way of playing the mordent. It was on the program of the Mason-Thomas matinées in New York more than once, and on one occasion we had the

assistance of the well-known pianists Messrs. Timm and Scharfenberg. There was no friction at that time, as the three performers were of one mind.

In May, 1873, Theodore Thomas arranged a grand musical festival in New York, of which Rubinstein was the principal attraction. The "Triple Concerto" was one of the features of the festival. Rubinstein played the first piano, and Mills and I the other two.

The concerto has the accompaniment of a string quartet, which may be doubled or increased to the size of a small orchestra if desired. It was thought best to have a preliminary rehearsal for the three pianos alone, and a time was appointed for our meeting together at my studio in Steinway Hall. Mr. Thomas, not being familiar with the concerto, wished to be present in order to become acquainted with it, and at the appointed time was the first to make his appearance. I told him that Rubinstein, not precise in historical methods, would play the mordents in accordance with the mood in which he happened to be. "However," I continued, "I have an old book by Friedrich Wilhelm Marpurg, published in Berlin in 1765, in which he gives written examples of all of the *Manieren*. We will show this to Rubinstein and have some fun. But I do not propose to waste time in discussions. He can play as he likes, and Mills and I will follow suit."

Rubinstein shortly made his appearance, and Mills came a little later. I told Rubinstein about my ancient authority, adding that we should be spared the tediousness of a discussion as to the manner of playing. "Let me see the old book," said Rubinstein. Running over the leaves, he came to the illustrations of the mordent. The moment his eyes fell upon them he exclaimed, "All wrong; here is the way I play it," and going to the piano, he played as follows:



This is what Marpurg calls a kind of double mordent, or *Doppelschlag*. The three keys are struck almost simultaneously, but the middle one only is held down, while the upper and lower ones are immediately released. The true way of playing the mordent is thus:



However, we adopted Rubinstein's way without comment.

What I have written about Rubinstein and Bach's "Triple Concerto in D Minor" recalls to my mind an occasion when I played it with Mr. Boscovitz and Mme. Essipoff at the latter's last recital here, I think in the year 1876. When, at the rehearsal, we came to discuss the mordents, Essipoff exclaimed: "I cannot play those things; show me how they are done." After repeated trials, however, she failed to get the knack of playing them, as, indeed, so many pianists do, so at the recital she omitted them and left their performance to Boscovitz and me. I think the effect of the concerto was not marred by the omission. The incident just related must not be construed as in any degree a disparagement of Mme. Essipoff's playing; as an artist she belongs easily in the first rank of women players, and her style is charming.

In taking leave of my old book by Marburg I present a specimen of advice which he addresses to pianoforte-students, namely: "In regard to deportment and manners [at the pianoforte], one should take care to avoid making faces, bobbing the head, snorting, twisting the mouth, gritting the teeth, and all such ridiculous things. In the absence of the teacher, a pupil who has fallen into such ungainly habits can correct them by means of a mirror placed in front on the music-rack." The foregoing is as honest a translation from the German as I am able to make. During a half-century's experience in pianoforte-teaching I do not remember a single case among my pupils of one who stood in need of this advice.

A SIGNIFICANT AUTOGRAPH FROM RUBINSTEIN.

JUST before leaving Weimar I had asked Rubinstein to write in my autograph-book, and he immediately complied.

The theme, which he wrote in the key of E flat major, is characteristic of him. It is strong and has a vigorous upward movement. It suggests the young man just starting out in life, with the vitality and courage of early manhood. It is dated "Weymar, le 5. Juin, 1854."

I did not see Rubinstein again until 1873, the year of his visit to this country. Happening in his room one day with my book, the idea occurred to me of asking him to write in it again, under his former signature. For some reason he was averse to doing so, but finally consented. At a glance the second theme seems like the first, but on examination the difference will appear. He has

transposed the theme to E flat minor, and its character is entirely changed. The young man has reached the summit of the hill and realizes that he is now upon the descent. The allegro maestoso of former years has changed to an adagio, and, as Rubinstein aptly writes, it is "not the same."

An autograph written for me by Joachim Raff is also interesting. On the night before I left Weimar, June 25, 1854, Raff and I had supper at the Erbprinz together, and as the evening wore on we somehow got into a heated discussion about *Zukunftsmusik*, taking opposite sides. However, as a matter of course, we made up before parting. He had previously written his musical autograph in the book, but now he added a kind thought to speed me on my way, namely: "That he may live well, work well, and soon return to Weimar music. Mitternachtscheide."

RUBINSTEIN, PADEREWSKI, AND "YANKEE DOODLE."

NOT long before Rubinstein's departure for Europe he wrote a large number of variations on "Yankee Doodle," and meeting me shortly afterward, he informed me of the fact, and added: "I have inscribed your name at the head of the title-page, and they are now in the hands of the publisher." He said further, and in a seemingly apologetic tone, "They are good, I assure you, and I have taken much pleasure in writing them." He played this composition at his farewell concert in New York, and in point of fact the variations were very well made; but I think that much of his playing at the concert referred to was improvised.

The second season Paderewski was here I sat next to him at a dinner given just after his arrival. During conversation he said somewhat suddenly: "Mr. Mason, I have just composed a fantasy on 'Yankee Doodle,' and have dedicated it to you." He looked at me, and saw, or thought he saw, a curious expression in my face,—although I was quite unaware of such a thing,—and continued, "You don't like it!" "Oh, I do," I protested, "and esteem the dedication a great honor." "I see you don't," he said. "Well," I replied, "I already have one 'Yankee Doodle' from Rubinstein, and was thinking that the coincidence of your dedicating me another was very curious, that is all. Let me explain to you that 'Yankee Doodle' does not stand in the same relation to the United States as 'God Save the Queen' to England, 'Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser' to Austria, or the

'Marseillaise' to France. 'Yankee Doodle' was written by an Englishman in derision of us." I am afraid that my remarks discouraged him, for he never finished the composition. He played it to me as far as he had progressed with it, and it is certainly the best treatment of the theme I have ever heard. He had given it respectability, and, indeed, he told me that he really liked the tune.

MEETINGS WITH VON BÜLOW.

VON BÜLOW, who had been a pupil of Liszt a year or two before my time, would occasionally return to Weimar from his concert tours, and during these visits I became well acquainted with him. In certain ways he was a wonderful man. He had an extraordinary memory and a remarkable technic. He was invariably accurate and precise in his careful observance of rhythm and meter by means of proper accentuation, and the clear phrasing resulting therefrom made up a good deal for the absence of other desirable features, for his playing was far from being impassioned or temperamental. His Chopin-playing always impressed me as being dry, and his Beethoven interpretations lacked warmth and fervency.

I remember his once saying to me: "Rubinstein can make any quantity of errors during his performance, and nobody is disturbed by it; but if I make a single mistake it will immediately be noticed by every one in the audience, and the effect will be spoiled."

Personally, Von Bülow and I got along very well together. He always made kind inquiry for me when he met common friends in Europe, and he once presented me with an autograph of Brahms which he valued highly. Among his own autographs which I have is a short strain of music entitled "The Spleen," under which he has written in his English: "In the remembrance of a most 'played-out' pianist." The following letter he wrote me shortly after his arrival in this country, in response to an invitation to make me a few days' visit in Orange, New Jersey, where I was then residing.

BOSTON, October 21, 1875.

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE: I have just now received your kind note, and although I have not a single moment of leisure, I want to thank you and to tell you how happy I should be to meet you again after nearly a quarter of a century out of sight.

Alas! it is quite impossible for me to make you a visit before my arrival in New York. I must

work very hard in spite of a bad health and a not at all Rubinstein-like constitution.

As this specimen of cablegrammatical shows, I am unable to express myself in your language without a heap of wrong notes in every line. It was but two years ago, when I made my first appearance in old England (much less sympathetic to me than New England), that I began to stammer the Anglo-Saxon idiom. Please kindly excuse the shortness and weakness of my reply.

Many thousand most friendly compliments from our common co-pupil Carl Klindworth,¹ whom I saw last summer in Tyrol; we often spoke of you.

Yours most truly,
HANS VON BÜLOW.

I know from what Von Bülow himself told me that he accepted philosophically the trouble between himself and his wife Cosima Liszt, and her subsequent marriage to Wagner. Soon after he arrived in New York, in 1876, I called on him, and during our conversation I broached the subject in a tentative way. I was not sure that his feelings toward Wagner were not so hostile that mention of the Bayreuth master would have to be avoided, and I thought it just as well to arrive immediately at a clear understanding of the matter.

"Bülow," I said, "you must excuse me if I touch on a rather delicate subject. Of course your friends abroad know just what your present attitude is toward Wagner; but over here we know little or nothing about it. Perhaps you would like to enlighten me. I hope, however, I have not touched on a painful subject."

"Not at all," he exclaimed. "What happened was the most natural thing in the world. You know what a wonderful woman Cosima is—such intellect, such energy, such ambition, which she naturally inherits from her father. I was entirely too small a personality for her. She required a colossal genius like Wagner's, and he needed the sympathy and inspiration of an intellectual and artistic woman like Cosima. That they should have come together eventually was inevitable."

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.

AN event which happened two or three years before my going abroad was casually omitted in proper chronological order, and so is noticed here.

My first real pianoforte enthusiasm was aroused by Leopold de Meyer, whom I heard for the first time in Boston about the year 1846. He was a sensational player if ever

¹ He was at Moscow, first professor of pianoforte-playing at the Conservatory there.

there was one. He liked to astonish people by his immense power and his impetuous dash. His feats of technic were extraordinary, but at the same time he had an exquisitely charming touch, and when so disposed he produced the most pianissimo effects in such manner as to charm his hearers and hold them breathless. His contrasts were apt to be extreme, but he knew how to manage them skilfully.

His New York concerts were given in the old Broadway Tabernacle, some distance below Canal street, as I now remember. The piano-lovers were not so numerous then as they are now, and it was difficult to fill the hall even with the help of deadheads. De Meyer's agent, acting on the principle that "a crowd draws a crowd," hired a lot of carriages to make their appearance a little before the concert-hour and to stand in front of the doors and then advance in turn, so that passers-by might receive the impression of activity on the part of the concert-goers.

SIGISMOND THALBERG.

THALBERG came to this country in the year 1856, and shortly after his arrival he went by invitation to my brother's house in West Orange, where he made a visit of some two weeks. In this way I became very well acquainted with him. He was unequaled in his style of playing, which was peculiarly his own. His legato in rapid scale and arpeggio passages were wonderfully beautiful, and his speciality was in playing a melody alternating between the hands, and surrounding it with beautiful and brilliant arabesques. He was the originator of this style, which was immediately imitated by his contemporaries, and later on by his successors. He played almost exclusively his own compositions, but here and there a concerto by Beethoven or Weber, although in the classical style he did not appear at his best.

His agent engaged me to play his "Norma Duo" for two pianos with him for a certain number of concerts. The tour was not a long one and was confined to New York, Boston, and neighboring cities. His playing was so precise, accurate, and refined that it was exceedingly pleasant as well as instructive to play with him.

EDVARD GRIEG.

ON July 1, 1890, my daughter, sister-in-law, and I were in Bergen, Norway, having just returned from a very pleasant trip to the North Cape.

Being so near Grieg's home, an hour and

a half's drive from Bergen, and having received an invitation to visit him, we presented ourselves at his "Villa Trolldhagen" in the afternoon. The day was bright and lovely, and thus we saw Grieg's place under the most favorable aspect. Our reception by Mr. and Mrs. Grieg was most hospitable, and we felt immediately at home. After half an hour's conversation, we all strolled through the beautiful grounds, which in many places are thick with trees and shrubs, while here and there are clearings through which the waters of the fiord shine bright and clear. The wild flowers, with their rich, brilliant colors, were especially attractive; indeed, this is everywhere in Norway an attractive feature.

Mr. Grieg is an intelligent man of high culture and is thoroughly natural and genial. I have very pleasant memories of our cordial reception and delightful visit.

RATES OF TEMPO—THE PRESENT TIME COMPARED WITH FIFTY YEARS AGO.

IN recalling Liszt's playing I cannot help noticing the marked difference in modern rates of tempo as compared with those which were considered authentic fifty years ago. This is noticeable in many of Chopin's compositions, especially the larger ones, such as the sonatas, ballades, fantasias, etc., with all of which I am very familiar, having heard them played not only by Liszt in Weimar, but in other German cities, and by artists of the highest rank, many of whom were contemporaries and personal friends of Chopin. They all seemed to adopt a certain rate of speed, as if in conformity with the composer's intention, and it was in agreement with my own intuitions. Dreyschock and Liszt had often heard the composer play his own pieces and must certainly have been familiar at least with his rates of tempo. I was very close to the Chopin day, having been in Germany only a few months when he died. Two of my teachers and nearly all of the musicians I had met were his contemporaries and had heard him play his own compositions. I certainly ought to have the Chopin traditions.

ELECTROCUTING CHOPIN.

THE question is, Should Chopin be played in accordance with the spirit of the time in which he lived, should his works be played in the tempo in which he played them, or, because electricity has brought about so many changes and has enabled us to do so many things much more rapidly than for-

merly, should Chopin's music be electrified, or, as it seems to me, electrocuted? I think there is a general tendency to play the rapid movements in Chopin, and, in fact, in all composers not of the extreme modern type, too fast. To play these movements rapidly and give the phrases with absolute clearness, one must have such breadth, command of rhythm, and repose in action that he can put the tones together like a string of pearls, so that each is rounded into shape, and the phrase is a complete and definite series of tones, and not like a lot of overboiled pease, so soft that they all mash together. In too rapid playing the effect of speed is lost. The Chopin "Waltz in D Flat Major" is often played much too fast. The theme is said to have been suggested to the composer by a lap-dog in his room suddenly beginning to chase his tail. Whether true or not, the story is suggestive. Destroy the contour of that waltz by playing it at too high a rate of speed, and the dog is no longer chasing his tail, but dashing aimlessly about the room.

Nor should the tempo be too slow. Slow movements are effective, but sufficient animation must prevail to impart life and fervency to the music. A stream may flow so sluggishly that the water loses its clearness. This is not repose, but stagnation. During the last musical season in New York I have heard modern pianists play some of Chopin's compositions so slowly that the effect produced upon me was like that of a music-box running down. One endures it for a while, but finally is wrought up to such a feeling of impatience as to induce the exclamation, "Either stop that thing altogether or wind it up."

TEMPO RUBATO.

IN modern times there is also a tendency to excessive use of tempo rubato.

I have recently heard the second part of Chopin's "C Sharp Minor Scherzo"—the choral with arpeggio passages—played by a celebrated pianist in such a way that, mathematically adjusted, about one measure was added to every section of four. The player was afterward highly extolled on account of his wonderful rubato effects. The truth is that he was all the while simply playing mathematically out of time. Rubato ("robbed") is a slight modification of rhythmic flow in alternation with a corresponding compensation; it is like excitement in verbal narrative; it is alternately losing and making up, but within judicious bounds, so that in the end the balance is preserved. The nature of

music is essentially "tune and time"—in other words, emotion and intelligence, or heart and head, in loving and well-balanced combination. These conditions are absolute and can never be violated without disaster. Hence a true rubato must be played in time, but accommodately.

A SINGLE LESSON.

A YEAR or two ago a young lady came to my studio and asked for a single lesson. She told me that she had been studying in Germany for some years, and named the city, which was one of the well-known musical centers. She was then going to the West on her way home, and stopped a day over in New York expressly for a lesson from me. I heard her play several pieces, and was surprised and pleased with her manner and style. She phrased with intelligence and gave due attention to rhythmic requirements. Her tone was large, full, and musically resonant, and could not have been produced otherwise than through the agency of the upper-arm muscles, which were constantly in active use. The flexibility and elasticity of hands and wrists were also apparent, and finally the evident repose in action of all of these qualities capped the climax. I said to her: "My dear young lady, I cannot add to your playing, for it is already finished and artistic. I might possibly suggest a different rendering in certain parts, but, after all, this would amount only to a matter of taste. If you had studied exclusively under my guidance for a course of years, and I had succeeded in doing my best, aided by your own intelligence and careful practice, I should have sought to bring about just the result which you have reached. I think your teacher must be a young man." "He is," she replied; "but why?" "Because," I answered, "his method is free from the stiffness and rigidity of the old German school. Has he, perhaps, a method of his own?" Her immediate reply was, "He uses your method." She also told me her teacher's name, which I have now unfortunately forgotten.

It would be a nice thing to send this teacher more pupils. But the time has gone by when it was necessary for students of the piano to go abroad to complete a musical education. There are now teachers of the piano of the first rank in all of our principal cities, who secure better results with American pupils than foreign teachers do, because they have a better understanding of our national character and temperament, and know better how to develop the

best there is in the pupil. This was not true of the time when I began my musical studies in Germany, but since then the progress made in educational methods in America has been enormous. I am fully alive to the advantages to be gained in some cases from living in daily association with fellow-students, and getting away for a while from the many diversions of social life at home;

but these are considerations which affect the dilettante rather than the student of serious and steadfast purpose, through which alone success may be achieved. For such a one the opportunities abroad are no greater than are offered here; and in my judgment it is also true that the principal American composers of to-day are the peers of any who are now living.

THE END.

THE CHINESE AS BUSINESS MEN.

BY SHERIDAN P. READ,

Ex-Consul of the United States at Tientsin, China.



WHILE the animosity of the world is directed toward China for the outrages of the Boxers, who are aided by regular soldiers and abetted by high officials, we should not lose sight of the Chinese merchant and his influence for peace.

The Chinese merchant represents the class that bears half the burden of maintaining a commerce with the whole civilized world, the vastness of which is apparent in the magnificent trade centers of Shanghai and Hongkong, and is recognized at every port of departure, in Europe and America, of the great mail-steamers bound for China. This ever-increasing commerce would be impossible were it not for the fine sense of business integrity possessed by the Chinese merchant. It is he alone who, through all riots, wars, and tribulations, remains the firm friend of the foreigner.

In the early days of trade with China the means of knowing the Chinese business character—whether the Chinese could be relied upon to fulfil a contract—was limited, as only "spot cargo" was then bought; but by degrees orders came back to China for goods of the same grade and at the price of those previously shipped.

The certainty that the Chinese merchant will, if he has undertaken a contract, deliver the goods within the terms of the contract, assures the American buyer that he will find at the best houses the same chop of tea from year to year, the same high grade of mattings, and a fire-cracker of the exact grade ordered. Neither do the manufacturers of straw-braid goods, nor the dealers in pongees

and silks, feel any uncertainty with regard to deliveries under contract with China. They know that only such contingencies as they themselves would recognize as valid will prevent the timely delivery of the goods. This Chinese characteristic, possessed by the Chinese merchant, alone of all Orientals, is the perfection of mercantile honor. That he rarely fails to deliver his goods is also due to the fact that he calculates to a nicety—to such a nicety as in the Western world is approached only in Germany. He will tell you frankly wherein lies the difficulty, if there is any, of delivering a certain grade of goods. It may be that floods have devastated a certain district which produces the requisite raw materials that enter into the manufactured article. His price is based upon the value of copper cash and the scarcity or abundance of material, and although he has to confront the difficulty of transportation, the possibilities of strikes, and other obstacles, it is a noteworthy fact that all large dealers arrive virtually at the same price at any given time.

So sure is the foreign merchant, say, at Canton, of this, that he can confine his operations in one line of goods to a few Chinese merchants. He need not go afield to see if he can make better terms. In fact, he need rarely leave his office, as the Chinese merchant calls daily in the hope of getting orders; and although he may not be successful for six months, and even at the end of that time the order be only a small one, he never evinces impatience, disappointment, or chagrin, but is a shining example of the "try, try again" rule.

At the end of a business season the Chi-

nese merchant will not infrequently say, in that weak, babyish dialect which is the medium for conducting so many great transactions: "My losee too muchee dollar 'long that matting pidgin this year," which simply means that "I did n't make as much money as I expected to." Nevertheless, he will always meet the payment of any claim, and be ever ready to "puttee book"—that is, enter fresh orders.

This "puttee book" business is as valid and binding as a signed contract. It means that when the Chinese merchant has taken out his note-book and entered the quantity of goods desired, the time of delivery, and the price, and you have observed the procedure, the contract has been solemnized. It is upon so simple a ceremony as this that all China's vast export business with us reposes.

In the matter of imports, however, when the foreigner has contracted to sell to the Chinese cotton piece-goods, flour, implements, timber, etc., a contract is drawn up and signed by both parties.

This style of contract is essential to the foreign merchant, whose business operations are naturally conducted upon bank credits. There is not a foreign bank in China that will not issue a credit for the purchase of goods to a reputable foreign firm that has a credit with a reputable Chinese firm.

The bank's comprador is supposed to know the rating of all leading Chinese firms, and the foreign banker issues the credit on the implicit faith which he has in his own comprador's recommendation.

In North China, which consumes annually ten million dollars' worth of cotton goods, mostly unbleached, the Chinese cotton-goods or piece-goods dealer requires, after receiving the goods, sixty days' credit for the payment of the same. This time credit is essential to him, as he resells to small dealers on time. For this reason it is customary for the foreign merchant, for the use of his home agent, to take out a foreign bank credit against which drafts are drawn at four months' sight. In other words, as it takes about thirty days for a communication to reach China from New York by mail, five months will have elapsed from the time of the drawing of the draft in New York until it has been retired in China.

During these five months ninety days is ample time within which to receive the goods via the Suez Canal, the usual method of shipment for bulky cargo, and the remaining sixty days covers the time credit required by the Chinese merchant. At the end of the

sixty days he makes payment to the foreigner, usually in the form of a native bank draft.

Of course crises like the present are not in the general order of things, they are not contemplated, and it is certain that, with Tientsin in ashes, many of the large native dealers in that city will have to suspend payment. But it is also certain that the Chinese merchants and bankers will work in harmony with the foreign merchants and bankers to prevent a commercial panic, such as would follow were the metropolis of New York city to be nearly wiped out of existence.

With regard to panics, while they are recurrent in the Western world about every eleven years, owing to quick intercommunication and the immediate interdependence of the whole of trade upon the perfect working of all of its component parts, and are consequent upon the breaking down of one or more of its parts through over-inflated credit, these conditions are non-existent in China, and therefore commercial panics such as ours are unknown. A few large failures in Tientsin cannot affect Han-kau, as would like failures in New York affect Chicago.

A reactionary movement against the present disturbances will originate not with the official, not with the literati; but it will spring from the will of the common coolie and the staid, sensible, clear-eyed merchant, both of whose interests, together with those of the native producer, are everywhere suffering. This is the saving feature of the whole situation.

Deprivation will also be experienced by consumers of cotton goods, kerosene-oil, flour, timber, and many other commodities from the outer world. Clocks, watches, and needles, for example, are now regarded by the Chinese as essentials. The whole of this trade is now paralyzed, and will not be resumed until there are sure signs of order, and the continuance of order.

The millions of Chinese who have been finding steady employment in carrying on the vast machinery of trade at the twenty-eight treaty ports of China, whose hands have erected the magnificent business hongs and public buildings at these large emporiums of trade, and whose backs have borne, literally, the vast cargoes of two hemispheres, will finally resolve themselves into an assertive power for the continuance of these old conditions upon improved lines.

The merchants throughout China, in a state of dazed quiescence at the beginning

of these troubles, are already bringing pressure to bear upon their officials in the unaffected parts of China to preserve the present *status quo* of order.

The writer predicts that the disturbing elements, backed up by corrupt officialdom, would even without foreign intervention yield ultimately to the pressure brought to bear by the Chinese merchant class with its following.

The conversation which was taking place in July at all the business hong along the bund of Shanghai and the praya of Hongkong was somewhat as follows:

The dealer enters, "chin-chins," and says: "How fashion that bobbery along Tientsin-side to-day? My heart too muchee sore inside. Chinaman velly bad man. Wantchee kill all that foreign man. Spilem he own pidgin. My too muchee wantchee can catchee plenty that foreign soldier man finish all this bobbery chop-chop." Or, translating freely: "How goes the trouble at Tientsin to-day? I am very sorry. My countrymen are wrong in wanting to kill all the foreigners. They are going against their own interests. I greatly hope enough foreign soldiers will come to end this trouble right away."

After this short opening he makes the usual inquiries about foreign exchange, etc., and, with regrets that there is nothing doing, drops in for a cup of tea with the firm's comprador, and takes his departure, shaking his head mournfully with a sorrow that is not feigned—for it touches his pocket.

I have already referred several times to the comprador. For twelve years I tried to get a clear and concise impression of this useful personage. The nearest I can come to a definition is this: A comprador is the person without whom one cannot do business in China. He resembles somewhat the paymaster of a big war-ship, and he is certainly just as essential. It is he who collects all the moneys due the firm, and by this we mean that when he is handed an account to collect it is considered as collected, and goes through the accounting department as funds immediately available. (The comprador's private opinion of this phase of his duties has never been recorded.) The firm's checks in payment for cargo are generally drawn upon the comprador, whose profit comes out of the recipient at the rate of three tenths of one per cent. on the dollar or the tael, as the case may be.

It is the comprador who guarantees the integrity of all of the firm's employees and

house-servants, and it is his pocket that suffers if one of these goes astray. He can well afford to do this, as his opportunities for making money through his connection with a well-to-do foreign house are greater than one would imagine. His position gives him the chance to conduct a private banking business, advancing money on cargo awaiting shipment, etc. Sometimes he holds large sums of the firm's funds, and there are also times when the firm finds it convenient to procure native credits through the comprador. I do not think a case was ever known where a comprador became indebted to a foreign firm, although I have in mind numerous instances where the comprador owns the foreign firm body and soul. The comprador, even in such a case, is an easy taskmaster. It is he who bears the burdens of the firm, and it is the foreigner who has the "good face."

The comprador, finally, is the friend of the young subaltern of the firm, who invariably has the misfortune early in his Eastern career to fall into debt. The comprador cuts short his tale of woe by the two magical words, "How muchee?" Lucky is the young cadet who emerges thereafter from the debit side of the comprador's inexorably accurate books; but, whatever happens, the friendship thus formed endures throughout the foreigner's mercantile career.

The comprador is always wealthy (or if he is not no foreigner ever finds it out), and he is sometimes a mandarin.

A comprador usually has his set of apartments in the firm's premises, and these are a general rendezvous for native bankers, brokers, merchants, piece-goods dealers, etc. As no business in China is ever conducted among natives without innumerable cups of tea, the tea-pot of the comprador can be seen all day long carried by little eager-eyed "larn-pidgin" back and forth from the hot-water kitchen to the comprador's reception-room.

A comprador has a fixed salary outside of his commissions, and also allowances for staff and entertainment. He has his own private kitchen on the premises, a special cook, writer, etc. Often his small son is numbered among his staff, eager to follow in his father's footsteps, and anxiously pressing forward to wear the comprador's halo.

In middle age the comprador becomes portly and complacent, like the well-to-do banker or merchant of Western nations. He can be seen from afar in his easy, spider-wheel jinrikisha, or walking importantly

down the bund, with his skirts swinging gently,—he wears a long toga-like garment,—palms outspread, betokening satisfaction, the very picture of a contented, comfortable, pig-tailed (generally a small one by this time) bourgeois. Like all Chinese merchants, he is richly dressed and extremely neat and clean in his person. The barber evidently visits him every day. Some of his earnings are invested in foreignized, ornate, rather heavily embellished houses, which are in a style of architecture so distinctly affected by this excellent class of men that in the foreign settlements it is styled, not the Doric, but the Compradoric.

The compradors and merchants in the north have no doubt suffered severely by the destruction and looting of Tientsin, many of them owning banks, houses, hotels, silk-shops, and curio-shops in the native city. The foreigner will get indemnity for his goods and property destroyed, but not so the Chinese merchant. His losses will fall on his own shoulders, without hope of restitution. This state of things, as is obvious, will in turn affect the foreign merchant, who will suffer heavily, if indirectly, through the disasters of his comprador.

The Chinese merchant occasionally meets with reverses in the ordinary vicissitudes of business, but, unlike the Westerner, he does not fall into a panic over them. The foreigner who may be implicated is never allowed to suffer by such reverses on the part of Chinese, as, first of all, the Chinese business "face" must be preserved, and is preserved even through outside native aid.

The Chinese merchant is as proud as he is upright. It has befallen the writer, when in charge of his firm's large business hong in Canton, to perform the disagreeable duty of collecting claims against defective Chinese cargo. These claims are often as surprising to the foreign shipper in China as they are to the Chinese merchant. It is naturally impossible to inspect each roll of matting among the thousands that may have been ordered, or to see that every palm-leaf fan in a shipment of five hundred thousand has been properly cured. Such claims always come back accompanied by sworn affidavits, and when they are pronounced authentic by the foreign merchant in China, the native merchant, without demur, respects the demand.

The writer has in mind a claim of some two thousand dollars against a shipment of palm-leaf fans from Canton that had been very carefully inspected, and had apparently

left the Chinese "pack-house" in a perfectly dry condition. Many of the boxes, however, turned out to be mildewed, and it is the writer's belief that the damage was caused by moisture permeating the hold of the ship when crossing the equator with hatches open. I handed the claim with affidavits to Mr. Yut Shing, who, quietly brushing the documents aside, remarked: "Mr. Read suppose that foreign taipan homeside talkee true belong proper claim, my must pay." The two thousand dollars were forthcoming that very evening. This shipment was a dead loss to Yut Shing, but he made not so much as a protest.

This condition of things also speaks volumes for the integrity of the pioneer merchants in the China trade in dealing with these straightforward people, and should warn merchants, promoters, and others, to be careful not to shake this faith. The note of caution should be especially sounded at this time, when there is a tendency on the part of unscrupulous adventurers to exploit the Chinese markets. To warn the Chinese merchant against this class is a duty that devolves not only upon our consuls and officials in China, but also upon our established business houses.

The obvious duty confronting the United States in its official and commercial relations with China, which in the past, with few exceptions, have been accepted by the Chinese as eminently honorable throughout, is to preserve the "open-door" policy so admirably begun under existing conditions by the merchants of all nationalities, and to oppose to the uttermost the "spheres of influence" idea, which is being pushed into prominence by capitalized promoters.

Without wishing to say anything against the promoter as an individual, who is often a charming, agreeable, well-meaning man, the tendency of his assaults upon the central Chinese government at Peking, and upon the localized governments at the capitals of the various provinces, for wide-sweeping concessions for the building of through trunk-lines of railroad and for the development of mines throughout whole provinces, is to antagonize the official classes, who foresee in these contemplated sweeping changes the substitution of an unsettled for a settled state of things, the upheaval of many fixed customs and traditions, and possibly the termination of their career as officials.

Besides the reestablishment of a stable government in some form or other that is not incompatible with Chinese ideas, a settle-

ment of the present trouble should include the opening up of many more treaty ports for the furtherance of mercantile activity. The extension of the treaty-port system will give the promoter scope to operate within the shadow of a commerce that has strongly cemented China's and our commercial forces.

Furthermore, as this article deals merely with an intimate view of the spirit of fairness and integrity which pervades the Chinese merchant class (whether dictated by policy or natural rectitude it concerns us not to ask), the missionary side of the Chinese problem as it touches the merchant requires no special mention beyond the question, Would it not be politic for the missionary to confine his work to the treaty ports and their environments? This alone would be a field of great magnitude. With foreign interests concentrated at fixed points our consuls and minister would find the field of their labors lessened and the effectiveness of their work enhanced.

To the practical Chinese merchant the presence of the missionary in his country is enigmatical. The purely eleemosynary nature of his labors is to the merchant utterly incomprehensible and quite beyond his powers of imagination. To suggest to him

that the missionary is there solely for the good of the Chinese is to advance a statement which is received by him politely, no doubt, but with a shrug of the shoulders and a general air of regretful skepticism.

He has a vague idea that, behind the missionary's visible comings and goings among the common people, he is there for no good purpose; that his latent object is to uproot cherished traditions, plow up, metaphorically, the graves of native ancestors, and play the mischief generally. Of the missionary's high motives he understands and believes nothing. But, as the Chinese merchant is above all things a materialist, he accepts him philosophically, and regards him somewhat in the light of a necessary evil.

As a rule, the Chinese merchant in the treaty ports is engaged in business in a field somewhat removed from his ancestral home, and even should he become a convert, there is far less probability of a rupture between him and his distant relatives than there would be were he converted at home. His change of religious views would therefore affect merely his immediate family, of which he is absolute master. Even without Christianity he is devoted to his family, is charitable to his neighbor, abstemious in his habits, and, as Orientals go, a pattern of morality.

THE CHILD PERPETUAL.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.



HE early sunbeams lay like golden bars through the half-open door, the mocking-birds, so close that one could almost touch them, made merry in the musk-cluster twining about the pillars, and the big swing under the live-oak swayed invitingly to the little maid who sat in the doorway and beat her small heels imperiously against her low chair.

"Wants Parmely to curl my hair!"

"She cain't come perzackly des now, Little Miss," said a soothing voice, from the tones of which one should judge that a previous conversation was progressing; "but whoee! des see how putty Betty kin fix hit! We fix hit an' go fin' dat Parmely."

"You sha'n't fix it—wants Parmely now!" demanded the baby.

Betty foresaw trouble ahead.

"Betty go git mammy ter fix Little Miss' hair."

"Don't want mammy; wants Parmely!"

There was an unshaken determination in the tone, and Betty resolved to change her tactics.

"Dat bre'kfus'-bell gwine ring terreckly, an' yo' maw gwine 'low, 'Whar dat 'Lis'bet'?' an' dey hain't gwine fer ter know whar dat 'Lis'bet', an' here she er-settin' en her night-gown, bar'foot, des er-holl'in' fer Parmely! Better lemme put on dem socks quick, now!"

Betty's argument fell upon unlistening ears, and there was a mist in the blue eyes that indicated a speedy change of weather.

"Lemme put on yo' shoes, an' Betty tell yo' 'bout de tar-baby all de time we 's dressin'."

"Don't want de tar-baby; wants Parmely!" And the little pink heels beat the threatening tattoo again.

"Betty tell about de jay-bird, de jay dat go ter de debil 'ca'se—"

"Don't want de jay-bird; I wants Parmely!"

"Tell 'bout de brier-patch an' ole Br'er Rabbit; he—"

There was a catch in the baby voice now. "I don't want Br'er Rabbit—won't have Br'er Rabbit; I wants Parmely!"

Betty was nearly at the end of her juvenile tradition, and of invention she had none.

"Lemme put on de shoes quick, an' Betty tell 'bout how de debil los' he tail, an' git ter be er gemman, an'—"

"I wants Parmely! Boo-hoo!" came from the tired baby at last.

"Tell yo' what, Little Miss, ef yo' be right good, an' lemme dress yo' an' fix yo' putty, Betty take yo' ter Parmely—Meely down en de quarters"; and Betty assumed a great air of mystery.

"I wants Parmely to come here and curl my hair!" And the little foot was stamped by way of emphasis.

Betty twisted the corner of her apron thoughtfully. She had a piece of news to impart, very important according to her youthful ideas, but also orders not to do it until after breakfast, from no less a person than Parmely herself; but here was a case where all strategy had failed, and she considered herself at liberty. With more confidence than she had yet shown,—for Betty only belonged to the quarters,—she picked up the little socks and shoes, and knelt again by her ruling sovereign.

"Meely cain't come,"—there was a winning way about Betty now, and she had taken one unresisting foot into her lap,— "but she sont yo' word dat she got sumpen fer yo' down en de quarters, an' she sont me ter make yo' putty an' ter fotch yo'."

"It's a kitty, a little bit er kitty!"

There was a shower of dimples and a glimpse of white teeth like grains of rice, and the socks and shoes were deftly slipped on by the delighted Betty.

"Hit hain't er kitty," and Betty's eyes were provokingly big. The dressing now went on rapidly, but the curling of the hair was to be the tug of war. "Now let me git de tangles out 'fore I uses de curlin'-stick."

"Ouch!" sobbed the baby. "I don't want it combed. You pull! I don't want it combed—ouch!"

"Betty gwine frow dat ole comb 'way; hain't gwine hu't Little Miss; hain't gwine use nuffin but de bresh. Whoee! hain't we makin' her putty!"

"Don't want it curled! Don't want it curled!"

"Ef yo' cry, Meely won't gib yo' what she got fer yo'. Whoee! 'mos' done now! What dat Meely got fer Little Miss!"

The baby smiled through her tears. "Ain't I ready now, Betty?"

"'Mos' ready, Little Miss—'mos' ready. Yo' cain't guess what Meely got fer yo'? Meely got er little bit er baby down en de quarters, an' she done gib her Little Miss 'Lis'bet' fer her own Little Miss, an' she done gib her ter Little Miss fer her own little nigger!" Betty prolonged her information, and dragged her words to make them hold out until the last curl was brushed and the blue ribbon tied; but her bread and milk was disdainfully rejected by the little lady of the "big house," who, with gifts for Parmely, proudly set out for the quarters to view her new possession.

Old Maumer showed the little black baby with the pride which she always manifested in the newest of her charges,—which pride would survive until the next one should arrive,—and Parmely accepted "Little Miss's" gifts with all the fond foolishness of a very young mother, though she was forty if a day.

Little Miss cooed and laughed, and would sit on the step to hold the baby, and all went well until Little Miss wept and wailed because she could not take her own little baby back to the big house to wear her dolly's clothes.

Parmely was "Ole Miss's" maid and seamstress, enjoying, next to mammy, her confidence and trust. She kept the keys of the linen-press, and even superintended the looms; but in all of the years of her special privileges, since she had been the wife of Uncle Luke, the overseer, she had had a secret sorrow—she had never had a child. Mammy "lowed" Parmely was a fool to want one, for most of the negroes did not care for them directly, but only for the special gifts and rights granted and accorded by Ole Miss before and after each one came; but Parmely was not like the field-hands, mammy argued, for she had rights and privileges all the year round.

But now a baby had come to Parmely, a black baby, whose first gown was of linen of Ole Miss's own cutting, and in the gray light of the breaking day Ole Miss took the baby in her arms and named her Frances.

Of course Uncle Luke was proud and happy, and grinned mightily as "Ole Marse" quizzed him; for though Parmely was his fourth wife, this his twenty-third child, and he had a score of grandchildren, it was the child of his old age, and his only "quality child," for Parmely was a "house nigger."

Little Frances thrived and grew strong, until she could catch at Little Miss's white

gown as she fitted by; but Parmely had another secret sorrow, greater than the first, and one Sunday afternoon she brought her baby and laid it on Ole Miss's knee, covering her head with her apron, and swaying to and fro with that silent, rhythmic monotone of woe which taxed Ole Miss to the uttermost to soothe. Ole Miss turned the baby over and over on her knee, and looked long and earnestly into its face, but what passed between them only she and Parmely knew, and Parmely was somewhat comforted.

Something was wrong. Somebody in the quarters said that Frances could not cry like other babies; but old Maumer in the nursery said it was a lie.

Little Miss had grown to be a great girl now, beyond the socks and armlets, and the bright curls reached the tiny waist encircled now by silken sashes, after the gay ends of which the delighted Frances now could toddle whenever the children came to the quarters. But something was wrong, and sometimes Little Miss would toss her head disdainfully and say, "I don't want Frances!" Then a chorus would come from the little negroes as they made their own selections over and over again: "Here my Little Miss!" "Dar my Little Marster!" "Dis my Miss!" "Here my Marse!" And the children in turn would claim certain little piccanninies; but no one claimed Frances as she held fast to her mother's apron.

"Don' anybody want Frances, po' little Frances! Hain't got any Little Miss!" And Parmely's eyes would fill, jealous of the others for her child. Then Little Miss would always relent, for she loved Parmely, and she would say: "I 'll take her, Parmely. She's my little nigger." And Parmely would pat Little Miss's dress delightedly, crying: "Here yo' Little Miss, Frances! Here yo' Little Miss!" But Frances would roll her eyes and hide in her mother's skirts.

The time wore on, and Parmely was letting out the tucks in Little Miss's frocks, the long curls were tied back with girlish dignity, and once again, on a Sunday afternoon, Parmely carefully dressed her child and laid her again on Ole Miss's knee. But now Ole Miss's tears dropped with Parmely's own. Truth was so cold, so very, very hard, and yet truth was not to be gainsaid.

"All I got, Ole Miss! All I got!" moaned Parmely, swaying in her sorrow. "An' dey got so many en de quarters,—eight, ten, twelve,—an' dis is all I got! An' she nebber kin wuk, an' she can't l'arn ter sew, an' she's all I got—my own po' chile!"

"But she shall never want for anything, Parmely," said Ole Miss, softly. "She shall not wear homespun like the others; you shall dress her like a white child, and give her all the mother's care you please."

Parmely wiped her tears: Ole Miss's promises were a balm to her sorrow, for she knew that Ole Miss always fulfilled them; but the mother-heart, akin the world over, nursed in silence its pitiful thorn as she jealously robed the tiny black thing in the purple and fine linen of Ole Miss's providing.

The black babies came and went from under old Maumer's care in the nursery. Some coming long since Frances came were now beside their mothers in the field; but Frances still remained the child perpetual. She had never learned to talk, only uttering a peculiar guttural, and of reasoning powers she was believed to be utterly lacking; but the tiny body was absolutely perfect in its dainty proportions, the little slender hands looked like a clear brown wax, and only the head, which was carried straight upon the little shoulders, showed any abnormal development.

So Maumer rocked the child of sixteen years when the lusty newcomers in the cradles were quiet; and when bedlam reigned in the nursery Frances leaned her tiny elbows on her knees and sat in the doorway looking at the sun.

Another "Little Miss" reigned over Frances's fortunes, Ole Miss's latest born; for 'Lis'beth had long since coiled her sunny curls into the fashion of the times, and twirled her fan coquettishly for sundry swains who came to woo. She was the sunspot in Ole Marse's heart, and he was wont to make the glasses ring when he declared that none were worthy of her heart and hand; and Mistress 'Lis'beth tipped her dimpled chin so high and tied her bows beneath so archly wise that all her lovers fell to sighing like a southern breeze; and old Parmely, watching from afar, waxed proud of all her handiwork, and planned with Ole Miss newer frivolities for her gowns. As Parmely sewed the billowy things for perfect maidenhood, out of the selfsame daintiness she cut the tiny baby frocks of little Frances. But now the bitter tears had ceased to fall, and she took without repining the wearing of her thorn. She "lowed we axed de good Lord fer er baby chile, an' he done gib we-all er chile fer good."

There came a time at last when silken nets were cast, and were not cast in vain, and

Mistress 'Lis'beth bowed her proud head to the snare, not fluttering to be caught. Ole Miss had wept, then smiled, and Ole Marse swore a good round honest oath, and paced the floor; but Parmely set her pins and shears, and worked on wedding-gowns.

Down in the quarters, old Maumer's hand grew slow and slower yet on the row of little cradles, then fell asleep, and another Maumer, as fat and wholesome as the first, reigned over newer charges whose mothers were in the field, and cared for little Frances, the child who never changed. 'Sometimes Parmely felt that she was growing old, and then she convulsively clasped her one lamb to her breast. The poor big head would roll itself against her cheek, but the tongue was always still. If she should die, and Frances make no sign to show she loved her!

Outside, the little piccaninnies rolling in the sand were shouting "Mammy!" loudly. She had waited so long to hear it; if Frances would only say it once, she believed that she could lie down and die willingly. Over and over again she whispered it in her ear; but only the old guttural came from Frances's throat.

Spring was showering her pink and white petals in the orchard, the slowest bud was nodding in Ole Miss's garden, when the whole plantation was astir with preparation: confectioners and professionals came from Vicksburg, and even from New Orleans, and Parmely almost yielded her palm to the chattering French modiste, who gesticulated with a swirl and sweep of satin, pearls, and lace. There was much ado in trying on marvels of bonnets and slippers, and at last there was a wedding in the great old house, and 'Lis'beth, smiling and dropping tears alternately, was handed to the carriage by her husband, and followed by a retinue of slaves, Ole Marse's gift, to swell the grandeur of the new-made home. Parmely, while the others showered rice and shouted in their joy, thought in her heart of Frances, and sought in humble wise to comfort poor Ole Miss, whom she found in her chamber with her head half buried in her pillows.

So Ole Miss's babies had come and gone, but Parmely's child remained, unaware of the years, unchanged, still looking at the sun; and the old mother-longing just to hear a childish voice from the tiny doll-like thing would come back upon Parmely's heart, almost like an echo now, as she folded her bandana smoothly over her gray hair and knew that she was old.

The autumn and winter had passed since 'Lis'beth's wedding-day, and spring had come again. Down in the teeming fields the plows had ceased to turn, the planting was all done, and as the chopping was begun, the mingled songs made music in Ole Marse's ears; for the river had been very high, and guards for weeks had been patrolling the new levee, fearful of a break, or lest some jealous planter should make a midnight cut to save his own; but now, unless the unexpected should occur, there was no occasion for uneasiness. Now that the fear was past, there was to be a great merrymaking on the adjoining plantation in honor of Mistress 'Lis'beth, whom the springtide had brought again to the old plantation home, and the proud Parmely, now promoted from the needle and the linen-press, was playing mammy to 'Lis'beth's fair first-born.

THE night of the ball was clear and the sky was full of stars. Parmely thought she had never seen so many out at once, as she paused on her way from the quarters to the big house for the night. The moon rose late, she knew; they would even be coming from the ball before it lifted from the swamp.

How Frances had clung to her to-night as she tucked her in her same old cradle-bed! Luke had not come in; but he would come and see that all was right. Frances even seemed to try to talk to-night as the little fingers had locked themselves around the mother's neck.

"Say 'Mammy!' Frances; oh, say 'Mammy, mammy!'" cried Parmely, eagerly, straining her to her heart. "Hain't yo' gwine ter be nuffin but er baby ferebber an' ferebber? I 'se ole, an' I 'se gittin' blin' an' deaf. Say 'Mammy!' whilst yo' mammy kin hear yo', Frances!" But only the low guttural was uttered, neither human nor yet animal, and the mother turned her head away. "Hain't gwine hear hit ferebber an' ferebber; but she 's all I got, all de Lord sont me—des er baby—des er baby!"

Deftly Parmely made 'Lis'beth ready for the ball; she would let none other do it, and the old fingers had not lost their touch, nor her handiwork its cunning.

With a laugh and a jest the last carriage had rolled away, with Ole Marse, Ole Miss, Young Marse, Marse James, Miss 'Lis'beth, and Little Miss,—Frances's Little Miss,—who was now thinking of her beaus; and Parmely was left alone with 'Lis'beth's little baby. Parmely sat and dreamed. How like 'Lis'beth

the little one was—the same brow, the same sunny curls! It seemed as if it was 'Lis'beth herself. A cricket chirped upon the hearth, the little baby roused, and Parmely put her foot upon the rocker,—it was Lis'beth's own cradle,—then she stirred the ashes and warmed the milk for the baby—'Lis'beth's baby. It might have been 'Lis'beth, time had flown so fast. The lamp was turned low, the flickering blaze upon the hearth had died, and Parmely calmly slept.

Out of the swamp the moon rose like a great red ball, peeping shyly at first through the "deadening," lighting up the young corn and cotton with the fleck of a golden promise—a promise elusive and misty in the half-light.

Rising higher, the level beams lay upon the quarters, and at last flooded Parmely's cabin. It was deserted; Luke had not returned, and the cradle of Frances was tumbled and empty.

At last it lay upon the yellow, surging waters of the river and on the new earth of the levee just above, without a blot or shadow save a tiny dot of pink—perhaps a shirt spread out to dry, or an apron forgotten by the hands; for the levee was unguarded, the patrol had deserted.

Higher and higher rose the moon in silent glory, and the little bit of color was swayed, perhaps by the breeze. The silence was oppressive, when the tiny dot of pink seemed flying from itself. A gust swept by, and then a sudden, sullen roar; perfidy had worked in the dark—the levee had been cut.

But down in the quarters a wail rang loud and clear: "Mammy! Mammy! Mammy!" and the startled negroes woke to find the waters seething, rolling, almost at their doors. On, on, the little pink-robed figure sped, pausing at every cabin with its wail: "Mammy! Mammy! Mammy!"

"My Gord, hit 's Frances! De Lord done opin her mouf! De jedgment done kim! Hope me, my Lord!" And old Maumer fell upon her knees.

"Hit 's Frances! De jedgment 's done kim! De debil 's talkin' frough Frances! Lis'en ter Frances! De jedgment!" was the mingled cry that rose. Then, "De lebee done bruk! Sabe us! Sabe us!"—for the known fear mastered the superstitious. And above the hoarse cries, confusion, and rush, pierced the shrill, unearthly cry: "Mammy! Mammy! Mammy!" But the ears that had been strained a whole life long to hear that call were not there to listen, and the hungry heart that had

yearned for it so, was a mile away at the big house, watching beside Miss 'Lis'beth's baby.

No one stopped the little figure as it ran, for fear was on them all, and superstition, always strong, grew worse before her shrill, wild cry of terror. But now the cry was still, and order was restored. Ole Marse had come, and day was breaking on the widening waste. The stock and wagons were removed to places of safety, but underneath that restless mass, where was the golden promise of cotton and of corn? Ole Marse stood gazing on the ruin of the year; so many hopes had gone that way before! And the negroes, awed and ashen, told him how the dumb had spoken, and how the idiot child of Luke had saved their lives—how she had run from cabin to cabin, calling for her mammy, and Parmely was up at the big house.

"A cordon of strong men, and only a dwarfed idiot to serve in time of need!" muttered Ole Marse from between set teeth. "Where is the child?" No one knew. She had passed by the cabins like the wind, and each was looking to his own safety.

"Yes; that 's it!" shouted Ole Marse. "Go look in every direction until you find the child!"

A negro swam through the water, and grasping the rope, tolled the signal of distress that gathered all the negroes on the plantation, and Ole Marse from a stalwart shoulder called: "Go out and find Parmely's idiot child! There 's freedom for the man who sees her first."

Old Maumer knelt apart; they thought she prayed, but she was mumbling and crooning to herself: "Hain't no nigger gwine git no freedom yere dis day; hain't nobody gwine ter look en Frances' eye; fer de Lord he mek he sign las' night, dat de wayfarin' man an' er fool mought read. Better git down on dey knees an' go ter prayin', fer de Lord done mek he sign!"

THEY had heard it at the big house—how the cordon had deserted, the levee had been broken, and little Frances had saved the negroes' lives; and in the early morning Ole Miss had been driven to the edge of the water, and now stood holding Parmely by the hand.

Pirogues and skiffs were out in all directions, searching by land and water.

"Ole Marse nebber say whedder we fotch her dead or 'live, des so 's we fotch her," said Swing, the burliest negro of them all.

"She call me 'mammy,' Ole Miss! She call me 'mammy'! I done wait twenty year



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"'DE LEBEE DONE BRUK! SABA US! SABA US!'"

ter hear hit, an' I wa'n't dar! Oh, my Gord! I wa'n't dar!" And Parmely covered her head.

"They 'll find her, Parmely; you shall hear her yet," said Ole Miss, soothingly.

The sun rose high and warm, and Ole Miss still stood beside the waters; no entreaties could induce her to return.

"She call me 'mammy,' Ole Miss; she call me 'mammy'! An' I wa'n't dar!"

"They 'll find her, Parmely; wait patiently!" whispered Ole Miss.

"I hain't ebber hear her say 'mammy,'

an' she done say hit! Pray, Ole Miss! Hope me pray!" And there in the midday light they knelt, mistress and slave.

Oh, thou, thou God of mothers, thou didst hear and heed, and leave thy blessing on the stricken heart!

Mistress and slave had risen from the prayer, and as they rose, the waters lapped and lapped, and laid a pink-and-brown wet thing just at Ole Miss's feet; and Ole Miss bent in silence and took it in her arms. Parmely neither looked nor wept, but bowed her head content.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

TWELFTH PAPER.

XXXVIII. PERSONAL TRAITS.

THERE is no sign that the wonderful fortunes that had befallen Cromwell in the seventeen years since he quitted his woodside, his fields and flocks, had altered the soundness of his nature. Large affairs had made his vision broader; power had hardened his grasp; manifold necessities of men and things had taught him lessons of reserve, compliance, suppleness, and silence; great station brought out new dignity of carriage. But the foundations were unchanged. Time never choked the springs of affection in him, the true refreshment of every care-worn life.

In his family he was as tender and as solicitous in the hour of his glory as he had been in the distant days at St. Ives and Ely. It was in the spring of 1654 that he took up his residence at Whitehall. "His wife seemed at first unwilling to remove thither, though she afterward became better satisfied with her grandeur. His mother, who, by reason of her great age, was not so easily flattered with these temptations, very much mistrusted the issue of affairs, and would be often afraid, when she heard the noise of a musket, that her son was shot, being exceedingly dissatisfied unless she might see him once a day at least." Only six months



FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY CORNELIUS JANSSEN AT CHEQUERS COURT. BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-STLEY.

MARY CROMWELL (LADY FAUCONBERG).

after her installation in the splendors of Whitehall the aged woman passed away. "My Lord Protector's mother," writes Thurloe in November, "of ninety-four years old, died the last night, and a little before her death gave my lord her blessing in these words: 'The Lord cause his face to shine upon you, and comfort ye in all your adversities, and enable you to do great things for the glory of your most high God, and to be a relief unto his people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee; a good night.'"

His letters to his wife tell their own tale of fond importunity and affectionate response. "I have not leisure to write much," he says to her from Dunbar. "But I could chide thee that in many of thy letters thou writest to me that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art

dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice." And then he told her, as we have seen, that he was growing an old man and felt the infirmities of age marvelously stealing upon him. He was little more than fifty, and their union had lasted thirty years. Seven months later he writes to her that he is increased in strength in his outward man. "But that will not satisfy me, except I get a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father better. . . . Pray for me; truly I do daily for thee and the dear family, and God Almighty bless ye all with his spiritual blessings. . . . My love to the dear little ones; I pray for grace for them. I thank them for their letters: let me have them often. . . . If Dick Cromwell and his wife be with you, my dear love to them. I pray for them; they shall, God willing, hear from me. I love them very dearly. Truly I am not able as yet to write much. I am weary, and rest, ever thine."

He was ever, says Thurloe, a most indulgent and tender father. Richard Cromwell, as history well knows, had little share of the mastering energies that made his father

"chief of men." With none but respectable qualities, with a taste for hawking, hunting, and horse-racing, he lacked strenuous purpose, taking life as it came, not shaping it. When the time arrived for his son's marriage, Cromwell, though plunged deep in public anxieties, did his share about the choice of a wise connection, about money, about the life of the young couple, with

prudent care. Henry Cromwell, an active soldier, an administrator of conspicuous judgment and tact, and a politician with sense and acuteness, had been commander-in-chief in Ireland since 1655, and his father thought well enough of him in 1657, though still hardly thirty, to make him lord deputy in succession to Fleetwood. Five years before, Fleetwood had married Bridget Cromwell, widow of the brave and keen-witted Ireton. Elizabeth, said to have been Oliver's favorite daughter,

was married to Claypole, a Northamptonshire gentleman, of respectable family and estate.

Not long after the establishment of the second protectorate, the two youngest daughters made matches which were taken by jealous onlookers to be still further signs of the growth of Cromwell's reactionary ambition. Lady Mary, now one-and-twenty, married Lord Fauconberg, and Lady Frances in the same week married Robert Rich, grandson and heir of the Earl of Warwick. Swift tells Stella how he met Lady Fauconberg at a christening in 1710, two years before her death. He thought her extremely like her father's pictures.

Precisians found the court at Whitehall frivolous and lax, but what they called frivolity was nothing worse than the venial sin of cheerfulness. One of the Dutch ambassadors in 1654 describes what life at court was like on occasions of state, and the picture is worth reproducing: ". . . The master of the ceremonies came to fetch us in two coaches of his Highness about half an hour past one, and brought us to



FROM A MINIATURE BY CROSSE AT WINDSOR, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL (MRS. CLAYPOLE).



FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY JOHN RILEY, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. BLOCK.

FRANCES CROMWELL (MRS. RICH, AFTERWARD LADY RUSSELL).

Whitehall, where twelve trumpeters were ready, sounding against our coming. My Lady Nieuport and my wife were brought to his Highness presently, . . . who received us with great demonstration of amity. After we stayed a little, we were conducted into another room, where we found a table ready covered. His Highness sat on one side of it alone; my Lord B., N., and myself at the upper end, and Lord President Lawrence and others next to us. There was in the same room another table covered for other lords of the Council and others. At the table of my Lady Protectrice dined my Lady N., my wife, my Lady Lambert, my Lord Protector's daughter, and mine. The music played all the while we were at dinner. The Lord Protector [then] had us into another room, where the Lady Protectrice and others came to us: where we had also music, and wine, and a psalm sung which his Highness gave us, and told us it was yet the best paper that had been exchanged between us; and from thence we were had into a gallery, next the river, where we walked with his Highness about half an hour, and then took

our leaves, and were conducted back again to our houses, after the same manner as we were brought."

Baxter tells a less genial story. Cromwell, after hearing him preach, sent for him. The great divine found him with Broghill, Lambert, and Thurloe. Cromwell "began a long and tedious speech of God's providence in the change of government, and how God had owned it, and what great things had been done at home and abroad in Spain and Holland." Lambert fell asleep. Baxter attacked the change of government, and Cromwell with some passion defended it. "A few days after, he sent for me again to hear my judgment about liberty of conscience, which he pretended to be most zealous for, before almost all his Privy Council; where, after another slow, tedious speech of his, I told him a little of my judgment. And when two of his company had spun out a great deal more of the time in such like tedious but more ignorant speeches, some four or five hours being spent, I told him that if he would be at the labor to read it, I could tell him more of my mind in writing in two sheets

than in that way of speaking in many days." And this in truth we may well believe. It was the age of long discourse and ecstatic exercises. John Howe, who had first attracted Cromwell by preaching for two hours, and then turning the hour-glass for a third, has told us that on a Sunday or a fast-day he began about nine in the morning, with a prayer for about quarter of an hour, in which he begged a blessing on the work of the day, and afterward expounded a chapter for about three quarters; then prayed for an hour, preached for another hour, and prayed for half an hour: then he retired to refresh himself for quarter of an hour or more, the people singing all the while, and then came again into the pulpit, and prayed

for another hour, and gave them another sermon of about an hour's length; and then concluded toward four o'clock with a final half-hour of prayer.

XXXIX. FOREIGN POLICY.

WE have all learned that no inconsiderable part of history is a record of the illusions of statesmen. Was Cromwell's foreign policy one of them? To the prior question what his foreign policy was, no single comprehensive answer can be given. His grand professed object was indeed fixed: the unity of the Protestant interest in Christendom, with England in the van. Characteristically, Cromwell had settled this in his mind by



FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR PETER LELY, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.

ELIZABETH BOURCHIER, WIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

impulse and the indwelling light. It proved to be an object that did not happen to fit in with the nature of things. Unluckily, in the shoals and shifting channels of international affairs, the indwelling light is but a treacherous beacon. So far as purely national aims were concerned, Cromwell's external policy was in its broad features the policy of the Commonwealth before him. What went beyond purely national aims and was in a sense his own, however imposing, was of questionable service either to the State or to the Cause.

At the outset his policy was peace. The Commonwealth had gone to war with the Dutch, and Cromwell's first use of his new power was to bring the conflict to an end (April, 1654). His first boast to his Parliament was that he had made treaties not only with Holland, but with Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal. These treaties were essentially commercial, but they implied general amity, which in the Dutch case did not go very deep. "Peace," said Oliver, using the conventional formula since worn so painfully threadbare on the eve of every war by men armed to the teeth—"peace is desirable with all men, so far as it may be had with conscience and honor." As time went on, designs shaped themselves in his mind that pointed, not to peace, but to energetic action. He went back to the maritime policy of the Long Parliament. Even in coming to terms with the Dutch in 1654, he had shown a severity that indicated both a strong consciousness of mastery and a stiff intention to use it to the uttermost. This second policy was a trunk with two branches, a daring ideal with a double aspect, one moral, the other material. The Protector intended to create a Protestant ascendancy in continental Europe, and to assert the rights and claims of English ships and English trade at sea. The union of all the Protestant churches had long been a dream of more than one pious zealot, but Cromwell crystallized the aspirations after spiritual com-

munion into schemes of secular policy. In spirit it was not very unlike the Arab invaders who, centuries before, had swept into Europe, the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, to conquer and to convert. If he had only lived, we are told, his Continental policy might have been the rudiment of something great, the foundation of a Protestant and military state that might have been as powerful as the Spanish monarchy at the beginning of the century, and might have opened for England an age, if not of happiness, yet of vast greatness and ascendancy (Seeley). There is no reason to think that any such sacrifice of national

happiness to national ascendancy was ever a true account of Oliver or of his ideals. Those baleful policies were left for the next generation and Louis XIV, the solar orb now first diffusing its morning glow above the horizon. Justly has it been said (Gardiner) that if Oliver had been granted these twenty years more of life, that enthusiastic worshippers hold necessary for the success of his schemes, a European coalition would have been formed against the English Protector as surely as one was



FROM A MINIATURE BY J. HOSKINS AT WINDSOR, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

formed against Louis of France.

When peace was made with the Dutch (June, 1654), the government found themselves with one hundred and sixty sail of "brave and well-appointed ships swimming at sea." The Protector and his Council held grave debate whether they should be laid up or employed in some advantageous design, and against which of the two great crowns, France or Spain, that design should be directed, or whether they would not do better to sell their friendship to both the powers for a good sum of money down. Lambert opposed the policy of aggression in the Spanish Indies. The scene, he said, was too far off; the difficulties and the cost had not been thought out; it would not advance the Protestant cause; we had far more important work at home—the reform of the law, the settlement of Ireland, and other

high concernments. Whether Lambert stood alone, or held views that were shared by colleagues on the Council, we cannot say. Cromwell argued, on the other hand, that God had brought them there to consider the work that they might do all over the world as well as at home, and if they waited for a surplus they might as well put off that work forever. Surely the one hundred and sixty ships were a leading of Providence. The design would cost little more than laying up the ships, and there was a chance of immense profit. The proceedings of the Spaniard in working his silver-mines, his shipping and transshipping, his startings and his stoppages, his management of trade-winds and ocean currents in bringing the annual treasure home—all these things were considered with as much care as in the old days, a couple of generations before, when Drake and Hawkins and the rest carried on their mighty raids against the colonial trade of Spain, and opened the first spacious chapter in the history of the maritime power of England. From the point of view of modern public law, the picture of the Council of State, with Oliver at the head of the board, discussing the feasibility of seizing the West Indies, is like so many hearty corsairs, with pistols, cutlasses, and boarding-caps, revolving their plans in the cabin of the *Red Rover* or Paul Jones's *Ranger*. But modern public law, such as it was, did not extend to the Spanish Main. It is true that Spain refused to grant freedom from the Inquisition and freesailing in the West Indies, and these might have been legitimate grounds of war. But it is hard to contend that they were the real or the only grounds. Historians may differ whether the expedition to the West Indies was a scheme for trade, territorial aggrandizement, and naked plunder of Spanish silver, or only a spirited Protestant demonstra-

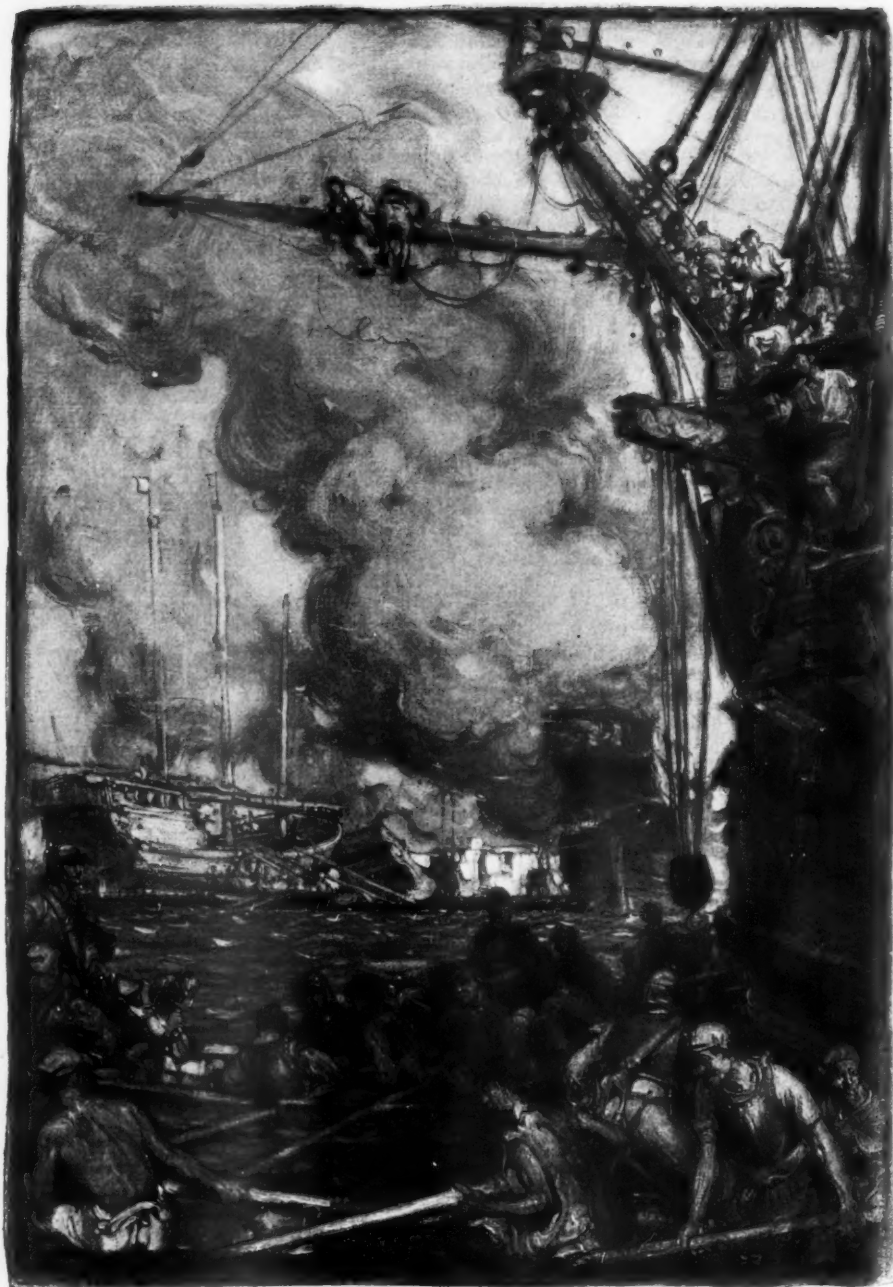
tion in force. Carnal and spiritual were strangely mingled in those times. "We that look to Zion," wrote a gallant Anabaptist admiral of the age, "should hold Christian communion. We have all the guns aboard." Whether as substance of the policy or accident, plunder followed.



FROM THE STATUE BY W. HARRIS THORNYCROFT, R.A.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

To disarm the Spanish king's suspicion, the Protector wrote to assure him that the despatch of the fleet to the Mediterranean implied no ill intent to any ally or friend, "in the number of which we count your Majesty" (August 5, 1654). If the king could have heard the arguments at the Council of State, he might have thought that this



DRAWN BY F. BRANGWIN.

THE BURNING OF THE MOORISH FRIGATES IN THE BAY OF TUNIS.

amicable language hardly answered to the facts. Cromwell's earliest move in this new line was to despatch Blake with one strong fleet to the Mediterranean, and Penn and Venables (December, 1654) with another to the West Indies. In each case the instructions were not less explicit against French ships than against Spanish. Blake alarmed France and Spain, menaced the Pope, and attacked the Barbary pirates. The expedition against San Domingo was a failure: it was ill found, ill conceived, and ill led. Before returning in disgrace, the commanders, hoping to retrieve their name, acquired the prize of Jamaica. These proceedings brought the Protector directly within the sphere of the great European conflict of the age, and drew England into the heart of the new distribution of power in Europe that marked the middle epoch of the seventeenth century. From the Elizabethan times conflict on the high seas had ranked as general reprisal and did not constitute a state of war, nor did it necessarily now. The status of possessions oversea was still unfixed.¹ Cromwell, however, had no right to be surprised when Philip chose to regard aggression in the Indies as justifying declaration of war in Europe. A further consequence was that Spain now began warmly to espouse the cause of the exiled line, and in the spring of 1656 Philip IV formally bound himself to definite measures for the transport of a royalist force from Flanders to aid in the English restoration.

The power of Spain had begun to shrink with the abdication of Charles V. Before the middle of the seventeenth century Portugal had broken off; revolt had shaken her hold in Italy; Catalonia was in standing insurrection; the United Provinces had finally achieved their independence; by the barbarous expulsion of Moors and Jews she lost three millions of the best of her industrial population; her maritime supremacy was at an end. Philip IV, the Spanish sovereign from a little time before the accession of Charles I in England to a little time after the restoration of Charles II, was called by flatterers the Great. "Like a ditch," said Spanish humor—"the more you dig away from it, the greater the ditch." The treaty of Westphalia (1648), the fruit of the toil, the foresight, and the genius of Richelieu, though others gathered it, weakened the power of the Germanic branch of the house of Hapsburg, and Mazarin, the second of

the two famous cardinals who for forty years governed France, was now in the crisis of his struggle with the Spanish branch. In this long struggle between two states, each torn by intestine dissension as well as by an external enemy, the power of England was recognized as a decisive factor after the rise of the republic; and before Cromwell assumed the government, Spain had hastened to recognize the new commonwealth. Cromwell, as we have seen, long hesitated between Spain and France. Traditional policy pointed to France, for though she was predominantly Catholic, yet ever since the days of Francis I, the greatest of her statesmen, including Henry IV and Richelieu, had favored the German princes and the Protestant powers, from no special care for the Reformed faith, but because the Protestant powers were the adversaries of the emperor, the head of the Catholic party in Europe.

Mazarin endeavored to gain Cromwell from the moment of his triumphant return from Worcester. It is the mark of genius to be able to satisfy new demands as they arise, and to play new parts with skill. Expecting to deal with a rough soldier whom fortune and his sword had brought to the front, Mazarin found, instead of this, a diplomatist as wary, as supple, as tenacious, as dexterous, as capable of large views, as incapable of dejection, as he was all these things himself. The rude vigor of the English demands and the Lord Protector's haughty pretensions never irritated Mazarin, of whom it has been aptly said (Mignet) that his ambition raised him above self-love, and that he was so scientifically cool that even adversaries never appeared to him in the light of enemies to be hated, but only as obstacles to be moved or turned. It was at one time even conjectured idly enough that Mazarin designed to marry one of his nieces to the second son of Oliver. For years the match went on between the Puritan chief, who held the English to be the chosen people, and the Italian cardinal, who declared that, though his language was not French, his heart was. Mazarin's diplomacy followed the vicissitudes of Cromwell's political fortune, and the pursuit of an alliance waxed hotter or cooler as the Protector seemed likely to consolidate his power or to let it slip. Still, both of them were at bottom men of direct common sense, and their friendship stood on as good a basis for six or seven years as that which for twenty years of the next century supported the more fruitful friendship between Sir Robert Walpole and Cardinal

¹ Corbet's "Spanish War, 1585-87," viii., ix. (Navy Records Society, 1898).

Fleury. A French writer, eminent both as historian and actor in state affairs, says of these negotiations that it is the supreme art of great statesmen to treat business simply and with frankness, when they know that they have to deal with rivals who will not let themselves be either duped or frightened (Guizot). The comment is just. Cromwell was harder and less pliant, and had nothing of the caress under which an Italian often hides both sense and firmness. But each was alive to the difficulties of the other, and neither expected short cuts or a straight road. Mazarin had very early penetrated Cromwell's idea of making himself the guardian both of the Huguenots in France and of the Protestant interest throughout Europe. In the spring of 1655 the massacre of the Protestants in the Piedmontese valleys stirred a wave of passion in England that still vibrates in Milton's sonnet, and that Cromwell's impressive energy forced on Europe. At no other time in his history did the flame in his own breast burn with an intenser glow. The incident both roused his deepest feelings, and was a practical occasion for realizing his policy of a confederation of Protestant powers with England at the head of them, and France acting in concert. To be indifferent to such doings, he said, is a great sin, and a deeper sin still to be blind to them from policy or ambition. He associated his own personality with the case in a tone of almost jealous directness, that struck a new note. It was his diplomatic pressure upon France that secured redress, though Mazarin, not without craft, kept for himself a foremost place.

No English ruler has ever shown a nobler figure than Cromwell in the case of the Vaudois, and he had all the highest impulses of the nation with him. He said to the French ambassador that the woes of the poor Piedmontese went as close to his heart as if they were his own nearest kin; and he gave personal proof of the sincerity of his concern by a munificent contribution to the fund for the relief of the martyred population. Never was the great conception of a powerful state having duties along with interests more magnanimously realized. Now was the time when the Council of State directed their secretary to buy a new atlas for their use, and to keep the globe always standing in the council-chamber. The Venetian representative in London in 1655 declares that the court of the Protector was the most brilliant and most regarded in all Europe: six kings had sent ambassadors and solicited his

friendship. The glory of all this in the eyes of Cromwell, like its interest in history, is the height that was thus reached among the ruling and established forces of Europe by Protestantism. A position so dazzling was a marvelous achievement of force and purpose. If only the foundation had been sounder and held better promise of duration.

The war with Spain, in which England was now involved by her aggression in the West Indies, roused little enthusiasm in the nation. The Parliament did not disapprove the war, but showed no readiness to vote the money. The Spanish trade in wine, oil, sugar, fruit, cochineal, silver, was more important to English commerce than the trade with France. It is worthy of remark that the Long Parliament had directed its resentment and ambition against the Dutch, and displayed no ill will to Spain; and much the same is true of the Little Parliament, and even of Cromwell himself in early stages. The association of France in the mind of England with Mary Stuart, with the queen of Charles I, and with distant centuries of bygone war, was some set-off to the odium that surrounded the Holy Office, the somber engine of religious cruelty in the Peninsula; and the Spanish Armada was balanced in popular imagination by the Bartholomew massacre, which Burleigh called the most horrible crime since the Crucifixion. No question of public opinion and no difficulties at the exchequer prevented the vigorous prosecution of the war. Blake, though himself a republican, served the Protector with the same patriotic energy and resource that he had given to the Commonwealth, until, after the most renowned of all his victories, and worn out by years of service, the hero died on reaching Plymouth Sound (1657).

By October of 1655 Mazarin had brought Cromwell so far as to sign the treaty of Westminster, but the treaty did not go to the length of alliance. The two powers agreed to keep the peace among the mariners of their respective countries, who had, in fact, for years been in a state of informal war; to suppress obnoxious port dues and duties of customs, and otherwise to introduce better order into their maritime affairs. By a secret article, political exiles were to be sent out of both England and France. The treaty relieved Mazarin of his anxieties on the side of England, and brought him a step nearer to his great object of imposing peace upon Spain.

It was not until March, 1657, that the next step was taken and the treaty of Paris con-

cluded. This marked again a new phase of the Protector's policy, for he now at last directly bound himself to active participation in the play of European politics, and he acquired a Continental stronghold.

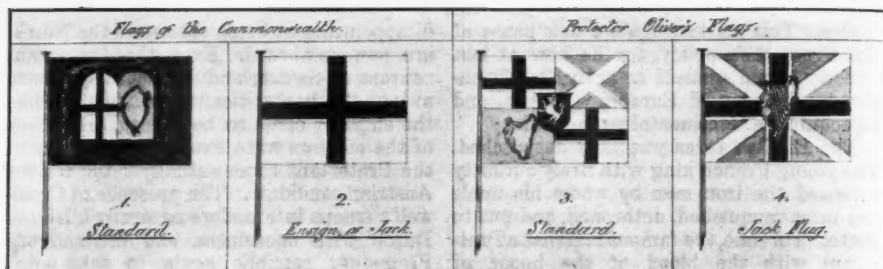
The English force was duly despatched. The young French king with lively curiosity reviewed the iron men by whom his uncle had been vanquished, dethroned, and put to death. Turenne, the famous marshal, a Protestant with the blood of the house of Orange in his veins, but destined to a strange conversion and to be the instrument of one of the great public crimes of the century, pronounced the Cromwellian contingent to be the finest troops in the world. After some delay Mardyke was taken, and then formally handed over to the English representative, October, 1657. It was the first foothold gained by England on Continental soil since the loss of Calais in the time of Queen Mary, a hundred years before. Dunkirk was left until the next season. The glory then won by English arms belongs to a later page.

At the end of 1655 Cromwell told the agent from the Great Elector that it was not only to rule over the English republic that he had received a call from God, but to introduce union and friendship among the princes of Europe. Cool observers from Venice, who knew thoroughly the ground that the Protector knew so little, predicted in 1655 that his vast and ill-conceived designs must end in spreading confusion all over Christendom.

These designs made little progress. The Great Elector warned Cromwell's ambassador that, in the present state of Europe, the interest of Protestantism itself required them to follow safe rather than specious counsels, and to be content with trying to secure freedom of conscience by treaty. Instead of a grand Protestant league against the German branch of the house of Austria, what Oliver saw with perplexity and anger was violent territorial conflict among the Baltic Protestant powers themselves. The Swedish king, the Danish king, the Great Elector, were all in hot quarrel with one another—the quarrel in which Charles X, grandson of Gustavus Adolphus and grandfather of Charles XII, astounded Europe by marching twenty thousand men across some thirteen miles of frozen sea on his path to territorial conquest. The dream of Charles, from whom Cromwell hoped so much, was not religious, but the foundation of a new Gothic empire. Anabaptists were not more

disappointing at home than were the Northern powers abroad. Even the Protestant cantons of Switzerland did not help him to avenge the barbarities in Piedmont. When the emperor came to be chosen, only three of the electors were Protestant, and one of the Protestant three actually voted for the Austrian candidate. The presence of Cromwell's troops in Flanders naturally filled the Dutch with uneasiness, and inclined one Protestant republic again to take arms against another. Finally, to hasten the decline of Spain was directly to prepare for the ascendancy of France; of a country, that is to say, where all the predominant influences were Catholic and would inevitably revive in unrestrained force when the monarchy was once secure.

Bolingbroke mentions a tradition which he had heard from persons who lived in those days, and whom he supposes to have got it from Thurloe, that Cromwell was in treaty with Spain, and ready to turn his arms against France at the moment when he died. So soon, it is inferred, did he perceive the harm that would be done to the general interest of Europe by that French preponderance which his diplomacy had made possible and had furthered. But, they say, "to do great things a man must act as if he will never die," and if Cromwell had only lived, Louis XIV would never have dared to revoke the Edict of Nantes. This is problematical, indeed. If the view ascribed to Cromwell by some modern admirers was really his, it must rank among the most contradictory of chimeras that sometimes haunt great minds. Even suppose that Cromwell's scheme of Protestant ascendancy in Europe had been less hard to reconcile with actual conditions than it was, how was he to execute it? How was the conversion of England into a crusading military state, and the vast increase of taxation necessary to support such a state, calculated to give either popularity or strength to a government so precarious and so unstable that after five years of experiment upon experiment it could exist neither with a Parliament nor without one? It was the cost of the war with Spain that prevented Oliver from being able to help the Protestant against the Catholic cantons in Switzerland, zealous as were his sympathies. And one ground of his anxiety to possess Dunkirk was trade antagonism to the Dutch, who were at least as good Protestants as the English. Oliver's ideal was not without a grandeur of its own, but it was incongruous in its parts, and prolonged trial of it could



FROM DRAWINGS LENT BY THE ADMIRAL SUPERINTENDENT OF CHATHAM.
 FLAGS OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND OF PROTECTOR OLIVER.

only have made its unworkableness more manifest.

"You have accounted yourselves happy," said the Protector in his speech in January, 1658, "in being environed by a great ditch from all the world beside. Truly you will not be able to keep your ditch nor your shipping, unless you turn your ships and shipping into troops of horse and companies of foot, and fight to defend yourselves on terra firma."

The great Elizabeth, like Lambert at Cromwell's own council-table, believed in the policy of the ditch and "the felicity of full coffers," and she left a contented people and a settled realm. Cromwell, notwithstanding all the glory of his imperial vision of England as a fighting Continental state, was in fact doing his best to prevent either content or the settlement of his own rule in the island whence alone all this splendor could first radiate. The future growth of vast West Indian interests, of which the seizure of Jamaica was the initial step, has made it possible to depict Cromwell as the conscious author of a great system of colonial expansion. What is undoubtedly true is that such ideas were then alive. Nor had the famous traditions of the Elizabethans died. The Commonwealth from the time of its birth, while Cromwell was still engaged in the reduction of Scotland, had shown the same vigor in the case of insurgent colonies as against royalist foes in waters nearer home, or against the forces of distraction in the two outlying kingdoms. The Navigation Act, which belongs to the same date, has been truly described as designed among other nearer objects to strengthen the hold of England on her distant possessions, though it is perhaps a reading of modern phrases into old events to say that the statesmen of the republic deliberately designed to show that England was to be, not merely a European

power, but the center of a world-wide empire. Be this as it may, Cromwell's colonial policy was that of his predecessors, as it was that of the statesmen who followed him. He watched the colonies in a rational and conciliatory spirit, and attended with energy to the settlement of Jamaica, though some of his expedients were too hurried to be wise, for with the energetic temperament we have to take its drawbacks. For his time little came of his zealous hopes for the West Indies, and English merchants thought bitterly on their heavy losses in the Spanish trade, for which a barren acquisition seemed the only recompense. Colonial expansion came in spite of the misgivings of interested traders or the passing miscalculations of statesmen.

It had its spring in the abiding demands of national circumstance, in the continuous action of economic necessities upon a national character of incomparable energy and adventure. Such a policy was not and could not be the idea of one man, or the mark of a single generation.

XL. GROWING EMBARRASMENTS.

IN France, a century and a quarter after Cromwell's day, they said that every clerk who had read Rousseau's "New Héloïsa," every schoolmaster who had translated ten pages of Livy, every journalist who knew by heart the sophisms of the "Social Contract," was sure that he had found the philosopher's stone, and was instantly ready to frame a constitution. Our brave fathers of the Cromwellian times were almost as rash. There is no branch of political industry that men approach with hearts so light, and yet that leaves them at the end so dubious and melancholy, as the concoction of a Second Chamber. Cromwell and his Parliament set foot on this *pons asinorum* of democracy, without a suspicion of its dangers.

The Protector made it a condition, at his conferences in the spring of 1657, that if he was to go on there must be other persons interposed between him and the House of Commons. To prevent tumultuary and popular spirits he sought a screen. It was granted that he should name another House. Nothing seemed simpler or more plausible, and yet he was steering straight upon reefs and shoals. A mistake here, said Thurloe, will be like war or marriage: it admits of no repentance. If the old House of Lords had been alive, and had also by miracle been sincerely in the humor to work for national pacification, to restore it might have tended to union. As it was, to call out of empty space an artificial House, without the hold upon men's minds of history and ancient association, without defined powers, without marked distinction of persons or interests, and then to try to make it an effective screen against an elected House to whose assent it owed its own being, was not to promote union, but directly to provoke division and to intensify it. Confident in his own good faith, and with a conviction that to frame laws in view of contingent possibilities has a tincture of impiety in it as a distrust of Providence, Cromwell never thought out the scheme; he left it in the Humble Petition and Advice, with leaks, chinks, and wide apertures that might horrify the newest apprentice of a parliamentary draftsman. The natural result followed. The new House was not to be more than seventy in number nor less than forty, to be named by the Protector and approved by the House of Commons; a place in it was not hereditary; and it received no more impressive title than the "Other House." Cromwell selected a very respectable body of some sixty men, beginning with his two sons, Richard and Henry, and including good lawyers, judges, generals, and less than a dozen of the old nobles. Some of the ablest, like Lockhart and Monk and Henry Cromwell, were absent from England, and all of the old nobles, save five, held aloof. Like smaller reformers since, Cromwell had never decided, to begin with, whether to make his Lords strong or weak—strong enough to curb the Commons, and yet weak enough for the Commons to curb them. The riddle is unanswered to this day. He forgot, too, that by removing so many men of experience and capacity away from the Commons he was impairing the strength of his own government at the central point of attack. Attack was certain, for on the opening of the second session of his second Parliament (January

20, 1658) the ninety members whom he had shut out from the first session were to be admitted. Some of them, after much consideration, deemed it their duty "to leave that tyrant and his packed convention to stand upon his sandy foundation," but the majority seem to have thought otherwise, and they reappeared.

The looseness of the constituting document made the business of an opposition easy, if it were inclined to action. One clause undoubtedly enacted that no standing law could be altered and no new law made except by act of Parliament. As a previous clause had defined a Parliament to consist of two Houses, this seemed to confer on the Other House a coordinate share in legislation. On the other hand, the only section dealing with the specific attributes of the new House regards it as a court of civil and criminal appeal, and the opposition argued that the Other House was to be that and nothing else. It was here, and on the question of government by a single House, that the ground of party battle was chosen. Cromwell's enemies had a slight majority. After the debate had gone on for four days, he addressed them in an urgent remonstrance. He dwelt on the alarming state of Europe, the combinations against the Protestant interest, the discord within that interest itself, the danger of a Spanish invasion to restore the Stuarts, the deadly perils of disunion at home.

The House was deaf. For ten days more the stubborn debate on the name and place of the Other House went on. Stealthy attempts were made to pervert the army in the interest of a republican revival. As in the old times of the Long Parliament, the opposition worked up petitions in the City. These petitions were designed by the malcontents to serve as texts for motions and debates in favor of returning to a pure commonwealth. On the other wing there were some in the Parliament who even held commissions from the king. The Protector, well aware of all that was on foot, at last could endure it no more. In opening the session he had referred to his infirmity of health, and the labor of wrestling with the difficulties of his place, as Maidstone says, "drank up his spirits, of which his natural constitution yielded a vast stock." Royalists consoled themselves with stories that he was not well in mind or body, that his mutinous officers vexed him strangely, and that he was forced to take opium to make him sleep. The story of the circumstances of the last

dealings of Oliver with a Parliament was related as follows: A mysterious porter brought letters addressed to the Protector. Thurloe directed Maidstone, the steward, to take them to his Highness. The door of the apartment was closed, but on his knocking very hard, Cromwell cried out angrily to know who was there. Presently he unbarred the door, took the letters, and shut himself in again. By and by he sent for Whalley and Desborough, who were to be in command of the guard that night. He asked them if they had heard no news, and on their saying no, he again asked if they had not heard of a petition. He bade them go to Westminster. On their way they heard some of the soldiers using disaffected words. This they immediately reported, and Oliver told them to change the ordering of the guards for the night. The next morning (February 4), before nine o'clock, he called for his breakfast, telling Thurloe, who chanced to be ill, that he would go to the House, at which Thurloe wondered why his Highness resolved so suddenly. He did not tell him why, but he was resolved to go. "And when he had his meal he withdrew himself, and went the back way, intending alone to have gone by water; but the ice was so as he could not; then he came the footway, and the first man of the guard he saw he commanded him to press the nearest coach, which he did, with but two horses in it, and so he went, with not above four footmen and about five or six of the guards, to the House; after which, retiring into the withdrawing-room, he drank a cup of ale and ate a piece of toast. Then the Lord Fiennes, near to him, asked his Highness what he intended. He said he would dissolve the House. Upon which the Lord Fleetwood said, 'I beseech your Highness consider first well of it; it is of great consequence.' He replied, 'You are a milkop; by the living God, I will dissolve the House.' (Some say he iterated this twice, and some say it was, 'As the Lord liveth.')

His speech was for once short and concentrated, and he did not dissemble his anger. "What is like to come upon this," he concluded, "the enemy being ready to invade us, but our present blood and confusion? And if this be so, I do assign it to this cause: your not assenting to what you did invite me to by your Petition and Advice, as that which might prove the settlement of the nation. And if this be the end of your sitting, and this be your carriage, I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting. And I so dissolve this Parliament. And let

God be judge between you and me." To which end, says one report, many of the Commons cried "Amen."

Cromwell's government had gone through six stages in the five years since the revolution of 1653. The first was a dictatorship tempered by a military council. Second, while wielding executive power as lord general, he called a parliamentary convention. Third, the convention vanished, and the soldiers installed him as Protector under the Instrument. Fourth, the system under the Instrument broke down, and for months the Protectorate again meant the personal rule of the head of the army. Fifth, the rule of the major-generals broke down, and was followed by a kind of constitutional monarchy. Sixth, the monarch and the Parliament quarreled, and the constitution broke down. This succession of expedients and experiments may have been inevitable in view of the fundamental dislocation of things after rebellion and war. Only in face of such a spectacle and such results, it is hardly possible to claim for the triumphant soldier a high place in the history of original and creative statesmanship.

The Protector next flung himself into the work of tracking out the conspirators. That the design of a Spanish invasion to fit in with domestic insurrection would hopelessly miscarry, may have been probable. That the fidelity of the army could be relied upon, he hardly can have doubted. But a ruler bearing all the responsibilities of a cause and a nation cannot afford to trust to the chapter of accidents. We who live two centuries off cannot pretend to measure the extent of the danger, but nobody can read the depositions of witnesses in the cases of the spring of 1658 without feeling the presence of mischief that even the most merciful of magistrates was bound to treat as grave. The nation showed no resentment against treasonable designs; it was not an ordered and accepted government against which they were directed. This did not lighten the necessity of striking hard at what Henry Cromwell called these recurring anniversary mischiefs. Examples were made in the persons of Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr. Hewitt, and some obscurer persons. Hewitt was an Episcopal clergyman, an acceptable preacher to those of his own way of thinking, a fervent Royalist: the evidence is strong that he was deep in Stuart plots. Slingsby's case is less clear. That he was a Royalist and a plotter is certain, but the evidence suggests that there was some ugly truth in what he

said on his trial, that he was "trepanned" by agents of the government who, while he was in their custody at Hull, extracted his secrets from him by pretending to favor his aims. The high courts of justice, before which these and other prisoners of the same stamp were arraigned, did not please steady lawyers like Whitelocke, but the Protector thought them better fitted to terrify evil-doers than an ordinary trial at common law. Though open to all the objections against special criminal tribunals, the high courts of justice during Cromwell's reign were conducted with temper and fairness: they always had good lawyers among them, and the size of the court, never composed of less than thirty members, gave it something of the quality of trial by jury. It is said that Hewitt had privately performed the service according to the Anglican rite at the recent marriage of Mary Cromwell with Lord Fauconberg, and that the bride interceded for his life; but the Protector was immovable, and both Slingsby and Hewitt were sent to the scaffold (June, 1658).

Meanwhile the Protectorate was sinking deeper and deeper into the bog of financial difficulty. "We are so out at the heels here," Thurloe says in April, "that I know not what we shall do for money." At the end of the month he reports that the clamor for money both from the sea and the land is such that it can scarce be borne. Henry Cromwell, now lord deputy in Ireland, is in the last extremity. Hunger, he says, will break through stone walls, and if they are kept so bare, they will soon have to cease all industry and sink to the brutish practices of the Irish themselves. Fleetwood is sure they spend as little public money, except for public needs, as any government ever did; but their expenses, he admits, were extraordinary, and could not with safety be retrenched. In June things are still declared to be at a standstill. The sums required could not possibly be supplied without a Parliament, and in that direction endless perils lurked. "Truly I think," says Thurloe, "that nothing but some unexpected providence can remove the present difficulties, which the Lord, it may be, will afford us, if he hath thoughts of peace toward us." By July things are even worse, "our necessities much increasing every day."

Cromwell threw the deliberations on the subject of a Parliament on to a junta of nine. What was the Parliament to do when it should meet? How was the government to secure itself against Cavaliers on one hand,

and Commonwealth ultras on the other? For the Cavaliers some of the junta suggested an oath of abjuration and a fine of half their estates. This was not very promising. The Cavaliers might take the oath, and yet not keep it. To punish Cavaliers who were innocent for the sins of the plotters would be recognized as flagrantly unjust; and as many of the old Cavaliers were now dead, it was clearly impolitic by such injustice to turn their sons into irreconcilables. The only thing in the whole list of constitutional difficulties on which the junta could agree was that the Protector should name his successor. If this close council could only come to such meager conclusion upon the vexed questions inseparable from that revision which, as everybody knew, must be faced, what gain could be expected from throwing the same questions on the floor of a vehemently distracted Parliament? There is reason even for supposing that in his straits Oliver sounded some of the republicans, including men of such hard grit as Ludlow and Vane. Henry Cromwell was doubtful and suspicious of any such combination, and laid down the wholesome principle in party concerns that one that runs along with you may more easily trip up the heels than he that wrestles with you. We go wrong in political judgment if we leave out rivalries, heartburnings, personalities, even among leading men and great men. History is apt to smooth out these rugosities; hero-worship may smooth them out; time hides them: but they do their work. Less trace of personal jealousy or cabal is to be found in the English Rebellion than in almost any other revolutionary movement in history, and Cromwell himself was free from these disfigurements of public life. Of Lambert, fine soldier and capable man as he was, we cannot affirm so much, and he had confederates. Henry Cromwell's clear sight never failed him, and he perceived that the discussion was idle. "Have you, after all," he asks of Thurloe, "got any settlement for men to swear to? Does not your peace depend upon his Highness' life, and upon his peculiar skill and faculty, and personal interest in the army as now modeled and commanded? I say, beneath the immediate hand of God, if I know anything of the affairs in England, there is no other reason why we are not in blood at this day." This judgment from such a man is worth a whole chapter of modern dissertation. It was the whole truth, to none known better than to the Lord Protector himself.

XII. THE END OF CROMWELL.

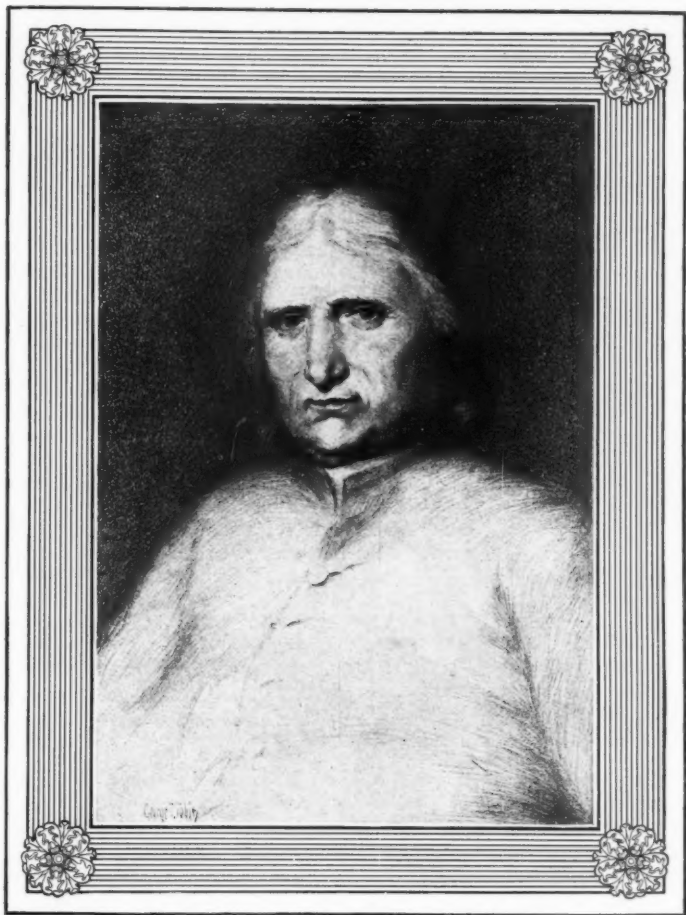
ONE parting beam of splendor broke through the clouded skies. The Protector, in conformity with the revised treaty made with France in March (1658), had despatched six thousand foot, as well as a naval contingent, as auxiliaries to the French in an attack by land and sea upon Dunkirk. The famous Turenne was in general command of the allied forces, with Lockhart under his orders at the head of the English six thousand. Dramatic elements were not wanting. Cardinal Mazarin was on the ground, and Louis XIV, then a youth of twenty, was learning one of his early lessons in the art of war. In the motley Spanish forces confronting the French king were his cousins, the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester, the two sons of Charles I, and, like Louis himself, grandsons of Henry of Navarre. Along with the English princes were the brigades of Irish and Royalist English who had followed the fortunes of the exiled line, and who now once more faced the ever-victorious Ironsides. Cromwell sent Fauconberg, his new son-in-law, to Calais with letters of salutation and compliment to the French king and his minister, accompanied by a present of superb English horses. The emissary was received with extraordinary courtesies alike by the monarch and the cardinal, and the latter even conducted him by the hand to the outer door, a compliment that he had never before been known to pay to the ambassador of any crowned head.

The battle of the Dunes (June 14) was fought among the sand-hills of Dunkirk, and ended in the destruction of the Spanish army. "The English," says a French eyewitness, "pike in hand, charged with such stubborn vigor the eight Spanish battalions posted on the high ground of the downs that in face of musketry fire and stout resistance the English drove them headlong from their position." These were the old or natural Spaniards as distinguished from Walloon and German, and were the flower of the Spanish army. Their position was so strong that Lockhart at first thought it desperate; and when all was over, he called it the hottest dispute that he had ever seen. The two Stuart princes are said to have forgotten their wrongs at the hand of the soldier who had trained that invincible band, and to have felt a thrill of honorable pride at the gallantry of their countrymen. Turenne's victory was complete, and in a week Dunkirk surrendered. Then came a bitter moment

for the French. The king received Dunkirk from the Spaniards, only to hand over the keys, according to treaty, to the English, and Lockhart at once took possession in the name of the Lord Protector. Mazarin knew the price he was paying to be tremendous. The French historians¹ think that he foresaw that English quarrels would one day be sure to enable France to recover it by sword or purse, and so in time they did. Meanwhile the Ironsides gave the sage and valiant Lockhart trouble by their curiosity about the churches: they insisted on keeping their heads covered; some saw in the sacred treasures good material for loot; and one of them nearly caused a violent affray by lighting his pipe at a candle on the altar where a priest was saying mass. But Lockhart was strict, and discipline prevailed. Hardly less embarrassing than want of reverence in the soldiery were the long discourses with which Hugh Peters, the Boanerges of the military pulpit, would fain have regaled his singular ally, the omnipotent cardinal. Louis XIV despatched a mission of much magnificence bearing to Cromwell a present of a sword of honor with a hilt adorned with precious gems. In after days, when Louis had become the arch-persecutor and the shining champion of divine right, the pride of the Most Christian King was mortified by recollecting the profuse compliments that he had once paid to the impious regicide.

The glory of their ruler's commanding place in Europe gratified English pride, but it brought no composure into the confused and jarring scene. It rather gave new nourishment to the root of evil. "The Lord is pleased to do wonderfully for his Highness," said Thurloe after Dunkirk, "and to bless him in his affairs beyond expression"; but he speedily reverts to the grinding necessity of putting affairs on some better footing. Men with cool heads perceived that though Continental acquisitions might strengthen our security in one way, yet by their vast cost they must add heavily to the financial burdens that constituted the central weakness of the Protectorate and prevented the real settlement of a governing system. For the Protector himself the civil difficulties against which he had for seven years with such manful faith and heroic persistence contended were now soon to come to an end. He told his last Parliament that he looked upon himself as one set on a watch-tower to see what may be for the good of

¹ Bourelly, "Cromwell et Mazarin," p. 261. Chéruel, "Hist. de France sous Mazarin," iii. 292-295.

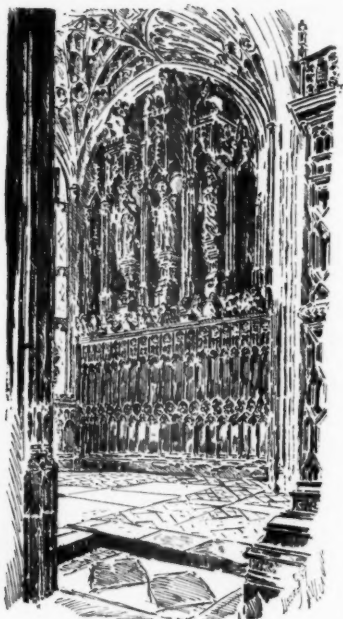


DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR PETER LELY OWNED BY SWARTHMORE COLLEGE. BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.

GEORGE FOX.

these nations, and what may be for the preventing of evil. The hour of the dauntless sentinel's relief soon sounded. Death had already this year stricken his household more than one sore blow. Rich, who had married Frances Cromwell in November, died in February. Elizabeth Claypole lost her youngest son in June. All through the summer Elizabeth herself was torn by a cruel malady, and in August she died at Hampton Court. For many days her father, insensible even to the cares of public business, watched with ceaseless devotion by the bedside of the dearest of his children. He was himself ill with gout and other distempers, and his disorders were aggravated by close vigils and the depth of his affliction. A low fever seized him, presently turning to a dangerous ague. He met

his Council from time to time and attended to affairs as long as he was able. It was in these days (August 20) that George Fox met him riding into Hampton Court, "and before I came to him," says the mystic, "as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him." A little later he was taken to London, and while St. James's was being made ready, he stayed at Whitehall. He quitted it no more. "He had great discoveries of the Lord to him in his sickness, and had some assurances of his being restored and made further serviceable in this work. Never was there a greater stock of prayers going for any man than there is now going for him, and truly there is a general consternation upon the spirits of all men, good and bad, fearing what



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

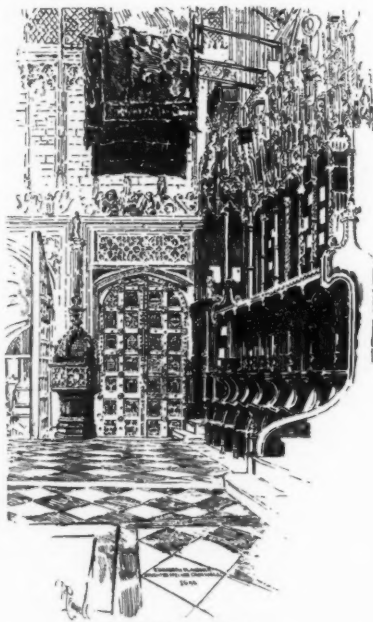
HENRY VII'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER, SHOWING THE SPOT
BENEATH THE LARGE STONE WHERE CROMWELL
AND SOME OF HIS GENERALS AND MEMBERS
OF HIS FAMILY WERE BURIED.

may be the event of it, should it please God to take his Highness at this time. Men's hearts seem as sunk within them." When the great warrior knew that the end was sure, he met it with the confident resignation of his faith. He had seen death too often and too near to dread the parting hour of mortal anguish. Chaplains, preachers, godly persons, attended in an adjoining room, and came in and out as the heavy hours went on, to read the Bible to him or to pray with him. To one of them he put the moving question, so deep with penitential meaning, so pathetic in its humility and misgiving, in its wistful recall of the bright bygone dawn of life in the soul: "Tell me, is it possible to fall from grace?" "No, it is not possible," said the minister. "Then," said the dying Cromwell, "I am safe, for I know that I was once in grace."

With weighty repetitions and great vehemency of spirit he quoted the texts that have awed or consoled so many generations of believing men. In broken murmurs of prayer he besought the favor of Heaven for the people: that they might have consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love;

that they and the work of reformation might be delivered. "Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good and thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death. Pardon such as desire to trample on the dust of a poor worm, for they are thy people, too." All the night of the 2d of September he was very restless, and "there being something to drink offered him, he was desired to take the same and to endeavor to sleep; unto which he answered: 'It is not my design to drink or to sleep, but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone.'" On Monday, the 30th of August, a wild storm had raged over land and sea, and while Cromwell was slowly sinking, the days broke upon houses shattered, mighty trees torn up by the roots, foundered ships, and drowning men.

Friday, the 3d of September, was the anniversary of two of his most famous victories. On the same date seven years ago Worcester had seen the crowning mercy. It was just eight years since, with radiant eye, he had watched the sun rise over the glistening waters at Dunbar, and seen the scattering of the enemies of the Lord. Now he lay in the stupor of helpless death, and



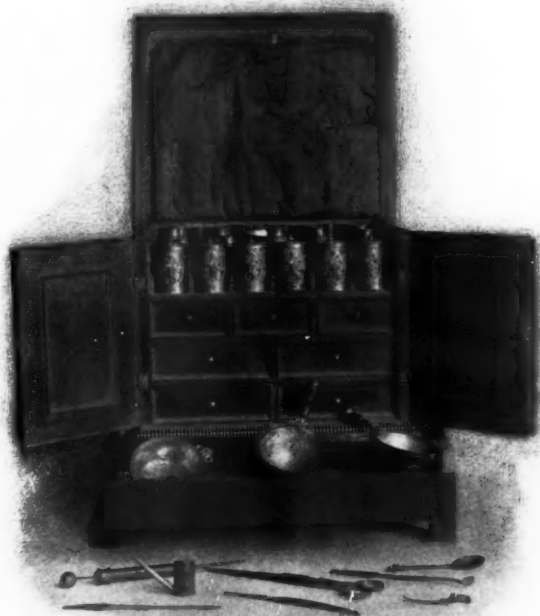
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

TOMB OF ELIZABETH CROMWELL (MRS. CLAYPOLE) IN
HENRY VII'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER.

about four o'clock in the afternoon his days came to their end.

His remains were privately interred in Henry VII's Chapel three weeks later, and for a couple of months a waxen effigy in robes of state, with crown and scepter, was exhibited at Somerset House. Then

well, Ireton, and Bradshaw (which the day before had been brought from the Red Lion Inn, Holborn) were drawn upon a sledge to Tyburn [a stone's throw from where the Marble Arch now stands], and then taken out of their coffins, and in their shrouds hanged by the neck until the going down of



ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.
CROMWELL'S MEDICINE CABINET.

(November 23) the public funeral took place with every circumstance of solemn pomp, and among princes, lawgivers, warriors who have brought renown and honor to the name of England the dust of Oliver Cromwell lay for a season in the majestic shrine of

Dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

In little more than two years the hour of vengeance struck, and a base and impious revenge it proved. A unanimous resolution of the House of Commons directed the savage ceremonial, and the date was the anniversary (January 30, 1661) of the execution of King Charles twelve years before. "It was kept as a very solemn day of fasting and prayer. This morning the carcasses of Crom-

well, Ireton, and Bradshaw (which the day before had been brought from the Red Lion Inn, Holborn) were drawn upon a sledge to Tyburn [a stone's throw from where the Marble Arch now stands], and then taken out of their coffins, and in their shrouds hanged by the neck until the going down of the sun. They were then cut down, their heads taken off, and their bodies buried in a grave under the gallows. The coffin in which was the body of Cromwell was a very rich thing, very full of gilded hinges and nails." The three heads were fixed upon poles, and set up at the southern end of Westminster Hall, where Pepys saw them four days after, on the spot at which the regicides had judged the king.

XLII. CONCLUSION.

To imply that Cromwell stands in the line of European dictators with Charles V or Louis XIV or Napoleon is a hyperbole which does him both less than justice and more. Guizot brings us nearer to the truth when he counts Cromwell, William III, and Wash-

ington as chief and representative of sovereign crises that have settled the destinies of nations. When we go on to ask what was Cromwell's special share in a mission so supreme, the answer, if we seek it away from the prepossessions of modern controversy, is not hard to discern. It was by his military genius, by the might of the legions that he created and controlled and led to victory upon victory; it was at Marston and Naseby, at Preston and Worcester, in Ireland and at Dunbar, that Cromwell set his deep mark on the destinies of England as she was, and of that vaster dominion into which the English realm was in the course of ages to be transformed. He was chief of a party who shared his own strong perception that neither civil freedom nor political could be made secure without the sword, and happily the swordsman showed himself consummate. In speed and vigor, in dash and in prudence, in force of shock and quick steadiness of recovery; in sieges, marches, long wasting campaigns, pitched engagements; as commander of horse, as tactician, and as strategist, the modern expert ranks Cromwell among the foremost masters of the rough art of war. Above all, he created the instrument which, in discipline, skill, and those highest military virtues that come of moral virtues, has never been surpassed.

In our own half-century now closing, alike in western Europe and across the Atlantic, the torch of war has been lighted rather for unity of race or state than for liberty. Cromwell struck for both. It was his armed right hand that crushed the absolutist pretensions alike of crown and miter, and then forced the three kingdoms into the mold of a single state. It was at those decisive moments when the trembling balance hung on fortune in the battle-field that the unconquerable captain turned the scale. After we have discussed all the minor aspects of his

special policies on this occasion or the other, after we have scanned all the secondary features of his rule, this is still what in a single sentence defines the true place of Cromwell in our history.

Along with this paramount claim, he performed the service of keeping a provisional form of peace and delivering the nation from the anarchy in which both order and freedom would have been submerged. He made what some of the best of his contemporaries thought mis-

takes; he forsook some principles, in his choice of means, which he intended to preserve in working out the end; and some of his difficulties were of his own creation. Yet watchfulness, self-effacement, versatility, and resource, for the time and on the surface, repaired all, and as "constable of the parish" his persistency was unflinching and unmatched. In the harder task of laying the foundations of a deeper order that might be expected to stand after his own imperious control should be withdrawn, he was beaten. He hardly

counted on more. In words already quoted, "I did out of necessity," he said, "undertake that business, not so much out of a hope of doing any good as out of a desire to prevent mischief and evil." He reared no dam, no bulwark, strong enough to coerce either the floods of revolutionary faction or the reactionary tides that came after. "Does not your peace," as Henry Cromwell asked, "depend upon his Highness's life, and upon his peculiar skill and faculty and personal interest in the army?" That is to say, the Protectorate was no system, but only an expedient of individual supremacy.

Richard Cromwell, it is true, acceded without opposition. For a few months the new Protector bore the outward ensigns of supreme power, but the reality of it was not his for a day. The exchequer was so dilapidated that he underwent the humiliation of



THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL DUSH.
HATCHMENT CARRIED AT CROMWELL'S FUNERAL.

begging Mazarin to lend him fifty thousand pounds. The Council of War sought an early opportunity of setting up their claim to military predominance.

The majority in the new Parliament was undoubtedly favorable at first to Richard and his government, but a constitution depending for its life on the fluctuations of majority and minority in incessant divisions in the lobbies of the House of Commons was evidently not worth a month's purchase. Authority in the present was sapped and dislodged by arraigning the past. Financial deficit and abuses in administration were exposed to rigorous assault. Prisoners of

to the bar from the Tower and strong places elsewhere, attended by applauding crowds, and received with marks of sympathy for



FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.
CROMWELL'S LONG PARLIAMENT HAT.

the victim and resentment against the dead oppressor. Dunkirk, Jamaica, the glories of

Blake, the humiliation of Spain, went for nothing against the losses of trade. The struggle between Parliament and army, so long quelled by the iron hand of Oliver, but which he was never able to bring to enduring adjustment, broke into flame. Richard Cromwell, a man of honor and sense, but without the prestige of a soldier, succumbed and disappeared (May, 1659). The old quarrel between military power and civil fought itself to an end in one of those squalid scenes of intrigue, egotism, mutual reproach, political impotency, in which so many revolutions since have expired.

state, committed on no more lawful warrant than the Protector's will, were brought up Happily, no blood was shed. Then the ancient line was recalled, the Cavaliers infu-



FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.
CROMWELL'S POWDER-FLASK.



FROM THE ORIGINALS IN THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.
CROMWELL'S PRIVATE SEAL AND THE SEAL OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

riated by old defeat and present ruin, the bishops eager to clamber into their thrones again, the bulk of the nation on the same

It is hard to resist the view that Cromwell's revolution was the end of the medieval, rather than the beginning of the modern era. He certainly had little of that faith in progress that became the inspiration of a later age. His respect for public opinion, supposed to be the driving force of modern government, was a strictly limited regard. In one sense he was no democrat, for he declared, as we have seen, that the question is not what pleases people, but what is for their good. This came rather near to Charles's words upon the scaffold, that the people's liberty lay in the laws, "not their having a share in government; that is nothing pertaining to them."

On the other hand, he was equally strong that things obtained by force, though never so good in themselves, are both less to the ruler's honor and less likely to last. "What we gain in a free way, it is

better than twice as much in a forced, and will be more truly ours and our posterity's"; and the safest test of any constitution is its acceptance by the people. And again: "It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy to deprive a man of his actual liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it." The

root of all external freedom is here.

In saying that Cromwell had the spirit, insight, and grasp that fit a man to wield power in the greatest affairs, we only repeat that he had the instinct of government, and this is a very different thing from either a taste for the abstract ideas of politics, or the passion for liberty. The instinct of order has been as often the gift of a tyrant as of a hero, as common to some of the worst hearts in human history as to some of the best. Cromwell was no Frederick the Great, who spoke of mankind as *diese verdammte Race*—that accursed tribe. He belonged to the rarer and nobler type of governing men



FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.
CROMWELL'S HELMET, SAID TO HAVE BEEN WORN AT NASEBY.

side. At the new king's right hand was Clarendon; but fourteen years of exile, with all its privations, contumelies, and heartsickness of hope perpetually deferred, had soured him and blotted out from his mind the principles and aspirations of the old days when he had stood by the side of Pym and Hampden against Laud, Strafford, and Charles. The monarchy no doubt came back with its wings clipped. That the sword of Oliver had made safe. But how little had been permanently done for that other cause, more precious in Oliver's sight than all the rest, was soon shown by the Act of Uniformity, the Test Act, the Conventicle Act, the Five Mile Act, and the rest of the apparatus of church privilege and proscription.



FROM THE ORIGINAL, BY PERMISSION OF THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.
CROMWELL'S HELMET.



FROM THE ORIGINAL AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF BERTRAM ASTLEY, ESQ.
CROMWELL'S WATCH.

who go by faith, pity, hope, no less than by the counsels of practical wisdom, and who for political power must ever seek a moral base. This is a key to men's admiration for him. His ideals were high, his fidelity to them, while sometimes clouded, was still enduring, his ambition was pure. Yet it can hardly be accident that has turned him into one of the idols of the school who hold, shyly as yet in England, but nakedly in Germany, that might is a token of right, and that the strength and power of the state is an end that tests and justifies all means.

When it is claimed that no English ruler did more than Cromwell to shape the future of the land he governed, we run some risk of straining history only to procure incense for retrograde ideals. Many would contend that Thomas Cromwell, in deciding the future of one of the most powerful standing institutions of the country, exercised a profounder influence than Oliver. Then, if Cromwell did little to shape the future of the Church of England, neither did he shape the future of the Parliament of England. On the side of constitutional construction, unwelcome as it may sound, a more important place belongs to the sage and steadfast, though most unheroic, Walpole. The development of the English constitution has in truth proceeded on lines that Cromwell profoundly disliked. The idea of a Parliament always sitting and actively reviewing the details of administration was in his sight an intolerable mischief. It was almost the only system against which his supple mind, so indifferent as it was to all constitutional forms, was inflexible. Yet this for good or ill is our system to-day, and the system of the great host of political communities that have followed our parliamentary model. When it is said, again, that it was owing to Cromwell that nonconformity had time to take such deep root as to defy the storm of the Restoration, do we not overlook the original strength of all those great Puritan fibers from which both the Rebellion and Cromwell himself had sprung? It was not a man, not even such a man as Oliver; it was the same underlying spiritual forces that had made the Revolution which also held fast against the Restoration. We might as

well say that Cromwell was the founder of nonconformity.

It has been called a common error of our day to ascribe far too much to the designs and the influence of eminent men, of rulers, and of governments. The reproach is just and should impress us. The momentum of past events, the spontaneous impulses of the mass of a nation or a race, the pressure of general hopes and fears, the new things learned in "novel spheres of thought," all have more to do with the progress of human affairs than the deliberate views of even the most determined and far-sighted of our individual leaders. Thirty years after the death of the Protector a more successful revolution came about. The law was made more just, the tribunals were purified, the press began to enjoy a freedom for which Milton had made a glorious appeal, but which Cromwell dared not concede, the rights of conscience received at least a partial recognition. Yet the Declaration of Right and the Toleration Act issued from a stream of ideas and maxims, aims and methods, that were not Puritan. New tributaries had already swollen the volume and changed the currents of that broad confluence of manners, morals, government, belief, on whose breast Time guides the voyages of mankind. The age of rationalism, with its bright lights and sobering shadows, had begun. Some ninety years after 1688 another revolution followed in the England across the Atlantic, and the gulf between Cromwell and Jefferson is measure of the vast distance that the minds of men had traveled. With the death of Cromwell the brief life of Puritan theocracy in England expired. It was a phase of a movement that left an inheritance of some noble thoughts, the memory of a brave struggle for human freedom, and a procession of strong and capacious master spirits, with Milton and Cromwell at their head. Political ends miscarry, and the revolutionary leader treads a path of fire. It is our true wisdom to learn how to combine sane and equitable historic verdicts with a just value for those eternal qualities of high endeavor, on which, amid all changes of fashion, formula, direction, the world's best hopes depend.





DRAWN BY A. J. KELLER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"'NO, NO,' HE SAID HASTILY; 'YOU 'LL DO.'"

MR. GRIGSBY'S WAY.

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON.

MR. GRIGSBY on his homeward way paused at the green fence of Rose Cottage, so named by Mary Ann Miller from the rampant pink climber overrunning the cheerful, albeit somewhat streaky, white which she herself, intrepidly mounted upon a ladder, had bestowed upon the front porch. It was a pleasant-looking place enough; and as Mr. Grigsby stood there, a placid man of forty, with an indefinable air of mellow prosperity about him, there was upon his honest, clean-shaven face an expression of distinct satisfaction in the prospect before him.

"Marthy!" he said.

A plump little bending figure turned hastily, rose, and came forward, trowel in hand. The blood will rush to one's head when one has been stooping, sometimes. And Marthy flushed, standing among her flowers.

Mr. Grigsby looked from them to her and from her to them, obviously with some obscure connecting idea slowly dawning in his brain, which for a while he paused to consider; for Mr. Grigsby was a leisurely man. Then with a long breath, that was not unlike a sigh, he bared his head to the balmy May evening.

"How's your ma and Mary Ann, Marthy?" he inquired.

"Ma's got a little touch of the rheumatism, thank you; but sister's right well."

"Nothing ever is the matter with Mary Ann," he said admiringly. "I don't reckon she ever was sick a week in her life. What's she busy about now?"

"She's down at the parsonage practising for the concert," Marthy said.

"They could n't get on without Mary Ann," he remarked. "And Mary Ann ain't one of the kind to be running around after these outside things and letting things go at sixes and sevens at home. Is she, now?"

He fixed his eyes upon Marthy's face, as if lost in contemplation of Mary Ann's perfections.

"Sister's mighty managing," Marthy assented. "Ma depends on her so that I tell her sometimes it's more like sister was her ma than like she was sister's. I don't know how ma would get along without sister."

Mr. Grigsby gazed at her with sudden attention. "Don't you?" he said earnestly.

VOL. LX.—106.

Marthy's soft gray eyes shifted from him to a bee that was busy among the hollyhock blooms.

"But, of course," she faltered, "she could make out somehow."

He fanned slowly with his wide, light felt hat, and brushed from it with his hand the faint sprinkling of flour which he had brought away from his mill. "Yes," he said soberly, "you can generally do what you've got to do, if you keep on trying."

His glance wandered over the little flower-filled yard. "Your flowers are looking mighty well," he said. "I'd like to have a head or two of those pinks right there, if you don't mind cutting them."

She snipped off with her scissors a liberal bunch of the blossoms and gave them to him.

"I did n't know you cared about flowers, Cousin John," she said.

He raised them massively to his face and inhaled their perfume, and held them off from him, examining them with mild perplexity and surprise.

"I did n't know it myself," he said; "but it seems like there's something, I don't know what, sort o' different about these flowers from the common run of flowers." He ruminated, still breathing their fragrance; and then he sighed as if unconsciously. "Mary Ann," he said with apparent irrelevance, "is a fine girl."

Returning home, he put his flowers in a glass of water upon the mantel, and as he ate his solitary supper, and as he smoked his solitary pipe, his eyes ever and anon strayed to them, though his thoughts, as it would appear, were elsewhere.

"It's been two years," he said, "since poor Ida died."

In the general opinion of the thriving village of Wheatville, it had been a happy release not for "poor Ida" alone, who from the vantage-ground of chronic invalidism had led her amiable and long-suffering spouse what was popularly termed "a life." Still, Mr. Grigsby, with his eyes abstractedly fixed upon the little pink blossoms upon the mantel, sighed, presumably as a tribute to her memory. "Mary Ann," he said forcibly, "is a fine girl."

For a while he seemed lost in contemplation of Mary Ann's fair image.

"Let alone her being poor Ida's first cousin, — the oldest of 'em, — everybody knows there ain't her match in Wheatville, nor in Elizabeth County. She's the best housekeeper, and the best singer, and the best hand at a needle, and the best worker in the church, to say nothing of hair-flowers and waxwork and a dozen other things. There ain't a girl around here that can hold a light to her — everybody knows that. Mary Ann knows it. She's bound to know it. And she's got a right to expect people to act accordingly. And she's just about the right age. Mary Ann is thirty-two or -three if she's a day. Marthy must be thirty, though she don't look it."

He smoked on in silence for a while, staring wistfully into vacancy.

"Mary Ann," he said in an argumentative tone, "is the girl for me, there ain't any doubt. Any man would be lucky to get Mary Ann. If any man, I don't care who, was to come to me, and ask me to pick him out a wife, I would n't hesitate a minute. If 't was the governor of Virginia, I'd pick him out Mary Ann Miller. And so would anybody. There ain't a person in Wheatville, I reckon, but what has picked her out for me."

Again hesighed, more heavily than before.

No one, indeed, wondered when it was observed how intently Mr. Grigsby had begun to watch Mary Ann Miller as she sang in the choir, Mary Ann herself least of all, though her bright black eyes perhaps grew a trifle brighter, and her soprano a shade more piercing, under the stimulus of his admiring gaze. To all it seemed the most natural thing in the world. Even Miss Elvira Forbes, Luella Bidgood, and the other Wheatville maidens, who might themselves have cherished secret aspirations, were forced to acknowledge the perfect suitability of Mary Ann. To Mr. Grigsby himself, especially on Sunday evenings, when he was wont most seriously to consider the matter, the reasons for such a choice seemed fairly overwhelming.

"She's a woman in a hundred — a woman in a thousand," he would say. "She's a pretty girl, if you don't care about plumpness, a smart girl, a good girl, a hard-working girl, a saving girl, a getting-along girl, a girl everybody looks up to, and I don't know what a man could ask more than all that. But Mary Ann ain't the sort of girl to be in a hurry about getting married; and she would n't think any more of me if I was too

quick to put anybody in poor Ida's place. There ain't a more right-feeling woman in Virginia than Mary Ann Miller."

Mr. Grigsby was "behaving mighty well," it was generally agreed in Wheatville when the second year had passed and he had made no sign of "coming out." At the end of the third the Wheatville public began to grow impatient. What was the man waiting for? But the longer he waited, the more extended grew the list of Mary Ann's attractions.

"She's got a nose the very image of poor Ida's," he would say after his weekly survey; "and her hair's about the same. (I wonder how Marthy's came to be so soft and light and fluffy-looking?) But Mary Ann ain't sick and she ain't nervous like poor Ida was. And she can sing, which poor Ida could n't. I never saw the tune yet that Mary Ann could n't raise at sight. But there ain't anything Mary Ann can't do. I believe she could get up in that pulpit and beat half the preachers preaching, if she took it into her head to try. And there ain't anything she ain't willing to do, if she thinks it's her duty. Where would you find another woman that would undertake to paper the church, like she did? And if the imitation marble pillars and the imitation hollow behind the preacher *are* put on kind o' crooked and *have* got pleats in 'em, Mary Ann took a heap of trouble and deserves a heap of credit. I don't reckon there ever was a finer girl born than Mary Ann Miller. She does her duty and she keeps other people up to theirs. You certainly must say that for Mary Ann."

The fourth year passed, and he still contented himself with the homage of the eye.

In the fifth year doubts of his intentions began to spread abroad. In the sixth doubt became conviction. He had, it was agreed, no intention of remarrying. And public interest in him so markedly declined that Mrs. Watkins next door, and Mrs. Stokes across the street, no longer thought it worth their while to peep at him through their shutters when he "stopped by" Rose Cottage on his way to or from the mill, to inquire after the health of his deceased wife's aunt. And yet Mr. Grigsby had even gone so far that very year as to array himself one evening in his broadcloth suit and solemnly to set out for the Miller home with the intention of asking Mary Ann to be his wife. But as he had opened the gate the folly of being precipitate had come over him so strongly that he had turned back and sought the safe seclusion of his own fireside.

The last night of the seventh year found Mr. Grigsby still sitting by a solitary fire and still musing of Mary Ann.

"It ain't Mary Ann's fault," he said pensively, "that she's getting rather bony and hard-looking; and she won't be as gray as I am for years to come. But the grayer she is, the better she suits me. Now Marthy, with her pinkness and her plumpness and her light-colored hair, would look a heap too young, even if anybody could think of such a thing as passing over Mary Ann."

Suddenly, for some occult reason, he rested his curly, fast-whitening head in his hands, and gave a sigh that was almost a groan.

"If Mary Ann never had been born!" he said forlornly. And then he looked about him, obviously appalled at his own words.

"I'm mighty fond of Mary Ann," he said hastily. "There ain't anybody that thinks any more of Mary Ann than I do, even if Mary Ann is sort o' cool and offish to me nowadays. And if there just was any way—"

Laying down his pipe, he placed his right hand on his right knee and his left hand on his left knee, and stared into the fire with stern and unseeing gaze. At last he roused himself, and, as the first stage of his bedward preparations, reached for the large, smooth-backed black Bible which lay upon the table at his elbow. Mechanically he opened to the place conscientiously kept for him by an elaborate cardboard book-mark which Mary Ann had worked for him in colored silks—silks now, alas! grown faded and frazzled with time and wear.

"And Jephthah vowed a vow, . . . Whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me—"

He lifted his head from the book with a sudden blank stare, and sat rapt and rigid, his hands closed tightly upon the arms of his chair. The old clock upon the mantel ticked on toward midnight, the blazing logs upon the hearth died down into glimmering embers, and still he sat as in a cataleptic trance.

And then he drew a long, deep breath—a breath as of resolution. "And there ain't any use," he said, "in waiting."

The next morning saw him at the Millers' gate, where he paused and fumbled with the latch as if it were some curious and intricate mechanism with which he was imperfectly acquainted. And he breathed hard as he walked up the little bricked path. The snow lay thick upon the leafless rose-bushes, but as he waited a moment in the porch he took off his high silk hat of ceremony and mopped

his brow. He opened the door and entered the little hall. Then he moistened his lips and coughed huskily.

"Girls!" he called out in a quavering roar, clenched his hands, shut his eyes, and waited.

There was a sound of dropping scissors, of an opening door, of quick, light footsteps, and—plump, trim, soft-eyed—Marthy looked down upon him. With an ineffable placidity of face, he gazed up at her.

"Where's Mary Ann, Marthy?" he said.

"She's out at the back," she answered. "The cow's sick, and sister's doctoring her. But I can call her."

"No—no," he said hastily. "You'll do. But did you ever see the beat of Mary Ann? She'll cure that cow, now, better'n any regular cow-doctor, you see if she don't. I know there ain't a finer woman in this country than Mary Ann, or a woman of more sense, or a higher-principled, or a more right-feeling." A glow as of enthusiasm for Mary Ann irradiated his face, and his voice was fervent with emotion.

"I've been thinking a heap all these years, Marthy," he went on, "of Mary Ann—and you. Any man would be proud to have such a wife as Mary Ann—such a talker, and such a singer, and such a manager, and everything, to say nothing of her waxwork and her hair-flowers and her hand-painting, and a dozen other things in which you won't find her match. And the man that would pass over Mary Ann for anybody, I don't care who, would show he wa'n't worthy of her, as he'd be mighty apt not to be, anyway. I know that Mary Ann may be getting a little cool to me here lately, but I certainly do think a heap of Mary Ann, and there ain't the woman living that I'd deliberately pass over Mary Ann for. And I want her to know it. But in asking you, Marthy, I ain't passing over Mary Ann. I said I'd ask the one that came, sort o' like Jephthah, and I'll stand to it. Will you have me, Marthy?"

STANDING in the white doorway, Marthy looked at him with brightly moist eyes, while he lingered upon the steps.

"If you'd tried it any way but this," she mused, "it might n't have been me. Or if you'd tried it this way before sister sort o' got out of the way of hearing you, it might n't have been me. I certainly am glad you did it just so—if you are satisfied."

For some occult reason a deep and painful crimson surged over Mr. Grigsby's face. But he only said, "I don't reckon there's a better satisfied man this side of heaven!"

CHINESE EDUCATION.

BY ROMYN HITCHCOCK.



CHINESE culture is very ancient. There are ages behind the earliest Chinese of which we have any knowledge. Trace them to the time of ancient Babylon, whence much of their early culture would seem to have been derived, and we find them already possessed of a written language; and still back of this lies an unmeasured period during which that language was developing.

One important function of the government has always been to foster education. Since all civil and military officers must be graduates, the educational system is thoroughly organized and uniform throughout the empire. Regular examinations are conducted by specially appointed officers of high rank, first in each prefecture, then triennially in each province, and for the higher degrees at Peking. The attainment of the degree of metropolitan graduate involves an incredible amount of continuous study for at least thirty years, the best part of a lifetime.

The course of education in China has undergone great changes at several periods. The question was asked me not long since, "When did intellectual progress cease in China?" I think we may answer that it was in the time of the Sung dynasty, about a thousand years ago, when the great philosophers and masters in literary style, Cheo, Chu, Chen, and Chang, led the thought of the scholars backward to the literature of the past. They were giants in intellect; but they made the fatal mistake of looking at the past instead of regarding the needs of the present, and the literati of China have industriously followed in their footsteps.

One thousand years before our era, the examinations were confined to the six virtues, including wisdom, benevolence, integrity, faithfulness; the six methods of conduct, including filial piety, friendliness, harmony, sincerity; and the six arts, which are the rules of propriety, archery, music, horsemanship, writing, and numbers. Proficiency in these was required of all public officers in China three thousand years ago.

In the Han dynasty, at the beginning of our era, the examinations were restricted more particularly to the six arts; but

there was an advance of the greatest importance, brought about by introducing various questions relative to the geography, politics, condition, dangers, and needs of the empire. While a perfect acquaintance with ancient literature and history was required, full scope was allowed for originality of thought and the application of knowledge to existing conditions. We have here evidence of an advance in Chinese thought, which culminated in less than a thousand years, and gave way to the suppression of originality already referred to.

Let us briefly review the course of study of every educated Chinese at the present time. In every village there is a free public school. The school system is usually accredited to the Han dynasty, but it was in existence for two thousand years before that time. The child is first taught to write and to pronounce a few simple characters representing common objects. The regular course of study, which is to engage his closest application during his future life as a scholar, begins with the Trimetrical Classic, followed by the four books of Confucius and the five sacred classics. It might be inferred that the Chinese begin their philosophical studies very early in life, but the fact is that the child devotes several years to learning the classics by rote, merely learning the sounds of the characters without the least notion of their meaning. Many Chinese will tell you that they can read, although they may know nothing of the meaning of what they read. It is only after he can recite the classics from memory that the pupil begins to study the meaning of the printed characters. All subsequent work is devoted to the elucidation of the texts, character by character, accompanied by more or less profound philosophical dissertations by the teacher, in explanation of the doctrines involved. Such is the character of all his future work to attain the highest literary honors.

The Trimetrical Classic is a kind of encyclopedia of knowledge. It treats of education, the nature of man, social duties, the origin of numbers, of the three great powers, the seasons, the cardinal points, of grains and animals, history, and a host of other things. It was written by a disciple of Confucius, and



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.
PAVILION OF THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE, PEKING.

receives its name from the arrangement of the characters in lines of three words each.

The first of the four classical books of Confucius treats of the Great Learning, which teaches "to illustrate illustrious virtue, to renovate the people, and to rest in the highest excellence." It relates of the ancients that to illustrate illustrious virtue in the empire they first ordered well their states. To do this they first regulated their families. To regulate their families they cultivated their persons, rectified their hearts, were sincere in their thoughts; and to accomplish all this they first extended to the utmost their knowledge. This is the theory of government, founded upon wisdom and morality, which has been cherished for ages in that strange Eastern land.

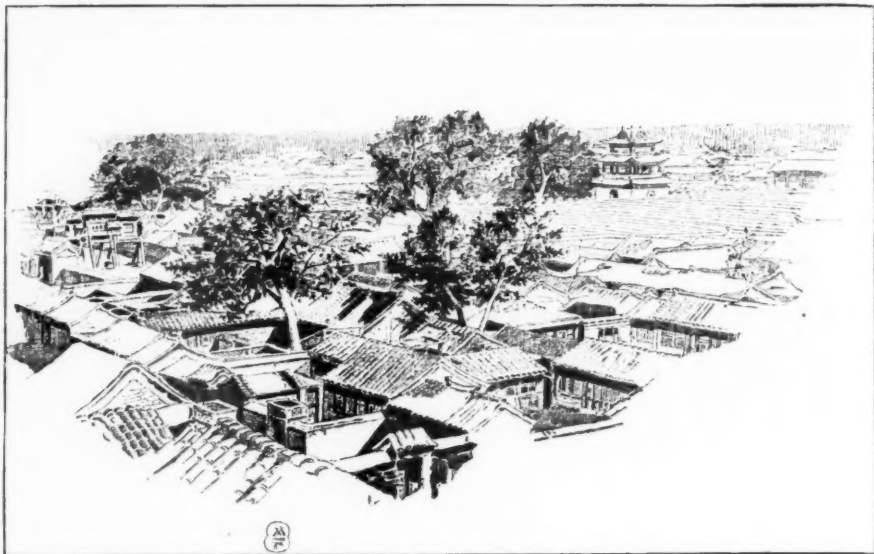
The second book treats of the Doctrine of the Mean, or the Invariable Center. It is a treatise on morality, based upon the principle that virtue is always at an equal distance from two extremes. The harmonious center is the source of all that is true, beautiful, and good. The path of duty may not be left for an instant. "There is nothing more visible than that which is secret, and nothing more manifest than what is minute. There-

upon the superior man is watchful over himself." The third book is a collection of maxims, and recollections of the teachings of the philosopher. The fourth is the book of Mencius.

The five sacred books follow next in order. First of these is the famous Y-king, the Book of Changes, an abstruse treatise on divination quite beyond our comprehension. Then comes the Book of History, a record of the ancient dynasties up to the eighth century B.C. The third is the Book of Verses, the fourth the Book of Rites, and finally the Book of Spring and Autumn. This is a history of the native state of Confucius, written by him to recall to the princes of his time respect for the ancient customs and to indicate the misfortunes which had befallen them owing to their neglect of the past.

Such is the present course and range of Chinese study. It is a training of the memory, but a dwarfing of the intellect. It unfits men for the common duties of life. Some of the most learned men cannot write a letter to a friend in proper form, for they know only the language of the classics and poetry.

The system of competitive examinations for civil and military degrees is very old.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE EXAMINATION HALL, PEKING, AS SEEN FROM THE OBSERVATORY.

Its origin is ascribed to the time of Shun, 2200 B.C. There is first a preliminary examination before the local magistrate, who grants a certificate of merit. Every two years the literary chancellor, a specially appointed official, holds examinations in the various prefectures within his circuit, and gives the degree of *siu tsai*, or licentiate, which admits the candidate to the triennial provincial examination.

This is conducted in an inclosure specially built for the purpose, known as the examination hall. There is one at each provincial capital, constructed precisely like the great Examination Hall at Peking, which will be described. The literary chancellor, the provincial governor, and associates appointed from the vice-presidents of the metropolitan boards, conduct these examinations, which take place during the eighth moon every third year. The candidates assemble to the number of ten or twelve thousand from all parts of the province, but the number of those who can obtain degrees is limited by regulation to about three hundred. The successful candidates receive the title *chüjen* or *küjen*, bachelor or provincial graduate. About forty others next in merit receive public mention. Candidates who have repeatedly entered the examinations and failed to pass up to the age of eighty or ninety years, may receive the *küjen* degree

as an honorary reward. It comes very late in life, but is highly valued.

The examinations consist entirely of essays, written in the approved classical style, and from memory alone. The identity of the candidate is concealed by an assumed name, and, lest an examiner should recognize the handwriting of a candidate, each essay is copied by writers engaged for the purpose before it is submitted to the examiners. There is a host of officials engaged in the hall, among them examiners, assistants, inspectors, supervisor, proctor, controller, receiver of essays, transcriber of essays, comparer of essays, and stamper of essays.

The sixtieth anniversary of the birthday of the empress dowager was made the occasion for special grace examinations. At one of these examinations, held at Nanking, eighteen thousand students assembled from Kiang-su and Ngan-hui provinces. Of these not more than one hundred and fifty could be successful. The subjects given out for essays on that occasion will indicate the general character of the requirements of candidates. One of the themes for essays was a selection from the Analects of Confucius, as follows: "Confucius said: 'Great indeed was Yaou as a sovereign. How majestic was he! It is only heaven that is grand, and only Yaou corresponded to it. How vast was his virtue! The people could find no

name for it." From the Doctrine of the Mean was chosen this: "Above he [Confucius] harmonized with the times of heaven." The third subject was: "All things which are the same in kind are like to one another; why should we doubt in regard to man, as if he were a solitary exception to this? The Sage and we are the same in kind."

Difficult subjects these may seem to us to inspire the poet or philosopher, but to the educated Chinese, familiar with the writings of the ancients, whose high-flown sentences are the most valued treasures of his mind, they afford ample scope for a display of erudition, accurate memory, regard for the greatness of ancient rulers and for the perfected scholarship of the old philosophers. Thus is all originality in thought excluded.

At the grace examinations at Peking the number of candidates for the *küjen* degree was 6486, of whom less than five per cent. were successful.

At each provincial city there is a college, usually presided over by retired officials of high rank, where the *küjen* graduates may prepare themselves for the higher examinations.

The next examination, for the degree of *tsinshe* or *chin-shih*, metropolitan graduate, is held at Peking. This also is held triennially and is open to all graduates of the *küjen* degree. From six to ten thousand candidates may assemble, of whom only three hundred and fifty, at most, can be successful. Each competitor enters one of the narrow cells, taking with him only writing-materials and the clothing he wears. He must spend perhaps three days and two nights in his isolated cell, with a board for a seat, and another for a table, fitted into grooves in the masonry. His meals are

served there, for he cannot leave his cell, and he is absolutely isolated from his fellows and from the outer world. The ordeal often proves too much for feeble constitutions, and deaths are not unusual during the term of confinement.

The cells are arranged in rows covering a large area in the city, as may best be seen from the top of the wall at the astronomical observatory. There are seventy-five cells in each row, and about twenty rows on each side of the broad passage. There are, accordingly, about six thousand cells in the square inclosure around the central pavilion; but there are many others in different inclosures near by.

Extraordinary precautions are taken to prevent collusion or fraud of any kind during the examinations, but it is not surprising if



DRAWN BY W. J. BAER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE BROAD PASSAGE BETWEEN THE ROWS OF CELLS IN THE EXAMINATION HALL, PEKING.

these are sometimes insufficient among such a large number of candidates. Occasionally, for a consideration, a graduate takes the place of a candidate, and hands in papers in the latter's name, but this is a practice attended with considerable risk to both parties. An amusing incident is recorded of a worthy magistrate who became suspicious of a youth belonging to a wealthy family, whose papers were so excellent that he passed on the

first examination for his first degree. The magistrate decided to give the young man a private examination and to keep him under his own protection during the trial. The student was placed in an inner room, where he sat ruminating over his lot, and wondering how he was to get out of the scrape, when the magistrate, fearing to trust his servants, himself brought in some refreshments. As he turned to go out, the student discovered some thin Chinese paper sticking to the old gentleman's back, which he slyly detached, and it proved to be an essay on the subject assigned. The servants had hit upon this ingenious scheme to earn the bribe which had been given them.

A still higher degree, *tienshe*, is conferred after a further competition of the *tsinshe* graduates within the precincts of the imperial palace. The graduates are subsequently received in audience by the emperor.

The highest title conferred at the palace examination carries the recipient into the Hanlin, or College of Literature, with the rank of Hanlin Compiler, *siu chwan*. Others receive special titles of great merit, while a certain number become Hanlin bachelors, or graduates of the lowest degree. Those who

have only received *tsinshe* are appointed to provincial or other official positions. Unfortunately for this admirable system, there are always more graduates than unfilled offices, hence there is a very large class of expectant officials awaiting vacancies.

The Hanlin bachelors pursue a further course of studies in a college established for them, and are again examined in the palace. Those who pass attain higher rank and become members of the Hanlin; the others receive a title which signifies "released from study."

The Hanlin itself is an institution comprising the highest literary talent of the empire. It is the repository of the historical archives, and its officers are engaged in literary work, historical and biographical compilations, and the preparation of records of various kinds.

Adjoining the temple of Confucius at Peking is another college, the Imperial Academy. The principal edifice, commonly known as the Imperial Pavilion, is a fine example of native architecture. It is approached on four sides by marble bridges, which cross a surrounding moat walled with marble. It represents the Imperial College of antiquity. Every sovereign must occupy the throne within the pavilion at least



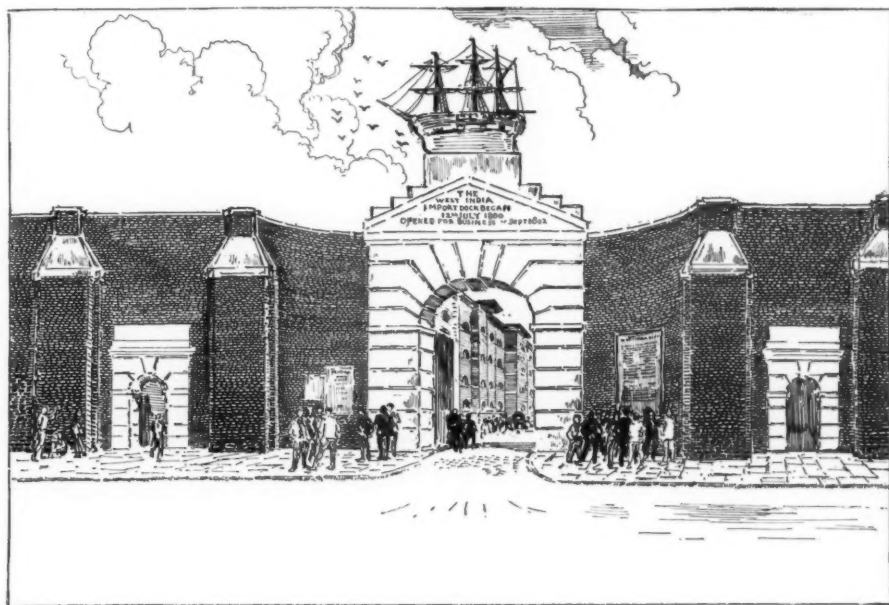
DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

COURT OF THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY (SCHOOL OF INTERPRETERS), PEKING.

once during his reign, to preside over an assemblage of the most learned men of the city, when a classical essay by his Majesty is read.

In 1861 the school known as the Tung Wen Kwan, where Russian was taught, became a school of interpreters for foreign

languages generally. But the Chinese soon realized the necessity of more than a mere knowledge of foreign languages. They found that they must learn something of Western knowledge and science, and the school of interpreters became what it now is, the Imperial University.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.
THE WEST INDIA DOCK GATES.

EAST LONDON TYPES.

BY SIR WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," etc.

WAITING FOR A JOB.

IT cannot have escaped the reader's observation, in our walk along the riverside,¹ that from time to time we passed small groups of men, two or three together, or collected in a company of twenty or thirty, hanging about, leaning against door-posts and walls, or sitting on door-steps. Round the dock gates there were a good many waiting on the slender chance of being called in; at other places they waited, chiefly outside public houses. If you stopped to ask them

what they were doing, they replied, with assumed briskness, that they were waiting for a job. At every place where there is a port, with docks, wharves, and warehouses, there is always found a body of men who wait about for a job. It is their trade; by a "job" they mean the fetching or carrying of something, a piece of work that will soon be done and will enable them to return to the corner where the public house stands, and even, with throat athirst and yearning for the brief rapture, to enter and call for a drink.

We have portrayed the genesis and life of the factory girl;² let us, with less detail,

¹ See THE CENTURY for August and September, 1900.

² See THE CENTURY for December, 1899.

examine into the making of the casual "hand."

In most cases he is a native of the place; he was born near the public house by which he takes his stand. His father was a casual hand, or at best a docker, before him; his mother was such as you have seen, a factory girl. He is one of the few survivors of a very large family; most of them have been buried long ago; he, with two or three more, has survived the uncertainty of good food, the certainty of bad food, the contagion of the other children, the sewer-gas, the exposure to weather, and all the forces which succeeded in killing his brothers and sisters. He has been made to attend school. His mother, who found that she must get up in good time in order to send him decently clean and tolerably clad, put every possible obstacle in the way, but was overruled by the School Board officer and by the magistrate. The boy remained at school until he was fourteen years of age, by which time he had passed the "fourth standard." If you take the trouble to look into any of the readers used in English board schools, and if you remember, besides, that the boy never saw any other books, never read a paper, and never conversed with any one who did read books or papers, you might assume that the whole of his knowledge was confined to what he had learned in those four books. You would be quite wrong. Just as village lads acquire a mass of information about things of the country, the fields, the hedges, the woods, the birds, the creatures, without book and without school, so the riverside lad acquires a mass of information about the things of the port and the river, and the ways of them that go down to the deep sea. He knows the tides; he knows the jetsam of the tides as it runs out. He trudges and wades in the mud of the foreshore to pick up what the ebb-tide leaves. He knows all the ships, where they come from, whither they are bound: the great liners which put in at the West India Dock, the packet-boats, the coasters, the colliers, the Norwegian timber-ships, he knows them all. He knows their rig; he knows the pay of the sailors and their work; he would like the former were it not for the latter, which must needs go before. He knows a great deal more than any boy educated in a public school concerning the imports and exports of London; are not his friends engaged all day long in discharging cargo and in taking it in? He acquires, as well, a really wonderful amount of knowledge concerning crafty

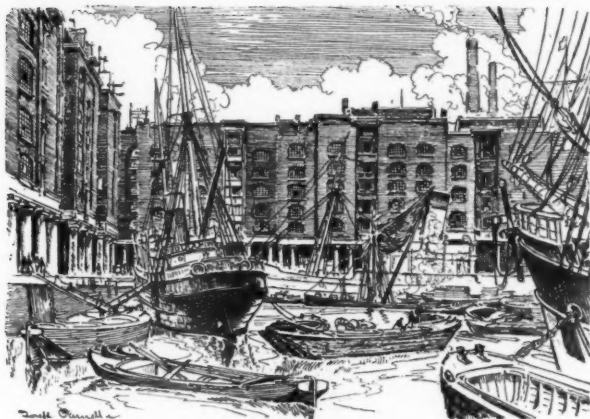
ways and cunning tricks by which a young fellow can live without working. And very early in life he acquires a thirst for strong drink that is destined to keep him down, and drag him lower, and to cut the thread of life when he ought to be in the prime and full strength of manhood.

Some of these boys learn very early the way to pick up things unguarded and unwatched. You may recognize one of these lads by the way in which, with silent and slouching step, and with furtive glance before, behind, to right and left, he shambles quickly past a shop or stall where things are exposed for sale, guarded, perhaps, only by a little girl. You may see, if you pretend to be looking the other way, the hand dart out and snatch something which disappears in a pocket, while, without changing his step or his slouch, the boy goes on unsuspected. He is ready to pick up everything: a loaf from the baker, an onion from the green-grocer, a banana from the costermonger. Nothing comes amiss to him.

There are still lingering by the riverside survivals of the good old days when the whole people lived in luxury on the robberies they committed from the ships loading or unloading in the river. The barges go up and down with the tide. At ebb they lie in the mud. The men in charge go ashore to drink; the boys climb on board in search of whatever they can get. If the barge is laden with sugar, they cut holes in the bags and fill their pockets, their hats, their boots, their handkerchiefs with sugar, which they carry ashore and sell. They get a halfpenny a pound for their plunder. If the barge is laden with coals, they carry off all that their clothes will hold. One goes before to warn the rest of danger. Plenty of houses on the way are open to them. It is a comparatively safe and certainly a pleasant way of earning a penny or two.

Not at one step, not suddenly, does a man become *turpissimus*; the casual hand grows slowly or quickly; he grows and develops. He finds himself on the path which leads to the corner and the door-post, to the hand in the pocket, and the eye on the swinging door, and the thoughts turned continually on the fragrance of beer.

Thousands of boys every year leave the board school, their "education" completed, with no chance of an apprenticeship to any craft, their hands absolutely untrained, just a hanging pair of hands—prehensile, like the monkey's tail. It is lucky that they are prehensile, otherwise these poor boys would



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.
IN THE DOCKS.

starve. As it is, they have to face the problem of getting work, of providing themselves with the daily bread, for sixty long years, without knowing any one of the many arts and crafts by which men live and provide for their families and themselves. At the outset it appears to be a hopeless task. Of course it must always be the greatest possible misfortune for a lad to have learned no trade. If we consider the waste of intellectual power alone, it must be acknowledged to be the greatest possible misfortune. But the situation is not so hopeless as it looks. There are many openings for such a boy.

Let us consider, for instance, what lines of work he may attempt, keeping only to those which require no previous training and no skill.

He has heard of these openings from other boys. He has heard of such openings all his life. For instance, he would perhaps like to enter the service of the City as one of the boys whose business it is to keep the streets clean,—the sewer-boys,—though the work is not popular with parents on account of the dangers from cabs and omnibuses. You may see these boys in their white duck jackets and red caps running about among the horses all day in Cheapside. They never get run over, and they seem to take a pride in doing their work rapidly and thoroughly. Very good pay it gives them—six shillings sixpence a week, rising to fourteen shillings. Their hours of work are from half-past seven till five. They are started with a pint of hot coffee. They get half an hour for dinner; and they can earn an odd sixpence or so by holding horses and minding parcels,

though strictly forbidden by their employers; but who ever knew a boy who was not above the law?

Even better than this is the railway service, if a boy can get into it. Great things are possible on railways. At the London stations, in which the trains are coming in or going out all day long, and every passenger with luggage is good for a tip of threepence or sixpence, no one knows what the weekly earnings of a railway porter may be. Things are whispered; nothing is known for certain. The railway porter preserves a smiling silence on the subject; and the position is regarded as the great prize in the profession of unskilled hands.

In the railway companies the boy is generally taken on as van-guard, at eight to ten shillings a week. A very enviable occupation is that of van-guard. It is one's simple duty to sit behind among the boxes and parcels in order to take care that none of them is stolen or drops off into the street. One must assist in loading and unloading, but the greater part of the day is spent in being carried about the streets and enjoying a moving panorama of London in all its quarters. There are great possibilities for this boy. He may rise to be driver of the van, a post of real distinction and responsibility. The hours, however, are long. The van leaves the station at 7 A.M., and is very seldom back much before eight or nine in the evening, so that the boy often gets home at ten o'clock. At eighteen, unless the van-guard becomes a driver or carman, he becomes a "shunter" or porter. Shunting, or "scotching," as it is called, is a dangerous

occupation; accidents are continually happening.

Many boys go into the service of a firm which has the book-stalls on nearly all the railways. Their hours are from 7:45 A.M. to 7:45 P.M. They are paid at first six shillings a week, and they get dinner when they can be spared.

Other boys become telegraph-messengers. In this employment they receive a weekly wage of seven shillings, with uniform and boots, and have an eight-hour day. At sixteen, if they can pass a somewhat stiff examination, they become postmen, servers, or telegraph-clerks.

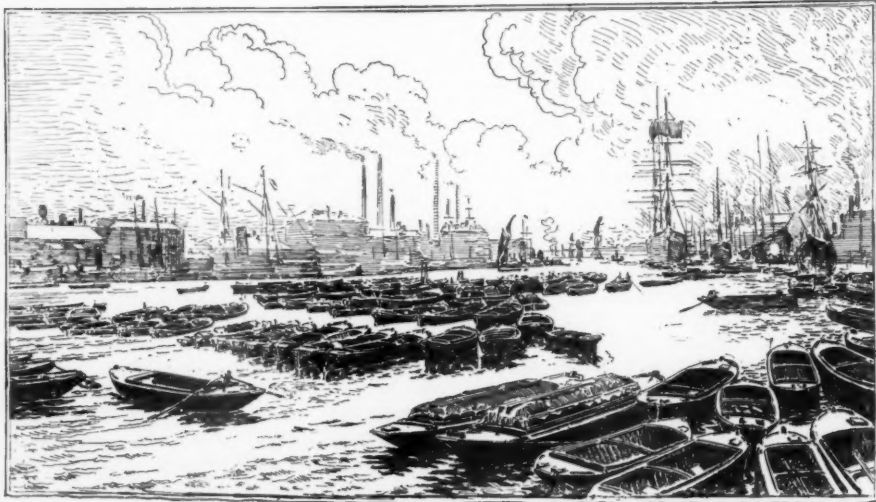
Again, there are factories—matches, jam, all kinds of factories—in which, if a boy is lucky enough to be received there, he may make at the outset five or six shillings a week. There is, however, a lack of interest about factory work.

There are, next, the errand-boys employed in shops. Some of these carry out the small quantities of coal bought by the people of the tenements; for this work the boy receives three shillings sixpence a week, as a rule, with his dinner and his tea. Some of them serve the green-grocers' shops; some the small drapers' shops; some become pot-boys; some carry round the newspapers for the news-venders. In almost every trade boys' work is wanted.

In one way or another the boy finds a place and gets a living.

Now, these boys live well. For breakfast they have bread and butter and tea, with a "relish" such as an egg or a piece of bacon. At twelve they take their dinner at one of the humble coffee-houses which abound in these streets; it consists of more bread and butter and tea, with half a steak and potatoes. For tea they go to another coffee-house; they can get two thick slices of bread for a halfpenny each; butter or jam costs another halfpenny; a cup of coffee costs a halfpenny, or a whole pint a penny. In the evening their favorite supper is the dish familiarly known as "ha'p'orth and ha'p'orth," that is, fish and potatoes, at a halfpenny each. So far, their life is healthy, with plenty of work and plenty of food, and in most cases no strong drink desired or taken. The dangerous time of life, however, the time when the boy passes into manhood, is approaching. Then the simple meals at the coffee-house no longer suffice. Then it becomes necessary to have beer, and beer in ever-increasing quantities. Then the boy grows out of his work; he is too big to carry beer for the bargees, or to go round with the newspapers, or to sit at the back of the van. What is he to do next?

There are, even for a grown man, still many situations which demand no training and no apprenticeship. In all the warehouses, in the great shops, in offices of every kind, there are wanted men to fetch and carry, to load and to unload. In the markets



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE BARGES THAT LIE DOWN THE THAMES.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.
WHITECHAPEL SHOPS.

and on the railways there are wanted men to carry and to set out the goods; in every kind of business servants must be had to do that part of the work which requires no skill. Unfortunately, the supply is greater than the demand. There are many lads who get into the service of companies, railways, factories, etc., and remain in steady work all their working lives in the same employment. There are, on the other hand, a great number who have to hang about on the outskirts of regular work. Taken on in times of pressure, and getting no work when times are slack, these are the men who become the casual hands; these are the men who hang about the dock gates and loaf around the street-corners.

The process of degeneration by which the promising lad sinks into the casual hand is easy to follow.

The work, whatever it may be, is, as a rule, finished at half-past six or seven. The lads have, therefore, four or five hours every evening to get through. The other day I was looking through some statistics of work in the eighteenth century. The workman then began at six, sometimes at half-past five; he left off at eight, with the exception of those trades which could not be carried on by the light of tallow candles. The time for supper, rest, and recreation was therefore reduced to two hours. There was no Saturday afternoon holiday. All through the pre-Reformation times there had been a Saturday half-holiday, because Saturday was reckoned as the eve of a saint's day, and every important eve was a half-holiday. The Reformation swept away this grateful

respite from work. Therefore, except for Sunday, the craftsman's working-day was virtually the whole day long.

We have shortened these long hours; the people have now the whole evening to themselves, and the Saturday half-holiday as well as Sunday.

Consider what this means to a lad of sixteen, especially one of our riverside lads. He has no books and no desire for reading; he has no pursuit; he does not wish to learn anything; and he has four or five hours to get through every evening except Saturday, when he has nine hours, and Sunday, when he has the whole day, say sixteen hours. In every week he has actually some fifty hours in which to amuse himself as best he can. What is that boy to do? He wants excitement and activity; his blood is restless; he craves and yearns for he knows not what; it is an age which has its ideals, and his are of the heroic kind, but too often of a perverted heroism.

A few of them, but in proportion very few indeed, belong to the boys' clubs which are scattered about in East London. They are the fortunate boys; they contract friendships with the young men—gentlemen always—who run the club; they learn all kinds of things if they like; they work off their restlessness and get rid of the devil in the gymnasium with the boxing-gloves, with the single-stick; they contract habits of order and discipline; they become infected with some of the upper-class ideals, especially as regards honor and honesty, purity and temperance. The fruits of the time spent in the club are seen in their after life; these are

the lads who lead the steady lives and become the supporters of order and authority. A few again, but very few, get the chance of polytechnic classes and continuation schools; but these things are mostly above the riverside folk. Here and there a class is formed, and taught by ladies, in one or other of the minor arts, such as wood-carving, in which these lads quickly take great delight.

Setting aside these, what becomes of all the rest?

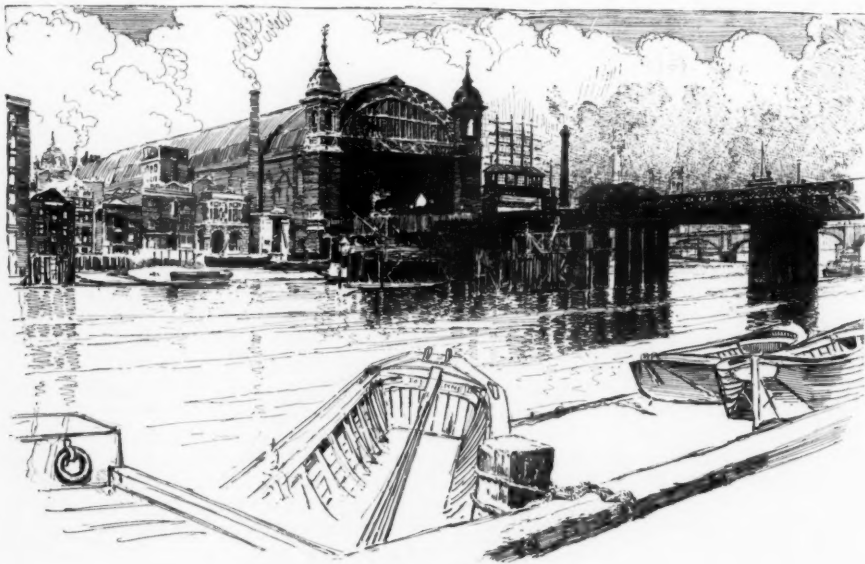
They have the music-hall; there are half a dozen music-halls in East London; the gallery is cheap; they go to a music-hall, therefore, two or three times a week in winter. They have the public house, but these lads are not, as a rule, slaves to drink so early in life. Their own lodgings are not inviting either for comfort or for rest or for society. They have, however, the street.

It is the street which produces the casual hand. It is also the street which produces the drunkard, the loafer, the man who cannot work, the man who will not work, the street rough, the street sneak, and the street thief. The long evening spent in the street nourishes and encourages these, and such as these, of both sexes.

It is of course the old story—the abuse of liberty. We shorten the hours of work, and we offer nothing in the place of work except the street; we leave the lads whom we

thought to benefit by increased leisure to their own devices, and to discover, if they can, the way to turn the hours thus rescued from drudgery into the means of climbing to a higher life. We have hitherto left them, even, in complete ignorance as to any higher life at all. Their own idea of employing their idle time is to do nothing, simply to amuse themselves; and as the street is the only place where they can find amusement for nothing, they go into the street.

They walk about in little companies of two and three; they smoke cheap cigarettes by way of asserting their early manhood; they carry on free fights on the pavement; they make rushes among the people; they push and hustle the younger girls, who are by no means backward in retaliation; they whistle and sing and practise the calls of their quarter. They get up little impromptu plays—dramas in unspoken mummery and mimicry. I have, for instance, more than once seen in papers and articles a melancholy account of precocious drunkenness among the young folk of the slums. "Boys and girls," says the horrified observer, "were reeling about drunk; the girls were even worse than the boys. I spoke to one. She was no more than thirteen or so; a pretty child, but helplessly intoxicated. When I spoke to her she fell upon the pavement and could not rise. Her companions, also far



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

CANNON STREET STATION, ON THE THAMES.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

A TYPICAL STREET IN BETHNAL GREEN.

gone in drink, only laughed. A sad sight, truly!"

A very sad sight, indeed. But this observer did not understand that the personation of drunken people is one of the favorite amusements of the boys and girls in the evening streets. They have, every day, splendid opportunities for studying their subject. A life-school exists in every street. The models sit or stagger every evening, and the fidelity with which every stage of drunkenness, from the lurching shoulder to the helpless heap and the glassy eyes, is represented by these young actors would be remarkable even on the boards of Drury Lane.

Acting and running and shouting are amusing as far as they go, but they are not enough. The blood is restless at seventeen; it wants exercise in reality, not pretense. This restlessness is the cause of the bands organized originally for local fights. The boys of one street unite in a small regiment; they arm themselves with clubs, small iron bars, leather belts with buckles, knotted handkerchiefs with stones tied up in them, with slings and stones, with knives, even with revolvers of the "toy" kind; and they go forth to fight the lads of another street. It is a real fight; the field is strewn with the wounded; the police have trouble in putting a stop to the combat. With broken heads, black eyes, and bandaged arms, the leaders appear next day before the magistrate. But the local regiment cannot always be meeting its enemy on the field of glory; the step, therefore, to hustling the people in the street is natural. The boys gather together and hold the street. If any one ventures to

pass through it, they rush upon him, knock him down, and kick him savagely about the head; they rob him as well.

In the autumn of 1898 an inoffensive elderly gentleman was knocked down by such a gang, robbed, kicked about the head, and taken up insensible. He was carried home and died the next day. These gangs are called "Hooligans." South London is more frequently favored with their achievements than East London. They are difficult to deal with, because they meet, fight, and disperse with such rapidity that it is next to impossible to get hold of them. It is a bad fashion of the time, and will probably disappear before long. Meantime the boys regard these holdings of the street with pride; their captain is a hero, as much as the captain of the eleven at a public school.

Sometimes they devise other modes of achieving greatness. A year or two ago half a dozen of them thought that it would be a good thing if they were to attend Epsom races on the Derby day, the great race of the year. One can go to Epsom by road or rail; the latter is the cheaper and the easier way, but the more glorious way is to go by road, as the swells go. Their method is to hire a carriage and pair, to get a luncheon-hamper from a caterer's, to drive down, and to pay for a stand on the hill which commands a view of the race. The thing can be done in style for about twenty-five pounds. These boys thought to emulate the swells; they would drive in style to Epsom. They therefore helped themselves to a baker's horse and light cart in the gray of the morning, and drove gloriously all the way to

the race-course. Arrived there, they sold the horse and cart to a gipsy for three pounds, and spent the day in watching the races, in betting on the events, and in feasting. When the glorious day was over, and their money all gone, they found an out-house near the common, and there lay down to sleep, intending to walk home in the morning. Now, the baker, on discovering his loss, had gone to the police; and the police,

and play cards, locally called "darbs," all day long. Sometimes they find an empty house; sometimes a room in a condemned row of crazy tenements. The favorite game, the name of which I do not know, is one in which the dealer holds a bank. He deals a card to every player and one to himself. Each player covers his card with a stake, generally a penny. The cards are turned up; the players pay the dealer for cards below, and are paid for cards above, the dealer's card. It is quite a simple game, and one in which a boy may lose his Saturday wages in a very short time. They also play "heads and tails," and they are said to bet among one another.

At this period of their career some of them read a good deal—not the newspapers, not any books; their reading is mainly confined to the "novelette." For them Jack Harkaway performs incredible feats of valor. It is not for them that the maiden of low degree is wedded by the belted earl—that is for the girls. For these lads, to whom a fight is the finest thing in the world, the renowned Jack Harkaway knocks down the wicked captain on the quarter-deck, rescues a whole ship's company from pirates, performs prodigies at Omdurman. His feats are described in the amazing sheets which the boys call "ha'penny bloods" or "penny dreadfuls." If they buy a paper, it is one of like kind, such as are written and printed especially and exclusively for this class.

I have said that they go often to the music-hall. There are three or four in their own quarter—the Paragon, Mile End Road; the Foresters, Cambridge Road; and the Queen's, Poplar. But they go farther afield, and may be found in the galleries of even West-End music-halls to see a popular "turn." As for concerts and lectures and entertainments given at the Town Hall or other places, they will not go to them. There is too much "class."

At this time, namely, at sixteen or seventeen, the boys commonly take a sweetheart. They "keep company" with a girl. Night after night they walk the streets together. What they talk about no one knows. What vows of constancy they exchange no man hath ever heard or can divine. They take each other, the boy paying when he can, to the music-hall or to the theater. They stand drinks—it is at this period that the fatal yearning for drink begins to fasten itself upon the lad. The "keeping company" is, perhaps, a worse evil than the growing thirst for drink; it ends invariably in the early



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.
A MUSIC-HALL.

suspecting the truth, for the lads' thirst for sport was well known, telegraphed to Epsom. The horse and cart were recovered, and in the middle of the night the boys were found. They did return to town in the morning, but not as they left. It was in the roomy vehicle commonly called "Black Maria" that they were taken to the police court, and from the court to the reformatory.

The boys are great gamblers. Gambling is strictly illegal in the streets, but the boys pay little attention to the prohibition. Every evening one may come upon little companies of them sitting on the pavement, with a coat spread on the ground between them, which they use as a table. They play with the little cards commonly used for games of patience. If a policeman comes along, they double up the coat with the cards and the money, and run for it. They play pitch-and-toss in the side streets on Sundays. If they wish to be really quiet and undisturbed, they get into a barge, where they sit in the hold



DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL.
THE "HOOLIGANS."

marriage which is one of the most deplorable features in slum life. The young girl of sixteen or seventeen, ignorant of everything, enters upon the married life, and for the rest of her days endures all the wretchedness of grinding poverty, children half nourished and in rags, a drunken husband, and a drunken self. The boys' clubs, the girls' clubs, the settlements, of which I shall

speak again presently, do all in their power to occupy the young people's minds with other things; but the club closes at ten, and the street remains open all the night.

None of these street boys and girls are country-born. The country lads come up to London Town, to the city paved with gold, in thousands, but they are older than these children of the street. They have not learned

the fascination which the street exercises upon those who have always lived in it and always played in it.

Their martial tastes would make them enlist in the army, but the discipline forbids enlistment. Many of them, however, belong to the Tower Hamlets Militia, a regiment called out for drill for six weeks every year. They enjoy sporting the uniform; they like marching; they like the band and the mess in barracks: but they cannot endure the discipline for more than six weeks, even in return for the grandeur and the glory of the thing.

What is the connection between the casual hand and the lad of the street? This: the life of the street is an ordeal through which these lads must pass, since we have given them no other choice. Some of them emerge without harm; the craving for drink is not known to them; they have never been haled before the police court; they know not the interior of prison or reformatory; they have not married at nineteen. These are the young fellows who get and keep the permanent places with "good money." They are hewers of wood and drawers of water, like the children of Gibeon: but they live no longer in the slums; their home is in the "monotonies"; it is a four- or six-roomed house, one of a row, one of a street, in which there lie side by side hundreds all alike. But remember, though the streets are monotonous, the lives led in these streets are not monotonous, because every man has his own history and his own experiences, his birth and his childhood, his manhood and his age, and these can never be monotonous.

There remains, alas! the majority. It consists of those whom the ordeal of the street leaves, although they know it not, broken down. They have followed the easy way: that of no restraint, that of the moment's pleasure, that into which temptation leads. By nineteen they have lost the joy of work, the desire for work, the pride of work. The necessity for work has become a veritable curse. Work has to be done if they would drink. They are badly fed; half a dozen of them over a piece of real work are not equal to a single country lad. They have wife and children at home. They hang about the dock gates, but are taken on only when even weaker hands must be taken. They wait for jobs which seldom come. They have neither honesty nor self-respect, nor any sense of duty or responsibility at all. What to do for or with these unfortunates is the most difficult, as it is also the most pressing,

problem for those who would, if they could, lend a helping hand.

THE FOREIGN ELEMENT.

LONDON perpetually receives, welcomes, distributes, and absorbs immigrants of all nations. The City, with its millions of people, is so vast that the influx of a few thousands every year is not felt or observed. For instance, in the year 1894 there were eleven thousand immigrants, not counting those who were going on to America. They were Russians, Poles, Germans, Dutch, Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Belgians, French, Austrians, Hungarians, Italians, Swiss, and of other nationalities. What has become of this army? What has become of the one hundred thousand who have come over during the last ten years? They do not constitute a foreign population; with the exception of the Polish Jews, they are not found in any special quarter. It is true that there are French, Italians, Germans, and Swiss in Soho; but these are principally people employed in West-End restaurants, laundries, *charcuteries*, and provision-shops. Their children attend the board schools and become English. It is, indeed, wonderful to observe the rapidity with which the foreign settler becomes English in speech, in manners, and in thought. There are thousands of German clerks in London; they have no quarter; they do not endeavor to keep themselves apart. Unless they intend to go home when they have mastered the English language and the London trade, they do their best to become English as quickly as possible. Where, again, are we to look for the French colony? There is none. There is a French hospital, there are two or three French Protestant churches; there is no part of London where we may find French the prevailing language. There are Dutch residents, but one knows not where they reside. A few of them may be seen any Sunday morning gathered together to worship in all that is left of the old church of the Augustine Friars. They are a scanty company, but it is pleasant to sit among them and to listen to the sermon, which sounds so strangely like a sermon in English, until we try to make out what it means. There are Swedes in London, but where? You may go to their church and see any Sunday morning rows of honest blue eyes and brown hair listening to the preacher. But it is not known where they live. There are foreign quarters, but they are not large, nor are there many of them.



DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

SUNDAY GAMBLING.

The most important and the largest is the quarter inhabited almost entirely by the poorest class of Jews, many of them the unfortunate Polish Jews flying from their own country to escape persecution. They are received by the Jewish Board of Guardians, which is, I believe, a model of a well-managed board. Work is found for them; indeed, there is nothing they desire so much

as work. Their ranks are always being recruited by new arrivals, but they are continually slipping out of the rank of precarious hangers-on to those of steady work and good wages.

There is sometimes talk of these people taking work from Englishmen. I know not how much truth there is in the charge: as population increases, work increases;

more workmen are wanted. These poor people are content to take the worst work with the worst pay. However, the talk dies away; we hear no more of it. If it is true that the Polish Jew will, if he can, get tenements into his possession and raise the rent or charge an exorbitant sum for the key, that is, a fine to the tenant on taking possession, it is his own countrymen, generally, who have the right to complain. For the rest, their advisers exhort them continually to make themselves English. There is no *Judenhetze* in the City of London, or, if any, then a negligible quantity.

The place and time in which to see the poorer Jews of London collected together are on Sunday morning in Wentworth street, Aldgate. This street, and those to right and left, are inhabited entirely by Jews. All the shops are open; the street is occupied by a triple line of stalls on which are exposed for sale all kinds of things, but chiefly garments of various kinds. There is a mighty hubbub of those who chaffer and those who offer and those who endeavor to attract attention. You will see a young fellow mounted on a pair of wooden steps, brandishing something to wear. With eloquence convincing, with gesture and with action, he persuades the people of the stoutness of the material and the excellence of the work. The crowd moves slowly along. It listens critically. This kind of thing may become monotonous. The oratory of the salesman requires new adjectives, new metaphors, new comparisons. They are themselves, perhaps, professors of the salesman's rhetoric. One wonders how many such fervid speeches this young man has to make before he effects a single sale. We need not pity him; he enjoys the thing; it is his one day of glory: and he has admirers; he has those who envy his powers and who deny his persuasiveness.

Not all the holders of stalls are eloquent. Here, before a poor old tray resting on crazy trestles, stand a poor old couple. They look very poor; they cast wistful eyes upon the heedless crowd; their wares are slippers of bright red and blue cloth. Will you buy a pair because the makers are so old and so poor? Alas! they cannot understand; their language is Yiddish: but one of the crowd kindly interprets; they have sold one pair, which now lie in your pocket. Like the possessor of the splendid shilling, "Fate cannot harm them: they will dine to-day."

The newly arrived Poles are here in multitudes. For the most part they are small, pasty-faced, narrow-chested folk. Are these

the descendants of Joshua's warriors, of those who fought with Judas Maccabæus, of those who defied the whole Roman Empire? "My friend," says a kindly scholar, one of their own people, "these are the children of the Ghetto. For two thousand years they have lived in the worst parts of a crowded city; they have been denied work, except of the lowest; they have endured every kind of scorn and contumely. Come again in ten years' time. In the free air of Anglo-Saxon rule they will grow; you will not know them again."

It is among these newcomers that one recognizes the Oriental note. There is among the women a love of bright colors; among the men, even among the poorest, a certain desire for display, an assertion of grandeur. Look at this little shop of one window on the ground floor. It is crowded with girls. Outside the proprietor stands with pride, a large cigar between his lips. He condescends to talk because he is so proud. "All the week," he says, "I study what to give them on Sunday. To-day it is bonnets. Last Sunday it was fichus. Next Sunday? That is my secret. My wife serves the shop; I furnish the contents. All the week my son keeps it, but there is no trade except on Sunday."

In a second-hand furniture-shop the proprietor, also provided with a cigar, sits with grandeur, aware of the envy with which the man who has a shop is regarded by the men who must work with their hands. This man has more: he has a father. You would like to see him? You are invited to step up-stairs. There, in a high-backed chair, with pillows on each side, sits a little, shriveled-up creature. His eyes are bright, for he has just awakened from the sleep which fills up most of the day and all the night. Beside him is the Book of the Law, in Hebrew; upon the open book there rests his pipe. Two girls, his great-grandchildren, sit with him and watch him, for the old man is a hundred and three years of age.

"Last night," said one of the girls, "we carried him down-stairs into the shop, and the people crowded round to see him. He drank a whole glass of beer in their sight."

The patriarch nods and laughs, proud of the feat. He then talks about himself. He has been in the Ghetto of Venice; you can see the place to this day. His father came to London when he was a child. His occupation, he tells us, was formerly that of cook. He was employed as cook for the great banquets of the City companies. In



DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL.

A CORNER IN PETTICOAT LANE.

that capacity he used to drink as much wine as he wished to have; his lengthened years, therefore, are not due to abstinence from strong drinks. He was also a follower of the prize-ring, and was constantly engaged as second in the prize-fights so common in the first sixty years of the century. He remem-

bers what was once considered a great political event, the committal of Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower of London in 1808. Sir Francis was at the time a leading Radical. He was afterward the father of Angela, Lady Burdett-Coutts, a leader in the noble army of philanthropists.

We are not allowed to talk too long. After a quarter of an hour or so his watchful nurses dismiss us, and he promises to see us again. "If I live," he adds with a sigh—"if I live." It is his constant refrain. He has outlived every friend, all his companions, all his enemies, all his contemporaries. There is no pleasure left to him save that of being admired. It is enough; it

vice. By their modes of worship the mind of the people may be discerned.

It is now two hundred years since the Huguenot silk-weavers settled at Spitalfields—the fields behind the old hospital and monastery called St. Mary's. There they remained until quite recently; they carried on from father to son the trade of silk-weaving. There are still silk-weavers in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green. An attempt has been made to revive the trade; meantime many of the old houses remain, with their wide windows on the first floor, and over the shops one may still see the French names, or the names rudely Anglicized. But the French settlement no longer exists. The French language has been forgotten, and the Huguenots are absorbed. They are now, like the rest of us, Anglo-Celts.

A small colony of Italians has settled in another part of London—not in East London. You will know the colony, which does not belong to these pages, by the barrel-organs in the courts, by the barrows on which they carry round their penny ices, by the bright-colored handkerchiefs and the black hair of the women, and by the cheap Italian restaurants.

In the West India Dock Road, before you reach the docks, there is a building on the north side which contains a colony always changing. It is the home of the Indian and Malay sailors, the lascars and the Arabs. I remember a morning there with one who was afterward murdered by Cairene ruffians in the desert of Sinai. This man loved the place because he loved the people who lodged there, and because he not only talked their languages, but knew their manners and customs and lived with them, became one of themselves. On this occasion he met, in rags, a certain poor scholar—Persian. It was pleasant to see them sitting down on the floor side by side, discussing and quoting Persian poetry, and still more pleasant to see the Persian quickly yielding to the charm of common tie and treating the infidel as a friend and a brother. It is a strange place, and full of strange people; but no one can understand how strange it is, how great is the gulf between the Oriental and the Occidental, unless he can talk with them and learn how they think and how they regard us. Colossal is the pride of the Oriental, inconceivable the contempt with which he regards the restless West.

Here, as I sit by the Jumna bank,
Watching the flow of the sacred stream,



DRAWN BY L. RAYN-HILL.
A "SCHNORRER" (BEGGAR) OF THE GHETTO.

binds him to life; he would not wish to die so long as that is left. "If I live," he says.

For my own part, I like to sit in the synagogue on the Sabbath and listen to the service, which I do not understand; for it explains the people—their intense pride, their tenacity, their separation from the rest of the world. Their service is one grand hymn of praise and gladness. The hymns they sing, the weird, strange melodies of the hymns, are those which were sung when they went out of Egypt and marched over the bed of the sea, which stood up like a wall on each hand. They are the chosen people; the Lord their God has chosen them. Let no one speak of Jews until he has learned to understand their ser-

Pass me the legions, rank on rank,
And the cannon roar and the bayonets gleam.

When shall these phantoms wither away,
Like the smoke of the guns on the wind-swept
hill,
Like the sounds and colors of yesterday,
And the soul have rest and the air be still?

Nearly opposite this house is a small street which contains the Chinese colony. Beside the Chinese colony of New York, part of which I saw one sweltering night in July, it is a small thing and of no importance. Yet it is curious. There are not more than a hundred Chinese in all; they live in a few houses in this street; there are two or three shops kept by Chinamen. It is, I believe, quite safe to visit the place; I was myself taken there by a man who was known to them. The shops offered little of interest except Chinese playing-cards, which are curious. Conversation in Pidgin-English is difficult at first, but one quickly acquires enough of the patois. There is a boarding-house for Chinese in the street. The ground floor we found furnished with a joss-house in one corner, and a large table. The table was covered with Chinamen, sitting and sprawling. They were wholly absorbed in a game with dominoes and small coins; in other words, they were gambling. One of them, the banker, manipulated the dominoes. Nobody spoke; every time that a domino was turned there was the exchange of coins in silence. The eager, intent faces terrified one; one recognized the passion which sees nothing, hears nothing, cares for nothing, feels nothing, but the fierce eagerness of play. We looked on for five minutes. No one spoke, no one breathed. Then I became aware that in a room or cupboard at the back there was a fire with a great black pot hanging over it, and a man with a spoon taking off the cover and stirring the contents. Then he came out, spoon in hand, and bawled aloud.

None of the players heard; the banker turned up another domino; there was another exchange of coins; but no one heeded the call.

It was the dinner-bell. Down-stairs came, chattering, laughing, and joking, half a dozen of the boarders, each with a basin in his hand. The cook filled every man's basin, and they went up-stairs again. And none of the players marked them, or heeded them, or turned his head; and none of the boarders took the slightest notice of the players, and

nobody at all paid the least attention to the joss-house, where the candle burned, which is the Chinaman's sole act of worship.

Across the road, in another house, was an opium den. We have read accounts of the dreadful place, have we not? Greatly to my disappointment, it was not horrible at all. The room was of a fair size, on the first floor; it was furnished with a great bed covered with a mattress, with a bench against the wall, and with common cane chairs. Two men were lying on the bed enjoying the opium sleep—perhaps with the dream that De Quincey has described; but one cannot, even the thought-reader cannot, read another man's dreams. A third man was taking his opium by means of a long pipe. Half a dozen men were waiting their turn. One of them had a musical instrument. Except for the smell of the place, which was overwhelming, the musical instrument was the only horror of the opium den. When I think of it I seem to remember a thousand fingernails scratching the window, or a thousand slate-pencils scratching a school-boy's slate. It is one of those memories which will never leave a man. Nor can I understand why, at the weird and wonderful torture of that instrument, the sleepers did not awake and fly, shrieking.

There are small colonies and settlements of other foreigners. Anarchists make little clubs where murders are hatched, especially murders of foreign sovereigns. They think to overthrow a settled government by the assassination of a king. They succeed only in adding one more to the anxieties and the dangers that accompany a crown. There are Orleanists, Bonapartists, Carlists, and I know not what, who carry on their little intrigues and their correspondence with partisans in France and Spain and elsewhere. But with these we have nothing to do. It is enough for us to note the continual immigration into London of aliens who become in a few years English in manners, and in the next generation are English in speech and in thought as well as in manners. As it was in the days of Edward I, when the men of Rouen, the men of Caen, the men of the Empire, the Venetian, the Genoese, the Fleming, the Gascon, the Spaniard, the Hamburger—from every part of western Europe came merchants to trade who remained to settle—so it is in the days of Victoria. They come to the banks of the Thames by thousands every year, and they come to stay; they are content to be absorbed.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF. THE ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE. III: THE LADY WITH THE WHITE SHAWL. FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

CHINESE TRAITS AND WESTERN BLUNDERS.

BY RT. REV. HENRY C. POTTER, LL.D.



HE traveler who has journeyed by steamboat from Hongkong to Canton by night wakes in the morning to a scene which he is not likely to forget. The conditions of life in China are unique in this, that they are but little limited by space. We are wont, in our Western world, to talk of the crowding and herding in great cities; and in one aspect of these the East has nothing to match them. The foundations there are so often insecure that buildings that climb up like ours into the air, with tens of stories piled, higher and higher, upon one another, are virtually unknown; but, on the other hand, we see, packed into a bullock-cart, huddled in a bamboo hut, literally heaped upon one another in a mud-walled hovel, in the streets, or on the roadside, numbers of people who ordinarily, in our world, whatever their circumstances of poverty or degradation, would not endure such crowding for an instant. This characteristic, however, in the Chinese reaches its climax when one sees their life in boats. And the startling idiosyncrasies of that life are revealed with no more comic or tragic distinctness—both, in fact, are there often strangely and pathetically intermingled—than among the crowded denizens of a Chinese house-boat.

And nowhere are these to be observed in more impressive proportions than in the great sluggish stream on whose banks is the city of Canton. Crowded as is the population of any Chinese city, Canton in this must surely be preëminent, and in the case of the great throngs that pack her dark and narrow streets and their darker and narrower habitations, this teeming flood of life overflows its bounds and spreads itself in a vast mass of boats on which tens of thousands of people pass their whole lives, men, women, and children almost trampling upon one another, and preserving themselves from being crowded into the stream to drown by an ingenuity which is not easily intelligible. Indeed, as a matter of fact, they do not always succeed in doing so. Life is not accounted of much value in China; and its enormous surplus of population, which under the present conditions the land can but

poorly support, is depleted, whether by drowning or otherwise, without awakening much concern or causing much grief.

On the morning when I first saw Canton, looking from my cabin window I found our steamer surrounded by an apparently endless flotilla of Chinese house-boats, and stood fascinated by the almost myriad life with which they teemed. No one who has not seen it has ever seen anything like it. The boats are twenty or thirty feet long, and are shop, kitchen, freight-house, bedroom, nursery, store-room, all in one, with sometimes a family of fifteen or twenty persons to crowd and strive, eat and sleep, fight for the opportunity to earn their scanty wage, by day or night, and often to be born and die in them. The children swarm like ants, and almost before they can speak are tied to an oar and made to pull it. But when they are not tied thus they are sometimes hustled over the side of the boat. They sink out of sight, and that is the end of them.

To this frequent occurrence there is, however, one exception. Now and then you will notice a toddling little creature to whom is attached a small balloon. If it tumbles into the water the balloon supports it; it is fished out with a long pole, cuffed and scolded by its irate parent, but saved. And this is simply and solely because "it" is a boy! If it were a girl, the parent would see in its removal a gracious providential interposition, and would say, in the Chinese manner, "It is ordered." If one follows, now, along that slender thread that binds the Chinese house-boat boy to his balloon, he will find, I think, a clue to much of Chinese character and Chinese history. The people of China are not peculiar in prizing boys more than girls, for that, alas! is a characteristic of many Christian nations and families. They are, however, peculiar in their reasons for doing so. With us one wants to perpetuate his name; to shield, by the industry or prowess of sons, the widow and daughters that he may leave behind him; or to join with his own energy and enterprise that of another of his own name and lineage. But with a Chinese parent the concern is quite different. He expects, indeed, that his son

will take care of him in his old age, and, in fact, filial duty in this respect is carried to somewhat grotesque lengths, as is witnessed by a legend current in China that a married son, with whom lived his widowed mother, said to his wife on one occasion: "My income will not support my mother, you and me, and our child. It is the will of Heaven, therefore, that we sacrifice our child to our mother, and we will bury it alive"; which on preparing to do by digging a grave in which they proposed to bury the child alive, they came upon a pot of gold which it was revealed was hidden there for their enrichment in reward for their filial conduct! But, as I have said, a boy's life is precious to a parent not merely because of the care which he is bound to give a parent in his old age, but because it is the supreme duty of the son, after his parent is dead, to make the annual offerings upon which the conditions of the parent's life beyond this world must, according to Chinese theology, depend. And so the little baby boy toddling about the crowded house-boat of the meanest peasant has a balloon fastened to his tiny person, not as a token of any especial tenderness on the part of his parent, but rather in what might be called a forecasting spirit of other-world thrift, by means of which the parent provides for his future interests after he is dead.

It is in this curious combination of indirection, insensibility, and selfishness that one must needs find the clue to a great deal of Chinese character. No one can come into contact with this people, see them in their own homes, or go ever so little below the surface of their national history, without recognizing that they are marked off from other races by certain wholly unique and quite distinctive traits. No more interesting or timely study than those traits can invite the Western student.

Timely, I say, because whatever may have been the situation a little while ago, in the matter of the relations of China to the rest of the world, no intelligent observer can be insensible to the fact that not only have they begun to change, but that in the near future they are destined to be changed more and more rapidly. No one who is at all familiar with the attitude of the Western world, by which I mean, for my present purpose, the civilizations of Europe and America, can be ignorant of the fact that, to Western ideas, to commerce, the arts, international intercourse, China was regarded fifty years ago as largely inaccessible. The Great Wall of China was commonly accepted as no inapt

image of the great life of China. True, we had books like M. Huc's travels, as we have had since then Williams's "Middle Kingdom"; but as we read them we only received a fresh impression, concerning China and the Chinese, of impenetrability. Their manners, their traditions, their mental processes, all these seemed to be what, largely, their public highways still are—impassable. It is told by an acute and singularly just and impartial observer of these Orientals¹ that when the coolies in a particular neighborhood in North China learn that a foreigner is journeying their way, they are in the habit of going out into the highways and digging holes and pitfalls in the roads which render them impassable. The unsuspecting stranger plunges incontinently into these, and then the neighbors appear with profuse protestations of sympathy and surprise, and having, with Oriental deliberation, pulled him and his bullock-cart out of the pit, fill the pit up at their leisure, and after the whole process is completed charge him a good round sum for their services. Not unlike this has been the experience of students and travelers in China, who have sought to find their way through the curious *impasse* of the Oriental mind, and who have vainly struggled to discover the clues which would explain to them the manifold eccentricities of Chinese domestic and social life, the principles upon which its cities and provinces are governed, its rules of conduct regulated, its more serious views of human life determined.

There is little doubt that, besides that element in all this which is unconscious and traditionally characteristic, there has been, with the Chinese people, a good deal of deliberate intention. They have not wanted to understand us, and they do not wish that we should understand them. Sometimes, undoubtedly, it is true that what seems obscure in their modes of speech or of reckoning is only seemingly so, and that, at bottom, they are more accurate than we. A Western traveler in China was, on one occasion, loud in his indignation at the ignorance, the stupidity, or the duplicity which represented to him that the distance between two places was not the same from east to west as from west to east, nor the same in wet weather that it was in dry. But it was pointed out to him that distance in a journey was equitably measured by the time that it took to make it, and that a journey from east to west must needs be longer if it was up-hill

¹ The author of "Chinese Characteristics."

rather than down-hill, or if made in wet weather and over heavy clay roads rather than in dry weather. Nobody, it should be said in passing, will ever be just to the Chinese mind or to Chinese modes of expression who does not bear in mind the difference in Eastern and Western modes of thinking of which this is an illustration.

But when this is said, it must still be owned by any one who has had experience of the children of the Flowery Kingdom that they are often purposely obscure, and that they do not always want to understand us or to be understood by us. Two temperamental peculiarities explain this, which are too often little accounted of. One is their enormous contempt for the outside barbarian, and the other is their imperturbable contentment with their own life and land and all that belongs to them. One encounters the Chinese often long before he has reached their own land. They are servants in a California household, workmen on some great Western railway or mining enterprise, or cabin-boys on some Pacific steamship. I wonder whether those who have met them under these various conditions are as sensible of their mild but unmistakable contempt as I have been. They may be perfectly civil and readily obliging,—I have always found them so,—but, beneath that mask of stolidity which one can almost never penetrate, there gleams sometimes an elusive hint of a certain calm scorn with which they listen to you as you convey to them your wishes, and with which, with languid and machine-like accuracy, they fulfil them. "The best servants in the world," cries some superficial and unobservant traveler; and as one hears him he recalls that characteristic personage in one of Mr. Thackeray's "Letters to a Young Man about Town" (a classic for the instruction of our youth, which one could wish might be republished with every new crop of boys), where Mr. Brown is discoursing to his nephew on the subject of the way in which wise women manage their husbands. "Your father, my dear Bob," says Mr. Brown, "thinks your mother a fool. Alas, poor man! How meek she is; how she never disputes with him; and yet with what a mild contempt for his masculine stupidity she most accurately measures and manages him!" But no woman's contempt for her husband ever matched a Chinaman's contempt for the "white devil" who is his master. And the misfortune has been that, in our intercourse with these people, we have not recognized how natural and, from their

point of view, how reasonable this is. "Young folks think old folks are fools, but old folks *know* that young folks are fools," is a proverb on which most of us have been reared; and yet we forget that to the Chinese the oldest of the Western nations is very young, and in fact vulgarly modern.

You say to your Chinese domestic, "Why did you not put salt in the fish-cakes?" And he answers you blandly, though greatly, it is to be feared, to your exasperation, "We do not put salt in fish-cakes." But why should you be angry? His usages are some thousands of years older than yours. Indeed, he knows very well that a few hundred years ago, so far as you or your ways are concerned, there was neither ancestral habit, usage, nor custom to appeal to. And then, under all these conditions, he can keep his temper, and, too often, you cannot. Chinese imperturbability is surely without its equal. The stolidity of our own native Indians has been supposed to be preëminent, but any one who has seen the Chinese in their own land will recognize, I think, another and, in its way, a much higher quality than this, for ordinarily there is no sullenness in it, but rather a bland and beaming, if often irritating, good nature, which is as fine as it is exasperating. I was witness of a scene in an interior city in China which, as an illustration of this, was not without its elements of mortification for the foreigner who watched it. A party of Americans had gone into a leading shop and had selected various articles, for which, after having inquired their prices, they offered a lump sum far below that asked for them. It was courteously but firmly declined, with the information that the prices in the establishment were fixed, and that the rule was to make no reductions. I should be glad if I could forget the scene that followed, in which the things selected were rudely flung about, and finally some of them hurled at the proprietor's head with epithets more forcible than refined. But, through the whole odious scene, the shopkeeper was unmoved, and his placid and serene dignity undisturbed. One who realized what such self-command might easily cost could not but realize also what an element of power it must needs be in the race and people that possessed it.

We come also here, I cannot but think, upon one of those large psychological facts which go so far to explain the history of the Chinese empire. Think of it for a moment! There it has endured, all these thousands of years, undisturbed amid the tremendous

revolutions that have upheaved other empires and changed the face of the civilized globe. One need not be unmindful of what, in the progress of civilization, has elsewhere come out of national or racial restlessness, to recognize what a tremendous force of conservatism has been the Chinese conviction that one empire contained all in the world that was worth having, and that the only way to look at the rest of the world was to look down from the top of the Great Wall.

But alas for such complacency! the Great Wall is rapidly becoming a crumbling ruin, and, even in the regard of its own people, is plainly destined to be, before long, no more than a venerable historic memorial. The processes by which this has thus far come to pass are a part of current history, and I need not do more here than cursorily allude to them. The first view of the ordinary traveler leads one, indeed, to suppose that the changes that are to transform China are coming to pass very rapidly, and the stranger entering the port of Shanghai or Hongkong concludes that the great Asiatic empire has already largely lost its traditional characteristics. Nothing could be more remote from the facts. The treaty ports are no more than the homes and warehouses of foreigners—at least so much of them as at first strikes the eye; and the traveler has need to make but a short journey into the interior, no matter where he may land, to find the teeming millions of the land untouched in any smallest degree by the habits, the beliefs, or the ideas of the outside barbarian.

It is undoubtedly true, however, that this is not likely to continue; and thoughtful observers and older foreign residents in China—merchants, missionaries, and others—were agreed, as far as I encountered them, in their impression that changes hereafter would be likely to come much more rapidly than heretofore. But though prejudice has begun to yield, it is undoubtedly true that it will not yield rapidly, and that anything like a progressive movement from within is far more improbable than among any other people in the world. When I entered China there were most interesting rumors of the rise and growth of the young emperor's party, of the interesting personnel of its leading adherents, of their wide reading of recent English and American literature dealing with questions of political, social, and sociological interest, of the aspirations of the youthful sovereign, and of the hopeful outlook in China for something answering to constitutional and representative govern-

ment. But in a few months the whole movement had apparently come to grief; the representatives of the "Young China" party were in hiding or fugitives; the dowager empress, it was said, had put an effectual extinguisher on the whole business, and our quondam guest, Li Hung Chang, was "strengthening his fences" on the old and cleverly corrupt lines.

It is inevitable that any great social or political movement in China should be marked by such reactions. For, first of all, it must be remembered that of political unity, in our sense of the word, the empire of China knows little or nothing. Its vast and various provinces, extending from the frigid to the torrid zone, have no binding quality of custom, language, or religion. The dynasty that rules is a Tatar dynasty. But the Manchurian represents, rather, the greatest traditions of the empire. And this single illustration is sufficient to indicate what is true of the larger whole. Those of us in America who enjoyed the acquaintance of Chinese students, merchants, or others resident in our own land during the war between China and Japan must remember the surprising apathy with which, when we ventured to refer, sympathetically, to Chinese naval or military disasters, our expressions of sympathy were received. We were calmly informed that our Chinese friends did not come from the provinces that had been invaded or the coasts that were threatened; that, in fact, they knew very little about them, and evidently cared less. The burning resentment with which an American would hear that foreign troops were landing upon the coast of Florida or invading the territory of California, though none of us might ever have seen, and did not know a soul inhabiting, the one or the other, this, apparently, was a sentiment which to a Chinese was inconceivable. And yet it is difficult to imagine how any great national movement can come to pass until a country, whether an empire or a republic, has what Kossuth called national solidarity.

A still further difficulty in the way of a great movement in the direction of social or political progress in China is the large absence of any considerable discontent with existing conditions. The government of China has not inaptly been called a government by "squeeze." In no community, common as bribery or corruption is in political affairs, especially in the East, is there so much of it as in China. It begins at the top and extends all the

way down. The emperor squeezes the governors of provinces; the provincial governors squeeze the magistrates; and the magistrates squeeze the people. If you have a case before the local justice, who is ordinarily magistrate, chief of police, and tax-collector all in one, you will do well to bring your little present with you. Often the magistrate takes a present from both sides. Sometimes he has the grace to return the gift of the man against whom he decides; but if you were to quote to him Solomon's aphorism to the effect that "a gift blindeth the eyes," he would blandly assure you that in his country, on the contrary, it quickens and clears the vision; and the curious thing about the whole business is that, ordinarily, the suitor agrees with him, and that the community is, on the whole, entirely satisfied with the present condition of things.

Of course such a state of affairs is not universally prevalent; and, equally of course, the contrast between Chinese and European communities in close proximity, as, for example, at Hongkong, Shanghai, and elsewhere, must sooner or later impress the intelligent native, but far less than one would suppose. The Chinese hates our cleanliness, our wide streets, our police protecting the feeble and restraining personal violence; and, like a child in a nursery when you have put it in order, thinks that you have only spoiled what to him was fair. Tell him that, if he will let it, civilization—Western civilization—will drain his towns and cleanse his dwellings and sanitize his whole life, where now he cannot move or breathe without filth and crowding, his answer is Mr. Harold Skimpole's, in "Bleak House," to the friend who, on visiting his apartments, exclaimed, "Why, Harold, you can't swing a cat here," "But I don't want to swing a cat here." And that attitude of mind, for the time being, at any rate, is an intellectual *impasse*—you can go no farther.

It cannot be disguised, however, that in these regards there are in China occasional tokens of progress, and that they are beginning to multiply. As producing these, there are various causes, such as the influence of commercial intercourse, the introduction of Western scientific and mechanical inventions, but first of all, as many candid observers have frankly acknowledged, the influence of the missionary. I know how much challenge this statement may produce, but if the character of the witnesses and their testimony are considered, I believe it cannot be impugned. That there have been mistakes in

missionary enterprises in China cannot, however, be denied, and these might, I think, in many cases where they are still persisted in, be wisely recognized and remedied, as they easily may be. In his interesting and, on the whole, impartial work on the East, the present viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, alludes with considerable reserve, but with sufficient explicitness, to some of these which have long existed. Generally they refer to the somewhat careless disregard of local or national prejudices by which our modern missions have been widely characterized. I confess I cannot see why such disregard should be indulged in. At home and among ourselves we are all agreed that people cannot always do things that are in themselves entirely innocent, if they are liable to be misunderstood; and it might well be a rule with all our missionary authorities that in the matter, for example, of the conventionalisms of mission stations, unmarried women, traveling missionaries, and the like, the missionary should not violate Chinese social conventions, which, however contemptible they may seem to us, are too widely and deeply rooted in heathen lands to be lightly disregarded.

Again, the modern missionary to a people whose nobility are its scholars should be a man of education and of refinement. The ceremonial of Chinese life is doubtless often irksome, but a man with not only the instincts but also the training of a gentleman—and, unfortunately, the two things do not always go together—will not lightly disesteem it.

And yet again, the modern missionary, like his greatest predecessor, the Apostle Paul, may wisely strive to understand and respectfully to refer to the religion that he has come to supplant. If it be true, as Christian scholars and missionaries have owned, that "no student of history, no observant traveler who knows human nature, can fail to be impressed to the point of deep awe with the thought of the marvelous restraining power which Chinese morality has exerted upon the race from the earliest times until now,"¹ it would certainly seem to be worth while for teachers from other lands, who are invading China with the proclamation of a still higher standard of morality, at least respectfully to compare it with that which they aim to supplant. "It would be hard," says Dr. Williams, "to overestimate the influence of Confucius in his ideal princely scholar, and the power for good on his race which this conception has ever since exer-

¹ "Chinese Characteristics," pp. 207, 208.

cised. The immeasurable potency, in after ages, of the character thus portrayed, proves how lofty was his standard; and the national conscience has ever since assented to the justice of his portrait." It is another Christian scholar of recognized authority who has said: "The teaching of Confucianism on human duty is wonderful and admirable. It is not perfect, indeed. But on the last three of the four things which Confucius delighted to teach—letters, ethics, devotion of soul, and truthfulness—his utterances are in harmony with the law and the gospel. A world ordered by them would be a beautiful world."

And yet the most ardent champion of the Chinese would not care to maintain that, in any such sense as this writer used the word "beautiful," the empire of China is a beautiful world. First of all, it is rotten through and through with political corruption. "To what purpose," said a Chinese official of himself and his associates, "would you turn us out of office? If you did so, you could only replace us by successors who would steal more than we do." Again, it is weighted down by a social and moral apathy which is all the more appalling because it still worships its old teachers—worships them while it openly and flagrantly disregards their teachings. There can be no moral debasement for a nation greater than this.

And now, what of its future? As I began by saying, the doors that have been so long closed against other nations are at length being slowly forced open. England and Germany and France and Russia and the United States have all discovered a keen interest in this ancient people, and a touching anxiety, each one of them, that the future of China should not fall into the hands of any of the others. With an almost sublime force of inertia China has resisted successive incursions, and has held fast to her ancient traditions with unexampled tenacity. But now at last they are yielding; and a beginning having been made, no one can now predict how fast the revolutionary forces of Western civilization may advance. When in Japan I was assured by one closely connected with a great embassy at Peking and warmly interested in our national successes that the efforts prosecuted by a group of American capitalists with remarkable persistency to secure concessions for a great Chinese midland railway were inevitably doomed to failure. It was only three weeks later that, on the jetty at Shanghai, I was informed by an American gentleman who had been largely concerned in conducting the necessary negotiations

that the whole business of securing those concessions was then happily and satisfactorily concluded.

Well, the rest will sooner or later follow, not speedily, it may be, but nevertheless inevitably. When the late Mr. Brigham Young gave in his adhesion to the construction of a branch of the Union Pacific Railway from Ogden to Salt Lake City, a shrewd observer is reported to have said, "That means the death of Mormonism," and he was right. Mormonism, it may be urged, still survives, but only as an extinct memorial of a strange delusion and a very clever leader. And little by little, as modern ideas, fashions, freedoms, push their way into the heart of China, the vast organism will begin to take on a new life, and as the blood of other peoples flows through its traffic, its arts, its literature, its pleasures, its laws and customs, China will begin to take on not only new manners, but new morals and new ideals.

Will they be better or worse? Would that one could be quite sure about that! But alas! there cannot be racial transfusions without the consequences that forever attach to such processes. A clever writer, whose work it was my fortune to encounter for the first time in the Chinese seas, published, not long ago, the story of a poet who, when lying mortally ill, was by a clever suggestion all but miraculously revived by the transfusion of a considerable amount of blood drawn from the arm of a costermonger. He recovers rapidly, and returns speedily to rude health. But, to his dismay, he discovers not only that he has lost his taste for claret and developed an inordinate thirst for beer, but that his poetry has taken on a redundancy of most atrocious slang, without the employment of which he finds it impossible to write a line.

The illustration may seem extravagant, but it certainly has a message for Western nations that are to-day dealing with an effete civilization. We may give China railways and manufacturing, and a thousand cheap and clever inventions which are, it sometimes seems, the dominant note of our Western civilization. We may make them discontented with their own simpler customs and their more frugal and infrequent personal indulgences. More than this, we may not only sell to them the weapons of war and armed ships and the rest, but we may—which is quite another thing—teach them how to use them. The question still remains,—and it is, as I shall endeavor to show, quite a different question in China from what it is, for example, in

India,—what will they do with this new knowledge and these new powers? Multiply the open doors into China, and you must needs multiply the doors that open out of China; and has the American nation ever realized that the time may easily come when the question whether the Chinese will come here, or go or stay, may be taken altogether out of our keeping, and that by the Chinese themselves? I do not underestimate our numbers, our wealth, our prowess; but in the long run, in warfare, Napoleon's profane maxim as to Providence and the strongest battalions has in it a grim element of truth. Nobody appears to be quite clear how many people there are in China; but it seems generally to be agreed that there are at least some four hundred millions, and these four hundred millions have one very considerable element of superiority as fighters over Western peoples—they are profoundly indifferent to pain or death. It may be well for us to realize that, after we have civilized them by grid-ironing their land with railways and filling their homes with "Yankee notions," we may have to reckon with a Chinese dragon of proportions rather more formidable than those that are rampant at the doors of Chinese temples.

But surely there is a nobler view, whether of our opportunities or of their risks, than this. However much China may want open ports and machinery and improved sanitary conditions in streets and houses, she wants some other things infinitely more. One of these is the awakening of her human sympathies. In the absence or paralysis of these the testimony of those who know her best would seem to show that she has no match. It is enough to be seized with a contagious disease in China to be practically abandoned. The sick person is placed in a solitary room with a jug of water; the door is shut and fastened, and the only attention he gets is twice a day, when some one peers in through a narrow opening and prods the patient with a pole to see whether he is not yet dead. The author of "Chinese Characteristics," who has drawn for us, I believe, much the most vivid and accurate portrait of the Chinese people, relates how it is customary for one afflicted with any natural or acquired blemish or defect to be reminded of the fact.¹ One of the mildest forms of this practice is that in which the peculiarity is employed as a description in such a way as to attract public attention. "Great elder brother with the pock-marks," says an attendant in a dispen-

sary to a patient, "from what village do you come?" It will not be singular if the man whose eyes are afflicted with strabismus hears an observation to the effect that "when the eyes look askint the heart is askew," or if the man who has no hair is reminded that "out of ten bald men nine are deceitful, and the other would be also if he were not a fool." In this instance there is not only that indifference which is careless how it gives pain, but that insensibility which is unable to perceive how inconsistent is such unfeeling speech with even the most elemental principles of good manners. And marching with such characteristics is the national indifference to the sufferings of children, especially if they be girls, and to women, invariably if they be daughters-in-law. With an enormous ceremonial in all their social intercourse, the neglect or impatience of which on the part of foreigners fills the Chinese with an immense contempt, there is ordinarily the most profound indifference concerning the griefs and misfortunes that touch anybody else than their own family.

And, along with this characteristic, in such marked contrast with the ruling ideas in Christian lands, there is among the Chinese one supreme want which, whether in art, in literature, or in human conduct, is equally conspicuous. They are a people with their eyes in the back of their heads. Their ideals, so far as they have any, are all behind them. They know nothing of a divine discontent. Complacency, absolute, invariable, all-pervading, is the supreme note of Chinese life and character. That a thing was is reason sufficient to the ordinary Chinese mind that it should continue to be; and that anybody who has not been hired to do so should concern himself with even a curiosity, much more an endeavor, that it should be better, is to the Chinese mind only an excellent joke. M. Huc, in his masterly work on China and the Chinese, relates that in 1857, at the period of the death of the Emperor Jao Kuang, he was "traveling on the road from Peking, and one day," he says, "when we had been taking tea at an inn in company with some Chinese citizens, we tried to get up a little political discussion. We spoke of the recent death of the emperor, an important event which, of course, must have interested everybody. We expressed our anxiety on the subject of the succession to the imperial throne, the heir to which was not yet publicly announced. 'Who knows,' said we, 'which of these sons of the emperor will have been appointed to succeed him? If

¹ "Chinese Characteristics," p. 197.

it should be the elder, will he pursue the same system of government? If the younger, he is still very young, and it is said that there are contrary influences—two opposing parties—at court. To which will he lean? We put forward, in short, all kinds of hypotheses, in order to stimulate these good citizens to make some observation. But to all our suggestions and inquiries they replied by shaking their heads, puffing out whiffs of smoke, and taking great gulps of tea. This apathy was becoming almost provoking, when one of them, getting up from his seat, came and laid his two hands on our shoulders in a manner quite paternal, and said, smiling rather ironically: 'Listen to me, my friend. Why should you trouble your head and fatigue your heart with all these vain surmises? The mandarins have to attend to affairs of state; they are paid for it. Let them earn their money, then. But don't let us trouble ourselves about what does not concern us. We should be great fools to want to do political business for nothing.' 'That is very conformable to reason,' said the rest of the company; and they then pointed out to us that our tea was getting cold and that our pipes were out."

I submit that here M. Huc has not sufficiently stated, if he sufficiently recognized, another element in the reserve of his Chinese auditors, which courtesy may have restrained them from expressing. What business was it of his? Who were these impertinent strangers and foreigners, the Chinese doubtless said to themselves, who pushed their way into a country that neither invited nor welcomed them, and insisted on discussing its domestic affairs in a promiscuous company in an inn? And if, as has since happened, the inquisitive foreigners became more and more numerous; if they not only challenged Chinese customs, but persisted in introducing their own; if they ran railways through Chinese graveyards, thus outraging the most sacred traditions and beliefs of the people among whom they ruthlessly forced their way, is it any wonder that among that slow-moving, slow-thinking, but intensely conservative and exclusive people there has grown up a resentment of foreign ways, and a hostility to all foreign persons, which has at length found its expression in acts of violence and bloodshed at which the whole civilized world to-day stands aghast?

That a religious hatred is also a large element in this hostility there can be no smallest doubt; nor, I think it must be owned, need there be any wonder. A few

weeks ago, at the two-hundredth anniversary of the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, in London, Lord Salisbury delivered an address which was much criticized at the moment for its somewhat cautionary if not fault-finding tone. I confess I wondered when I read it that he had not put his cautions a good deal more strongly. Briefly, the situation is this. Missionaries from Christian countries go into heathen lands, and, while resident or going about in them, demand the protection of the consuls, ministers, and ambassadors of their own country, to which they are undoubtedly entitled as long as they are *going to and from their lawful errands*. But suppose this intervention is invoked when they are violating the traditions and—doubtless often unconsciously—putting contempt on very tender and sacred usages or beliefs; and suppose, still further, that this intervention is invoked and even demanded not only for themselves, but for their converts. These converts, it must be remembered, are Chinese subjects, amenable to Chinese law; and yet a recent correspondent¹ from China tells us that "the Roman Catholic Christians were often oppressed by non-Christian members of their community, and as a result the church appointed two of her priests to attend to no other duties except the investigation of evidence in case of litigation, and the conduct of such cases as they thought unjust before the official. The fact that they had official rank, and the other very important fact that they were foreigners, added to their power, and they were thus able to meet the official not only on his own ground, but with the additional power of understanding foreign law. The Christians were therefore enabled to obtain justice."

Now, that is a very innocent-looking paragraph, but if one looks a little closer he will see how much it really means. In connection with certain missions, it seems, there is a privileged class. They are not amenable to the ordinary jurisdiction of the ordinary civil authority. They have succeeded in having created for themselves a sort of extraordinary civil authority for their own people, consisting of a foreign priesthood,—foreign, at any rate, in their commission and allegiance,—whether happening to be Chinese or French in their race and lineage is of small consequence. These persons are described as having "official rank," that is, Chinese official rank; some of them are reported to be in authority practically equivalent

¹ Mr. I. T. Headland, in "Harper's Weekly."

lent to that of a viceroy; and they can take a criminal out of the ordinary processes of the civil law, as applied to natives who are not Christians, and deal with him at their own discretion.

Let us for a moment turn such a situation "the other end foremost." Let us suppose it to be the Buddhists of India who are sending missionaries to America; it is said that they have set about doing so. They ingratiate themselves with the civil authorities, and get certain of their number appointed police magistrates. There is a considerable conversion of native Americans to the religion of Buddha, and these, when they fail to pay their taxes or otherwise to obey the law, are tried by Buddhist magistrates, who take care that they are always very gently dealt with. I do not say that there may not have been in China wrong and injustice toward Christian converts. But I do say that if such methods of protecting Buddhist converts were to obtain among us it would provoke an uprising, which we for our part would maintain to be abundantly justified by the conditions which had provoked it.

It is not necessary for me, I hope, to add that there is undoubtedly a great deal of missionary work in China which is not open, on account of the adroitness or usurpations of its methods, to any criticism whatsoever. But even such work, because it is the work of foreigners, must reckon with that inveterate hostility to foreigners of which no one who has not seen it close at hand can have any adequate conception. That the Chinese should hate Americans, who, having shut the American door inexorably in their faces, have now turned around to force open the Chinese doors, ought not to be to us a matter of surprise. That that hatred extends, and for reasons that they do not disguise, to all foreigners, no one who reads the following extract from the "North China Daily News," which I encountered in Shanghai in November last, can doubt.

(Translated from a leading native paper.)

THE INSATIABLE GREED OF WESTERN NATIONS.

LET CHINA BEWARE!

FOREIGNERS have for many years united themselves, and have been laying their plans with regard to China. Originally they availed themselves of the plea of the mutual advantages arising out of commerce to induce China to open treaty ports at which they could trade. Next, under pretexts of various losses, in order to enrich themselves, they compelled China to pay certain

indemnities. To-day they are mooted the questions of railways and mines, and using them as a pretext to get our country from us. Their purpose is, trusting in their strength, to partition out and divide among themselves our country. Like chess-players, who place their pieces preparatory to attacking and vanquishing the enemy, they have arranged their forces; like fishermen, who first of all silently throw the net into the water and then gather out the fish, they are preparing to catch China. They believe they have, and perhaps do possess, the ability to divide China like a watermelon. They have already seized and they hold the most important positions, with a view to this end. First by insinuating that mutual gain would result therefrom, they have arranged treaties with us, which was obviously the beginning of our calamities.

In the present dispute between Russia and England, ruin for China lurks. In reality it is only a quarrel about the partition of China. Indeed, the surrounding circumstances are converging to this partition. Foreigners are ever scheming for this. Their discussions tend to the same results. The signs of this impending calamity, moreover, are all too apparent within our own borders. But the opportunity to partition and snatch from us our country will be made by outsiders. If, then, China is to regain her original power, she must arouse herself and mend her ways. If she exerts herself to her full ability, she will then be able to foil the strategies of her enemies; if she will but exert herself to any extent, she can ward off, for a time at least, the actual partition. Then the violence with which foreigners insult us, although it appears to be all-powerful, will turn out not to be so, and our distress will really be no distress at all. But alas! there is a fatal tranquillity that arises from a condition of coma, a darkness arising out of a state of crass ignorance, so that, though dangers like falling mountains threaten us, many seem unable to observe the impending ruin. True, there are earnest scholars of the empire, but they only smite the breast and weep tears of blood more bitterly, indeed, than in the days of the Tribulation of Ki. Let our reader then clearly understand that the attitude of all foreigners toward China is guided by one principle; they unite their energies and combine their forces in order to gratify their one ambition, which is to partition and rob us of our country.

Such has been the cry with which, of late, China, north and south, has rung. We have seen and are seeing some of the bloody fruits of this inflamed national hatred. May a large wisdom and a temper other than that of mere revenge deal with the Chinese question as the essential equities involved in it demand. We are told that the destiny of China is to be partitioned up among the great powers. There could not be a more stupid or shameless policy. A nation, like a man, has a right

to be until she has demonstrated unmistakably her incompetence to administer her own affairs with equal justice to all. It cannot be maintained that China has so far descended the path of national decay and disintegration. She is stained with a long record of dishonored and discredited officials, corrupt, mercenary, and unscrupulous. Alas! is the record of other people unstained in this regard? She has been guilty of the gravest crimes against international rights and

comities. Let her be punished for them as she deserves. But let not the mad acts of ignorant and inflamed revolutionists be made the pretext for pulling down a venerable and historic civilization, whose younger and worthier sons are just now turning toward the light. Hands off, gentlemen, kings, emperors, and presidents, until a people, stirred at length by the vision of nobler ideals, shall show us what they can do for their own regeneration!

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.¹

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

PART EIGHT.

XV.

ST. CLAIR went and came, but appeared to me to avoid being alone with Miss Maywood. When together in the company of others, neither he nor she seemed to afford occasion for comment. But it was hard to say what might chance with a man like Victor. He might be entirely convinced of the wisdom of a course, and then of a sudden startle one by some contradictory action. Late one afternoon, when all but Sibyl and this writer had gone for a long walk, I strolled to the beach, and met Sibyl coming up from the slip. Her gait had never been that of a strong woman, and now, as she came near to me, I saw her sway a little, and then stop and lean against one of the old apple-trees. I turned and said: "Take my arm, Sibyl. What is wrong with you?"

"Nothing; I am not very strong. I want to learn to paddle a canoe. Mr. St. Clair said he would give me a lesson. We were out only a half-hour."

"It was imprudent. St. Clair has no sense."

"Oh, but he was most interesting."

This seemed to me an odd reply.

"But, really, you should—"

"Yes, I know. Was I very naughty?"

¹ The present instalment of "Dr. North and His Friends" concludes the portions of that work which are to appear in THE CENTURY. In order to complete these within the present magazine year the last three instalments have been greatly condensed by us. The entire material will appear in full in the forthcoming book.—EDITOR.

"You were."

"I suppose that you are right. I am very tired; I think I was born tired. Even to talk long tires me. But Mr. St. Clair does tire me most. If I am very attentive, that is worst of all."

I left her at my own door, and went back to find Victor, who was hauling up the canoe on to the floating slip.

To scold him was useless. He had now a look of expecting it. I pleasantly surprised him by saying:

"And did Sibyl learn to paddle?"

"No. When we came in she asked me if she had done well. I said yes. Is not that droll, Owen? She had not touched a paddle. We were out two hours. I merely showed her how to paddle."

"Two hours?"

"Yes."

As I went in reflective, I heard St. Clair call. I turned back.

"Owen, will Miss Maywood ever be well—and—strong?"

"I do not know."

"I never asked before, but she is so frail and so dependent that one naturally—well, you understand."

Victor rarely lacked for words. I said yes, of course we all felt as he did.

I was perplexed by her account and his, and inclined to think there might be less occult and more obvious reasons for the weakness which I had attributed in part to somewhat unusual causes.

The weeks ran away, and I still believed that I could perceive the influence of St.

Clair's presence on Sibyl. Again I talked to my wife about it, and although she still doubted my explanation, she saw very plainly that without apparent cause Sibyl was failing. I began to feel that some prolonged separation was needed, and at last said to Clayborne that I thought he must take his cousin to Europe and let her have the benefit of the Schwalbach Spa. I did also venture to say, what was true, that she was keenly inquisitive, actively intellectual, and was and had been in a society too stimulating to be borne by one who was mentally eager and physically feeble. When I said that our ordinary talk left her exhausted I saw by Clayborne's look of astonishment that I had been wise to go no further. It would indeed have been useless to state to Clayborne my suspicions. Of love-affairs the scholar knew little.

CLAYBORNE was much alarmed when I again referred to Sibyl's health, and at once declared himself willing and ready to go in September. It was now August. The summer had been most fortunate. I had finished my book; Clayborne had nearly completed his own task; all had gone well with us. Except as to Sibyl, I had no care; and, as Vincent remarked, to complete our good luck, the great Xerxes had stayed away. Fate, which had dealt kindly with us, was about to give us a taste of the perverse possibilities of life.

One fine day in mid-August we arranged for a picnic on Beaver Brook. Everyone went except Mary, who, to her disgust, was left behind, but was told that she might fish from the rocks in the afternoon, an amusement which she greatly enjoyed. With a final caution to the nurse from my wife, we drove away in our buckboard wagon. Five miles of very bad road brought us at noon to where Beaver Brook, now in full flow from recent rain, crossed the road. A walk of half a mile through the woods took us along the stream, among gigantic masses of tumbled granite. We settled down at last by a clear pool. Here Clayborne, Vincent, and my wife left us to climb the hill, that Clayborne might revisit the glacier pot-holes. The servant busied himself with the lunch, put the wine to cool in the brook, and St. Clair wandered off through the woods. I sat down to keep Sibyl company, together with Mrs. Vincent and our friend Dr. Afton.

We fell from quite natural talk about my little girl into chat concerning the ways and thoughts of children. This pleased Sibyl always, who said at last: "There is a

nice little story I heard Mrs. K—— tell to Mr. Clayborne. Once she was at L—— in the Berkshire Hills, and went with the S——s to see a model village school. The teacher, very proud of it, said: 'Now, children, we shall have silence. While no one speaks you must think, and some one of you shall tell me what his thoughts are.' There was quiet for a while, the teacher explaining in an aside that this plan led to introspective originality. Suddenly a small boy rose, lifted his hand, and said, 'Please, ma'am.'

"Well?"

"Please, ma'am, may I kiss the new girl?"

"How pretty!" said Mrs. Vincent. "It sounds a bit like Concord and that amazing man Alcott, who had a school at G—— for a time. He began school, one day, by opening a blue cotton umbrella over his own head, and asking the children what idea it suggested."

"What answer did he get?" said Afton.

"Ah, that I do not know. One does want to hear what came after, and, indeed, what came after the famous retorts, the memorable *bons mots*."

"Nothing comes," said Afton, "except laugh or wrath."

"Oh, I suppose not," said Mrs. Vincent.

"I envy the ready people; I am never ready."

Sibyl laughed. "Oh, Mrs. Vincent!" Few were more apt at the quick rapier play of talk.

"It is true," said she; "I look before and after, and pine and pine for what is not. I know next day what I should have said. What is that Spanish proverb St. Clair quotes? The French saying is better, but every one knows that."

"Yes, yes," cried Sibyl; "this is it: 'T is only fools who borrow their answers from to-morrow.'"

"That is not bad," said Afton; "but I should put 'the wise' for 'fools.' Silence is often a fine epigram. There is the Persian saying: 'The silence of to-day is the wisdom of to-morrow.'"

"I must tell Fred that," laughed Mrs. Vincent. "When, last year, we were talking of this matter, Mr. Clayborne quoted—I think it ran this way:

If to be silent is to be wise,
Then hath death the best replies."

"That is quaintly unsatisfactory," said Afton; "but you have it wrong. Pardon me:

If the best wisdom doth in silence lie,
How wise is death, that maketh no reply!"

"Death is a grim question," said Sibyl.

Afton looked at her gravely.

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Vincent, "of what my husband said the other day, after we had talked of men who wrote verse when about to die. He said something as to the way in which humor showed itself even in the last hours of life. Have you, Dr. Afton, ever seen that?"

"No, never."

Then I said: "I have, but if it be to the sayer always what it seems to the hearer, I do not know. In fact, I have seen it often. I once attended a circus clown who was dying. A Methodist clergyman present said to him: 'My friend, you are very ill. You have led a bad life'—which was too true. 'Think of yourself.' The poor fellow had been worrying about his children. 'What will you say to your Maker when he asks you of your life?'"

"I guess I'll say, 'What can I do for you, Master Ringmaster?' Guess he'll know a circus ain't church."

"Is that really true?" asked Sibyl.

I said: "Yes, and so is this. A man dying on the field of Gettysburg asked me where he was hit. I said, 'In the liver.' To which the volunteer replied: 'I might have known that. I always did have trouble with my liver.'"

"Was that humor? I suppose not," said Mrs. Vincent; "but how to classify it? Was it simply humor? Was it, for the man, a mere statement of a fact? Was it self-felt, intentional humor? My husband tells a charming story of the famous lawyer Mr. M—. He was slowly dying day by day, and well aware of it. His doctor said, 'Did you take the pill?' 'Pill?' said the sick man. 'My daughter gave me two.' 'A harmless mistake,' said the doctor. 'Well,' said M—, 'it is only another example of female duplicity.' The next day the doctor chanced to see on the mantel-shelf a bottle of German spa water with some unpronounceable name. 'For whom is that, Mr. M—?' he asked. 'Oh, Mrs. C— sent it to my daughter. She takes it.' 'But why?' said the doctor. 'Oh, to improve her German accent, I suppose.' 'Her German accent?' 'Yes; the taste is so damnably pronounced.'"

"That is quite perfect," said Dr. Afton.

"I forgot that you were the physician, Dr. North," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes, and it was like the man. He was full of those queer verbal surprises."

Then said Sibyl: "How curious to be talking human wit in this wild woodland! How little it suggests that!"

"How little! As little as the approach of death would seem to suggest or permit the mere play upon words."

St. Clair, after puzzling Clayborne over a novel theory of glaciers, invented on the spot, went away rather abruptly—as he said, to finish a sketch. After luncheon I, too, deserted, saying that I would leave them and walk home, as I had some work to do, and proof to read and send away.

The road was lonely. Here and there it dropped into deep valleys, with small regard to the convenience of man or horse. Glad of my lonely walk, I went on amid a moldering company of red-oaks and vast pines left to rot at ancient ease. All around were the young generation of trees. Off the road to the right was a hillside of rocks in rough cubes, like huge dice tumbled from the summit of the mountain.

By five o'clock I was at my own door. Mary was on the rocks, deluding small flounders. I saw St. Clair hurrying through the orchard to the eastern side of the projecting promontory which here divided the beach. Pleased to have a tranquil afternoon for revision of my book, I went up to my study. My wife by no means allowed afternoon work, but that lady was in the woods listening to the ethics of history. I pulled my table to the window and began to read my manuscript. Beneath me the old apple-trees gave glimpses through their gnarled limbs of the sunlit sward. Standing out to the north and breaking the beach-line rose a short headland, rocky and bare, and not over twenty feet high. Below it on one side was a level ledge of rock some six feet wide. Here, above the sea, which was breaking on the rocks, I caught sight at times of my little maid's yellow locks and of the woman in charge sitting near by. By this time the party, with the exception of Clayborne and Sibyl, had come home. St. Clair was sketching on a ledge to the southeast, on the other side of the headland. Presently, as an apple-tree swayed in the wind, I saw on the summit of the rock a bulky figure. To see better I moved to the next window, and, as it was quite three hundred yards away, caught up a field-glass to make sure. It was Xerxes. St. Clair had approached the rocks from the farther side. I could not see him, but I knew exactly where he must be sitting, and that he would be unaware of the fact that Xerxes could look critically down on him and his work. With this comical situation in full view I gave up my book and went out on the upper porch. Here at the western end

I could see better all concerned, or unconcerned, except St. Clair. Mary was the most patient of fishers, because if the fish were on her hook or not seemed of no moment. She went on intently fishing and making no noise. Mr. Crofter, ignorant of being spied upon by me, enjoyed the situation. I could see him smile. He was of no mind to disturb the fisher or the painter, upon whom in turn he looked down. I could see his liberal grin as he inspected St. Clair from this vantage. Then he turned and watched Mary. She stood or sat on the ledge of rock, and now and then freely refreshed her bait with lavish addition of clams as the bare hook came up after having regaled the much-comforted fish. Suddenly Crofter had a mind to smoke. He gave it up either because of absence of matches or because he was unwilling to risk the betrayal of a situation which he evidently enjoyed. I laid down my glass, and having no such fear of consequences, I lighted a pipe. A little later I went in and got a stronger glass. Then I sat down to enjoy this comedy.

I cannot quite disentangle what next I saw from what I afterward heard. The little maid was quick of ear. Hearing something, she jumped up, and suddenly was aware of her friendly bear overhead. I heard a cry of warning from the nurse. Mary backed a little, the better to see Crofter. She cried out, "Oh, Bear, Bear, come down and fish!" and put her foot behind her where no rock was.

She fell backward into the sea, and in an instant was twenty feet away. Before I could throw a leg over the rail of the porch, I saw Crofter jump down some ten feet on to the ledge below. As he alighted he slipped and fell heavily. He rose at once and threw himself into the sea. For the time I saw no more. I dropped to the grass below me and ran down through the trees. I saw Crofter, a rod or so out, trying to reach the sand-beach. He held the child clear of the water, and seemed to me to be in some way disabled. St. Clair, a wonderful swimmer, was helping him toward the strand. "All right," he cried, laughing, as he caught sight of me. "A hand, quick, Owen." I ran down the beach, and wading into the sea, caught up the child; then I offered a hand to Crofter. "Can't," he said; "something's broke."

In a moment both men were ashore. The infant cause of this scene was crying lustily and very wet; the nurse was making a noise larger in proportion to her size. St.

Clair was laughing and shaking the water from his coat, like a wet dog. Xerxes was standing still, looking at the maid, and saying at intervals, "Blank it, don't cry." He had a cut over his left eye, and his right arm hung helpless. To add to the dramatic effect, my wife was running down through the orchard. Vincent, far behind her, was tranquilly talking with Afton, not yet having seen or guessed our nearness to a tragedy. There were scant words of quick explanation. My wife seized the scared child and ran with her to our house, declaring that I ought to be ashamed, and that she would never leave her again, and where, indeed, had I been? Mrs. Vincent went with her, too wise to try to set her right at the wrong moment, but, as usual, silently efficient. Miss Mary was put to bed, and leaving the mother, Mrs. Vincent went over to her own home to ask questions. Fred, coming out, met her.

"You cannot go in yet, Anne. Yes, it is simple. This is all of it. Mr. Crofter was up on the top rock when Mary fell in. In place of scrambling down, as any sensible man would have done, he jumped the ten feet, and of course fell on the ledge. He put his shoulder out of place and cut his stupid head; but somehow he got into the sea and fetched up your godchild, who was in the condition of *Ophelia* as to appetite for water. Then St. Clair, who was in the side scenes somewhere, entered, to left, I believe, and he, too, went into the sea. He had all he could do to get the crippled bear and Mary into shallow water."

Anne Vincent said sternly: "Fred, I—never heard you so—I am ashamed of you. I see nothing amusing in it."

"Nor I, you dear goose. Confound it, Anne, sometimes a laugh is the only escape from tears. Get the blue room ready. Mr. Crofter must stay here, I suppose."

"Of course; where else should he stay? A year if he will."

Vincent reentered the room to aid me in the easy task of replacing a simple dislocation of the shoulder. It was brief in the doing, but painful. Xerxes bore it well. Then I sent Vincent to my own house to get the needed dressings for the cut on Crofter's forehead. At last, his arm in a sling and his head neatly bandaged, I left him that I might take a look at my child. While he was being put to rights he scarcely let fall a word, except to say, "Is that all right?" or, "Don't be afraid to hurt me."

On my way I met Clayborne and Sibyl, who had lingered in the village and walked

home. They were the last to hear of our disaster. Sibyl turned pale and went hastily toward my house. Clayborne asked me if he could be of any service. When I said no, and that everything had been done that could be done, he went in silence to his own room.

I found the little maid quite recovered from her fright and disposed to turn the matter to good account, realizing her recent increment of importance. "Might she have two cakes for tea, and was the bear very wet?"

As soon as I had left Crofter he said to Vincent, "Is the kid all right?"

"Yes, yes," said Vincent. "There is no cause for alarm. But you are not to talk. You have had a bad fall." Vincent was in a condition of mind for which no previous experience could have prepared him. He himself did not want to talk, but the big man was not easily kept quiet. As he lay on the lounge he regarded Vincent with a succession of serene smiles. At last he said:

"You're awfully fond of that child."

"I— Yes, of course."

"You've got to like me, Mr. Vincent. I guess fate has bucked you bad. She's a right tricky bronco."

"I rather think she has. I am eternally in your debt, Mr. Crofter."

"Receipt in full," said Xerxes. "Where's that Indian, St. Clair? He's on top this time. Between us, Mr. Vincent, that beach, twenty feet away, was miles off when he got hold of me. I was swimming sort of crab style, sideways, a bit dazed, I guess, head turning round. Could n't I see that young scalp-hunter?"

St. Clair, satisfied as to Mary, had promptly disappeared. Vincent, pleased at so good an excuse to escape, said: "I will find him, but you are to keep quiet. Mrs. Vincent will have a room ready at once. The child's mother will want to see you in a few minutes."

"All right," said Xerxes. "You find me the young man. I want to thank him. I hate thanking people. I want to get it over. So do you, I guess."

Vincent winced. It was true. He had a well-marked dislike to being thanked. Now, relieved, he went out to look for St. Clair. Not finding him, he found himself obliged to come back. Then he discovered, as I had also done, that Xerxes Crofter had departed. We learned later that on the road he met what folks at Bar Harbor call a "cut-under," was driven swiftly to the village, went on

board his yacht the *Fish Hawk*, and was away in an hour, with all sail set. When we missed him, my wife declared war on all the male sex. We might have known what he would do. Plainly, Mr. Crofter was unwilling to face the gratitude of a mother. She supposed we had never said a word to him of our boundless debt, and now just to patch up the poor fellow and let him go! We explained in vain. As to Vincent, he was slightly ashamed at his satisfaction in Xerxes's flight. "No one could have known he would go," I said. Mrs. Vincent said his flight showed remarkable delicacy of sentiment. He did not want to be thanked. But, really, we could not let him go in this abrupt way. I said the abruptness was his, not ours. My wife considered me with grave severity.

"You must find him, Fred," said Anne Vincent.

"And you, too," said my wife. "Where is Mr. St. Clair?"

No one could say.

Clearly, it was not a male day, and we knew it. We passively obeyed. It was too late. Crofter had gone when we reached the village.

At dinner we all assembled as usual; for we dined together on alternate days, and now it was at the Vincents' house. Sibyl, my wife said, had gone to bed much overcome and, as I knew, a little hysterical. Clayborne had learned of Crofter's disappearance. The new situation in regard to Crofter did not call for prolonged discussion, but all of us knew that we had contracted a heavy debt. Vincent was indisposed to talk. When I said I would write to Crofter, to my surprise Clayborne said that he had already written, and had sent his letter to the village to catch the Portland mail. He had heard that the yacht would put in there. Upon this my wife said Clayborne was an angel, and informed me with decisiveness that I should have shown similar good sense. When I said I would write as soon as dinner was over, Alice said: "I must see your letter, Owen, and I shall write one myself."

St. Clair kept silent, having again explained that he had been sketching when he heard the nurse call out. After this he was silent, until at dessert he got up, exclaiming, "By George, it is maddening! Here is Xerxes my friend for life. I shall have to apologize and make more busts, and, great Scott!—" With this, feeling that language was useless or inadequate, he went out and took to his canoe.

Next day, to my surprise, Sibyl came down to breakfast, which of late was rare, and before the meal was over the Vincents and St. Clair came in to ask news of Mary, who was still in bed.

"I am going away to-day," said St. Clair.

"You are going to New York," said my wife.

"I did not say so."

"No, you did not, but that is where you are going. Here is a letter which my Mary insisted on dictating. The signature is her own. Please to deliver it for me."

"Oh, read it, do!" said Mrs. Vincent. Whereupon we had the letter.

"DEAR MR. BEAR: My mama says I may thank you. I did not know bears could swim. I hope you got dry soon. Come soon and play bear. Bears are nice people. I have to stay in bed. Are you in bed? Mama says I must say now

"I am yours truly,
"MARY."

"When," added Mrs. North, "I asked, 'Is there anything else you want to have me write?' the dear child said, 'Please say, 'I prayed God to make you and me good bears.'"

"You put it in?" said I.

"I did, of course."

There was silence for a moment, and full eyes. Then St. Clair said, "Mary may prove a good moral missionary for the old pagan."

"Victor!" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent, sternly.

The culprit smiled. "You will see that I am right. Saith El-Din-Attar, 'Successful virtue flatters the soul of man.'" Then he added irascibly: "It is all very well for you people who have never been insulted by this amazing animal. But think of me. I must eat the pie of humility, and I am going to do it now, at once; but truly life is very unsatisfactory. A sorrow's crown of sorrows is—well, is to be the dog on top and to be muzzled. Come, Owen, let us smoke. There is a time for that, although the sage Ecclesiastes does not mention it."

As we rose, Mrs. Vincent and my wife assured him that nothing justified the manner in which he permitted himself to speak of a man who had saved Mary's life.

"It is my final snarl," said St. Clair.

"Well," said Clayborne, "it does seem to me that Victor had some share in the matter."

"As if we did not know that!" said my wife. "I think I made that clear to him. I can never, never forget, never."

"Oh, please not!" cried St. Clair. "Come," he added gloomily, "come, let us smoke, Owen."

In the evening St. Clair left us, but what he said to Crofter I do not know.

The next morning brought us this characteristic letter, written on the yacht, and addressed to my wife:

DEAR MRS. NORTH: You will desire to know from me just what happened yesterday, and luckily my left hand is in good state. I can manage to scrawl letters with it. I walked to your farm, and, as no one was in, went to the rocks and got on top. Miss Mary was there already, fishing. Later on Mr. St. Clair arrived on the other side of the rocks and sat down under a projecting ledge. I could see his sketch and his hands, and, as he was twenty feet away, I watched him with my glass. It is a first-class sketch. I mean to have it; tell him so. Between the two, I had a right good time. Then the kid fell in, and I jumped and fell, but I got into the water. The nurse howled most usefully; an engine danger-whistle could n't beat her. I was thrashing round like a lame duck when Mr. St. Clair caught me. I held the maid, and he held me. I guess he never did suspect he'd be that affectionate. We got out, and you know the rest. I do suppose I have n't often given people large occasion to thank me. Come to collect interest on that debt, and I could n't stand it, especially the mother. I left. Tell North I am all right. Got a right nice little doctor on the yacht. He always consults me as to what he shall do. Tell Miss Mary the bear sends his love and seven nice growls. Mrs. Crofter is on board and desires me to send you her apologies for my rudeness in leaving you. I do.

XERXES CROFTER.

This odd letter was duly answered, but what my wife said I do not know. Also other letters passed, but neither was I allowed to see any of these.

Early in September Clayborne told us that, as I had advised, he was going abroad at once with Sibyl. No sooner did St. Clair hear this than he said he, too, was going. He had returned long before from New York, but declined gaily to relate his interview with Crofter; and now he said he was going with Clayborne. I was too wise to tell him why he should not. He knew the very obvious reasons against it, and I had no mind to do more than to repeat what it did seem to me any man of sense and feeling would have at once decisively felt. And still, despite Mrs. Vincent's words, and what my wife had added, he continued resolute to accompany Clayborne. It was unlike him. He rarely resisted when we all held an opinion contrary to his own. At last my wife took the matter in hand. She had agreed with

me that it would be cruel and unwise to use as a motive the strange view I held as to his mere presence being hurtful to Sibyl. She said to me at last, at the close of a long and anxious talk, "I have asked him to call here to-morrow." What passed I do not know, but he told me next day that the only true art in a debased world was that of Japan, and that the degenerate artists of Italy, like Da Vinci and the rest, were as mere groping children. He had told Clayborne he could not go with him. I was greatly relieved. Soon after Clayborne sailed, St. Clair went to California. What had my wife said to him? Our friends went away early in September, leaving us somewhat anxious. Until the day he himself left, Victor was quiet, and, for him, depressed as I had never before seen him. Sibyl no doubt felt keenly the separation from the two friendly women who had learned to love her. She said little, but went away with eyes that showed she had indulged in the comfort of tears. Now, as had occurred at other times of trial, she showed unexpected fortitude. As I looked at the face she turned back when they drove away, I saw its paleness, and knowing too much, paid the sad penalty of knowledge. It was not, however, a case for despair, and I said so to Mrs. Vincent. I was not without hope—the gentle guest who lingers last, reluctant to depart.

We remained at Bar Harbor unusually late,—indeed, long after Clayborne and his cousin had sailed,—and we saw no more of St. Clair, who followed them to New York on his way to California. I recall our last afternoon on the island. For three days a fierce east wind had been blowing. The storm broke at noon. The sun came out, and we decided with one voice to spend the afternoon at Great Head. On that high headland we found a dry, rocky camping-ground, and leaving the servant to get the tea ready, we went up on to a side rock to watch for a while the march of the waves still rolling landward from the sea. The child sat on my lap and looked with wondering eyes on the billows, as they rose, ramping up the black rocks, and broke in a wild roar like lions disappointed of their prey. We, too, sat silent, awed by the spectacle of this incalculable force. At last a larger wave sent a shower of spray over us. We retreated to our tea-camp, and threw ourselves down on the cushions we had brought. Behind us the far cliffs of Newport, the Beehive Hills, and the higher slopes of the larger mountains were masses of red and gold, with

here and there somber contrast of dark-green pine and spruce.

"Ah," exclaimed Mrs. Vincent, sadly, "the fall has come. I do not like the season, but I do like our word for it—the fall. It seems so prettily to predict the spring. How beautiful it is!"

"Indeed, I wish it were spring," said my wife. "The birds are leaving us. They, at least, are sure of endless spring. What are those lines, Owen, St. Clair liked to repeat?"

"You mean about the cuckoo? Logan's or Michael Bruce's? I certainly think them Logan's 'The Cuckoo's Return in Spring.'"

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

And then, I forget the rest, all but:

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year."

"I did not know the lines," said Mrs. Vincent. "We could not well afford to lose those minor poets. Just think what a tender little thrill of pleasure it gave us all, this small voice out of the last century. It makes one think of Victor. You said you had a letter from him, Alice. It is now six weeks, and we have not had a line from any of them, except that brief note to say that Sibyl had been the better for the voyage."

"I have one from Mr. St. Clair and one from Clayborne," returned my wife.

"What does Mr. Clayborne say?"

"I gave you the letter, Owen."

"Yes; shall I read it?"

"Of course."

It was like all of the scholar's epistles, brief. I have known several great talkers who always wrote condensed letters. He spoke cheerfully of Sibyl, and thought Schwalbach had already been of use to her. She was forbidden to write. Her extreme pallor had left her, and she had now a pretty color which went and came.

XVI.

THE winter had gone. It was now April. We were sitting before dinner, waiting for the Vincents. My wife, with her feet on the fender, turned to me, and said: "Do you remember what you once said as to the mysterious effect you believed St. Clair's presence had on Sibyl?"

"Yes, of course."

"All our letters speak of her as better. I did not tell you that they say with the

return of health and color the halt in her gait is at times hardly visible. Could that be so, Owen?"

"Yes."

"And about the other matter, will it be the same? You know I never believed it; but, if you were right, could it change?"

"Possibly. The sick and the well are two people. How completely they may be two we doctors alone know."

"Could you have been wrong about it?"

"Yes, I may have been."

"You are a very extraordinary man, Owen North."

I laughed, but had no time to question her as to this verdict, nor to ask what it meant, because the Vincents entered, followed by Afton, whom I had caught on his way South.

We were a very merry party, and the more so because of our letter that day from Sibyl,—in fact, her first letter,—and one from Clayborne. Sibyl wrote simply that her winter in the Engadine had still further helped her, and that for the first time in years she was free from constant sense of weakness. She spoke of all of us, but not of St. Clair. Clayborne wrote that, although she still had the ethereal and delicate loveliness we all knew so well, she was able to drive and to ride donkeys and to enjoy the life of the Alpine winter. "Of course," he added, "she has to be very careful, and always will be unlike other young women."

In July Clayborne wrote that St. Clair had met them in Athens, and that they had given up their return passages and would join Crofter at the Piræus for a cruise in the *Ægean Sea*.

When Anne Vincent heard this news, she said: "Mr. Clayborne has very little sense, and Victor neither sense nor feeling. I am sure, Alice, that you must agree with me."

This time my Alice only looked at me, smiling, and made no reply to her friend's challenge, except to say: "If, dear, one knew everything, replies would be easy."

Then Anne Vincent said, "Sometimes, Alice North, you are very trying."

To our great regret, Clayborne decided to remain in Europe all winter. Most of the time was spent in Paris, where St. Clair was superintending the bronze cast of his famous group of the Jesuit pioneers for Montreal. Clayborne wrote rarely, or only on business to Vincent. St. Clair did not write at all, and Sibyl merely a very fresh account of things seen or heard. In May we ourselves went direct to Naples for a three months'

stay in Italy. We joined our friends in Venice.

When we came out of the station on to the broad marble quay overlooking the Grand Canal, we saw St. Clair.

"Ah," he cried joyously, "we gave up your rooms at the Britannia. Here no sane man lives in a hotel."

I considered this rather cool, even for an old friend; but Mrs. North said it was delightful, and we went away in St. Clair's gondola, with the baggage and servants in another. St. Clair, laughing, said we were prisoners of joy, and would explain no more. And now it was evening. The sun was nearly down. A dusking, orange haze was everywhere. My wife had never seen Venice. I knew it well, and then and after had great joy in making Alice know it,—the bits the tourist never sees,—the deep, narrow canals, the archways, where the shadows are centuries old, the cowed monks, themselves like wandering shadows, the ferry to Padua, and Gobbo of the market-place. History here is hand in hand with romance. Rome is my friend, but Venice is my lover.

We were very quiet while the dark gondola swept on through the deepening gloom. When we had threaded many narrow water lanes, and it was full twilight, we swept out on the broad Giudecca, and turning, stopped at a garden gate.

"This is home," said St. Clair.

In a minute we were in a wide space of trees and flowers. Alice was kissing Sibyl or holding her off at arm's-length, delightedly bidding me to see our Sibyl, if I could, in the slender but quite erect Sibyl, with roses in her cheeks.

Clayborne had a look of fresh happiness in his face as he saw our glad surprise. "Come," he said; "dinner will be ready in a half-hour."

Set deep in the greenery of this ancient garden, amid fountains retired from duty and crumbling gods, was an old palace, where we owned for a season the second floor. There are three quiet cities in the world, and if Venice is the stillest, these old homes on the Giudecca are of all Venice the most noiseless. Ah, how we wandered in these new surroundings! I frankly enjoyed the vast learning of the scholar, the simple ease with which St. Clair played with his imaginative toys of thought, and the pleasure with which Sibyl used her new strength.

My wife was like a child in her happiness, but I noticed that she was quietly observant of these two very unusual young people. I

myself saw nothing remarkable to observe. When I had so said, Alice was much amused. "Nothing to observe! Do not you see that St. Clair is at times embarrassed and awkward? He is thinking of what he says and does. He never used to do that. You men have been idiotic enough to admit that you do not understand women. It is a signal evidence of our superior intelligence that as to the riddle man *we* have made no such damaging admission."

Then I began to watch these two people. Victor had a foolish scheme of going by sea in an open boat to Rimini. Sibyl said it would be dangerous. Her boatman had said so. We heard no more of it. When he ventured upon some stringent criticism of Crofter, I overheard her say, "Hush! you will annoy Mrs. North." Our reckless Victor was being tamed.

My wife said: "It is wholesome this time, but it will come to nothing. We may let it alone. Ah, the dear fox! He is getting older, that is all."

Upon this I quoted a posy she had once used and I had liked:

True love is a court fool. He is supposed to be foolish, and is often very wise.

As to Sibyl, she was less startling, more self-contained, and evidently had her full share of that notable assimilative power which is the fortunate gift of nature to the American woman. She had won, too, such health as had enabled her to profit by exercise. Her gait was rarely other than that of vigor, and she was assuredly no longer notably deformed. When I came to hear how she had been treated to effect these results, I was amazed at her courage and

endurance. Had she lost any of the almost spiritual refinement of her face? I do not know. Certainly there was more of the world in our Sibyl, less mysticism—just enough wholesome change, as Alice said, to make you wish to spell her name in the more modern fashion.

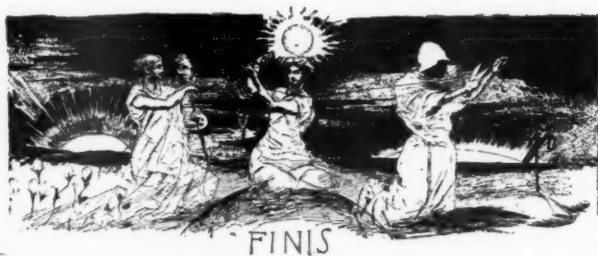
As for Victor St. Clair, he would never be other than a more or less peculiar man; but he had always taken color from his moral environment—not altogether a very fine thing that, to confess.

There were curious little things chancing at this time, which my wife watched and saw with the interest of a connoisseur. But every man's mind has a blind side, and this was mine.

We returned by Naples, and went up to our island home, where we found Mrs. Vincent alone. I fear that my friend found me unsatisfactory. I said Clayborne was well, and Sibyl wonderful, and St. Clair less of a delightful fool than usual. I thought he was becoming older and more staid. She was apparently better pleased with Mary, who was perilously awake to all that she was meant not to see or to hear. She may have collected facts quite unknown to me. For a day my wife was too busy to be socially interviewed; but Anne Vincent was heard later to declare that Alice North was sometimes inconceivably lacking in capacity to observe. This greatly amused me. To some such charge Alice had replied:

"My dear, there is so much to see in Venice that one hardly notices what one's companions are about. By the way, I bought you the lace, but it was very dear."

Alice likes nothing better than to keep a secret from Anne Vincent. Was there a secret?



FINIS

CIVIC HELPFULNESS.¹

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



IN Mr. Lecky's profoundly suggestive book, "The Map of Life," referred to by me in a former paper, he emphasizes the change that has been gradually coming over the religious attitude of the world because of the growing importance laid upon conduct as compared with dogma. In this country we are long past the stage of regarding it as any part of the state's duty to enforce a particular religious dogma; and more and more the professors of the different creeds themselves are beginning tacitly to acknowledge that the prime worth of a creed is to be gaged by the standard of conduct it exacts among its followers toward their fellows. The creed which each man in his heart believes to be essential to his own salvation is for him alone to determine; but we have a right to pass judgment upon his actions toward those about him.

Tried by this standard, the religious teachers of the community stand most honorably high. It is probable that no other class of our citizens do anything like the amount of disinterested labor for their fellow-men. To those who are associated with them at close quarters this statement will seem so obviously a truism as to rank among the platitudes. But there is a far from inconsiderable body of public opinion which, to judge by the speeches, writings, and jests in which it delights, has no conception of this state of things. If such people would but take the trouble to follow out the actual life of a hard-worked clergyman or priest I think they would become a little ashamed of the tone of flippancy they are so prone to adopt when speaking about them.

In the country districts the minister of the gospel is normally the associate and leader of his congregation and in close personal touch with them. He shares in and partially directs their intellectual and moral life, and is responsive to their spiritual needs. If they are prosperous, he is prosperous. If in a poor, hard-working community, he shares the poverty and works as hard as any

one. As fine a figure as I can call to mind is that of one such country clergyman in a poor farming community not far from the capital of the State of New York—a vigorous old man, who works on his farm six days in the week, and on the seventh preaches what he himself has been practising. The farm work does not occupy all of the weekdays, for there is not a spiritual need of his parishioners that he neglects. He visits them, looks after them if they are sick, baptizes the children, comforts those in sorrow, and is ready with shrewd advice for those who need aid; in short, shows himself from week's end to week's end a thoroughly sincere, earnest, hard-working Christian. This is perhaps the healthiest type. It is in keeping with the surroundings, for in the country districts the quality of self-help is very highly developed and there is little use for the great organized charities. Neighbors know one another. The poorest and the richest are more or less in touch, and charitable feelings find a natural and simple expression in the homely methods of performing charitable duties. This does not mean that there is not room for an immense amount of work in country communities and in villages and small towns. Every now and then, in traveling over the State, one comes upon a public library, a Young Men's Christian Association building, or some similar structure which has been put up by a man born in the place, who has made his money elsewhere, and feels he would like to have some memorial in his old home. Such a gift is of far-reaching benefit. Almost better is what is done in the way of circulating libraries and the like by the united action of those men and women who appreciate clearly the intellectual needs of the people who live far from the great centers of our rather feverish modern civilization; for in country life it is necessary to guard, not against mental fever, but against lack of mental stimulus and interests.

In cities the conditions are very different, both as regards the needs and as regards the way it is possible to meet these needs. There is much less feeling of essential community of interest, and poverty of the body

¹ It may interest the readers of this essay to know that it was written in 1899, many months before the nomination of the author for the Vice-Presidency.—Ed.

is lamentably visible among great masses. There are districts populated to the point of congestion, where hardly any one is above the level of poverty, though this poverty does not by any means always imply misery. Where it does mean misery it must be met by organization, and, above all, by the disinterested, endless labor of those who, by choice, and to do good, live in the midst of it, temporarily or permanently. Very many men and women spend part of their lives or do part of their life-work under such circumstances, and conspicuous among them are clergymen and priests.

Only those who have seen something of such work at close quarters realize how much of it goes on quietly and without the slightest outside show, and how much it represents to many lives that else would be passed in gray squalor. It is not necessary to give the names of the living, or I could enumerate among my personal acquaintance fifty clergymen, priests, and rabbis, men of every church, of every degree of wealth, each of whom cheerfully and quietly, year in and year out, does his share, and more than his share, of the unending work which he feels is imposed upon him alike by Christianity and by that form of applied Christianity which we call good citizenship. Far more than that number of women in and out of religious bodies, who do to the full as much work, could be mentioned. Of course, for every one thus mentioned there would be a hundred, or many hundred, unmentioned. Perhaps there is no harm in referring to one man who is dead. Very early in my career as a police commissioner of the city of New York I was brought in contact with Father Casserly of the Paulist Fathers. After he had made up his mind that I was really trying to get things decent in the department, and to see that law and order prevailed, and that crime and vice were warred against in practical fashion, he became very intimate with me, helping me in every way, and unconsciously giving me an insight into his own work and his own character. Continually, at one point and another, I came across what Father Casserly was doing, always in the way of showing the intense human sympathy and interest he was taking in the lives about him. If one of the boys of a family was wild, it was Father Casserly who planned methods of steadying him. If, on the other hand, a steady boy met with some misfortune,—lost his place, or something of the kind,—it was Father Casserly who went and stated the facts to the employer. The Paulist Fathers had always been

among the most efficient foes of the abuses of the liquor traffic. They never hesitated to interfere with saloons, dance-houses, and the like. One secret of their influence with our Police Board was that, as they continually went about among their people and knew them all, and as they were entirely disinterested, they could be trusted to tell who did right and who did wrong among the instruments of the law. One of the perplexing matters in dealing with policemen is that, as they are always in hostile contact with criminals and would-be criminals, who are sure to lie about them, it is next to impossible to tell when accusations against them are false and when they are true; for the good man who does his duty is certain to have scoundrelly foes, and the bad man who blackmails these same scoundrels usually has nothing but the same evidence against him. But Father Casserly and the rest of his order knew the policemen personally, and we found we could trust them implicitly to tell exactly who was good and who was not. Whether the man were Protestant, Catholic, or Jew, if he was a faithful public servant they would so report him; and if he was unfaithful he would be reported as such wholly without regard to his creed. We had this experience with an honorably large number of priests and clergymen. Once in the same batch of promotions from sergeant to captain there was a Protestant to whom our attention had been drawn by the earnest praise of Father Casserly, and a Catholic who had first been brought to our notice by the advocacy of Bishop Potter.

There were other ways in which clergymen helped our Police Board. We wanted at one time to get plenty of strong, honest young men for the police force, and did not want to draw them from among the ordinary types of ward heeler. Two fertile recruiting-grounds proved to be, one a Catholic church and the other a Methodist church. The rector of the former, Dr. Wall, had a temperance lyceum for the young men of his parish; the pastor of the latter had a congregation made out of a bit of old native America suddenly overlapped by the growth of the city, and his wheelwrights, ship-carpenters, baymen, and coasting-sailors gave us the same good type of officer that we got from among the mechanics, motormen, and blacksmiths who came from Dr. Wall's lyceum. Among our other close friends was another preacher, who had once been a reporter, but who had felt stirred by an irresistible impulse to leave his profession and devote his life

to the East Side, where he ministered to the wants of those who would not go to the fashionable churches, and for whom no other church was especially prepared. In connection with his work, one of the things that was particularly pleasing was the way in which he had gone in not only with the rest of the Protestant clergy and the non-sectarian philanthropic workers of the district, but with the Catholic clergy, joining hands in the fight against the seething evils of the slum. One of his Catholic allies, by the way, a certain Brother A —, was doing very effective work for the Italian children of his parish. He had a large parochial school, originally attended by the children of Irish parents. Gradually the Irish had moved up-town, and had been supplanted by the Italians. It was his life-work to lift these little Italians over the first painful steps on the road toward American citizenship.

Again, let me call to mind an institution, not in New York city, but in Albany, where the sisters of a religious organization devote their entire lives to helping girls who either have slipped, and would go down to be trampled underfoot in the blackest mire if they were not helped, or who, by force of their surroundings, would surely slip if the hand were not held out to them in time. It is the kind of work the doing of which is of infinite importance, both from the standpoint of the state and from the standpoint of the individual; yet it is a work which, to be successful, must emphatically be a labor of love. Most men and women, even among those who appreciate the need of the work and who are not wholly insensible to the demands made upon them by the spirit of brotherly love for mankind, lack either the time, the opportunity, or the moral and mental qualities to succeed in such work; and to very many the sheer distaste of it would prevent their doing it well. There is nothing attractive in it save for those who are entirely earnest and disinterested. There is no reputation, there is not even any notoriety, to be gained from it. Surely people who realize that such work ought to be done, and who realize also how exceedingly distasteful it would be for them to do it, ought to feel a sense of the most profound gratitude to those who with whole-hearted sincerity have undertaken it, and should support them in every way. This particular institution is under the management of a creed not my own, but few things gave me greater pleasure than to sign a bill increasing its power and usefulness. Compared with the vital ne-

cessity of reclaiming these poor hunted creatures to paths of womanliness and wholesome living, it is of infinitesimal importance along the lines of which creed these paths lead.

Undoubtedly the best type of philanthropic work is that which helps men and women who are willing and able to help themselves; for fundamentally this aid is simply what each of us should be all the time both giving and receiving. Every man and woman in the land ought to prize above almost every other quality the capacity for self-help; and yet every man and woman in the land will at some time or other be sorely in need of the help of others, and at some time or other will find that he or she can in turn give help even to the strongest. The quality of self-help is so splendid a quality that nothing can compensate for its loss; yet, like every virtue, it can be twisted into a fault, and it becomes a fault if carried to the point of cold-hearted arrogance, of inability to understand that now and then the strongest may be in need of aid, and that for this reason alone, if for no other, the strong should always be glad of the chance in turn to aid the weak.

The Young Men's Christian Associations and the Young Women's Christian Associations, which have now spread over all the country, are invaluable because they can reach every one. I am certainly a beneficiary myself, having not infrequently used them as clubs or reading-rooms when I was in some city in which I had but little or no personal acquaintance. In part they develop the good qualities of those who join them; in part they do what is even more valuable, that is, simply give opportunity for the men or women to develop the qualities themselves. In most cases they provide reading-rooms and gymnasiums, and therefore furnish a means for a man or woman to pass his or her leisure hours in profit or amusement as seems best. The average individual will not spend the hours in which he is not working in doing something that is unpleasant, and absolutely the only way permanently to draw average men or women from occupations and amusements that are unhealthy for soul or body is to furnish an alternative which they will accept. To forbid all amusements, or to treat innocent and vicious amusements as on the same plane, simply insures recruits for the vicious amusements. The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations would have demonstrated their value a hundredfold over if they had done nothing more than furnish reading-rooms, gymnasiums, and places where, especially after nightfall,

those without homes, or without attractive homes, could go without receiving injury. They furnish meeting-grounds for many young men who otherwise would be driven, perhaps to the saloon, or if not, then to some cigar-store or other lounging-place, where at the best the conversation would not be elevating, and at the worst companionships might be formed which would lead to future disaster. In addition to this the associations give every opportunity for self-improvement to those who care to take advantage of the opportunity, and an astonishing number do take advantage of it.

Mention was made above of some of the sources from which at times we drew policemen while engaged in managing the New York Police Department. Several came from Young Men's Christian Associations. One of them whom we got from the Bowery Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association I remember particularly. I had gone there one night, and the secretary mentioned to me that they had a young man who had just rescued a woman from a burning building, showing great strength, coolness, and courage. The story interested me, and I asked them to send for the young fellow. When he turned up he proved to be a Jew, Otto R——, who, when very young, had come over with his people from Russia at the time of one of the waves of persecution in that country. He was evidently physically of the right type, and as he had been studying in the association classes for some time he was also mentally fit, while his feat at the fire showed he had good moral qualities. We were going to hold the examinations in a few days, and I told him to try them. Sure enough, he passed and was appointed. He made one of the best policemen we put on. As a result of his appointment, which meant tripling the salary he had been earning, and making an immense bound in social standing, he was able to keep his mother and old grandmother in comfort, and see to the starting of his small brothers and sisters in life; for he was already a good son and brother, so that it was not surprising that he made a good policeman.

I have not dwelt on the work of the State charitable institutions, or of those who are paid to do charitable work as officers and otherwise. But it is bare justice to point out that the great majority of those thus paid have gone into the work, not for the sake of the money, but for the sake of the work itself, though, being dependent upon their own exertions for a livelihood, they

are obliged to receive some recompense for their services.

There is one class of public servants, however, not employed directly as philanthropic agents, whose work, nevertheless, is as truly philanthropic in character as that of any man or woman existing. I refer to the public-school teachers whose schools lie in the poorer quarters of the city. In dealing with any body of men and women general statements must be made cautiously, and it must always be understood that there are exceptions. Speaking generally, however, the women teachers—I mention these because they are more numerous than the men—who carry on their work in the poorer districts of the great cities form as high-principled and useful a body of citizens as is to be found in the entire community, and render an amount of service which can hardly be paralleled by that of any other equal number of men or women. Most women who lead lives actively devoted to intelligent work for others grow to have a certain look of serene and high purpose which stamps them at once. This look is generally seen, for instance, among the higher types of women doctors, trained nurses, and of those who devote their lives to work among the poor; and it is precisely this look which one so often sees on the faces of those public-school teachers who have grown to regard the welfare of their pupils as the vital interest of their own lives. It is not merely the regular day-work the school-teachers do, but the amount of attention they pay outside their regular classes; the influence they have in shaping the lives of the boys, and perhaps even more of the girls, brought in contact with them; the care they take of the younger, and the way they unconsciously hold up ideals to the elder boys and girls, to whom they often represent the most tangible embodiment of what is best in American life. They are a great force for producing good citizenship. Above all things, they represent the most potent power in Americanizing as well as in humanizing the children of the newcomers of every grade who come here from Europe. Where the immigrant parents are able to make their way in the world, their children have no more difficulty than the children of the native-born in becoming part of American life, in sharing all its privileges and in doing all its duties. But the children of the very poor of foreign birth would be handicapped almost as much as their parents, were it not for the public schools and the start thus given them.

Loyalty to the flag is taught by precept and practice in all these public schools, and loyalty to the principles of good citizenship is also taught in no merely perfunctory manner.

Here I hardly touch upon the "little red school-house" out in the country districts, simply because in the country districts all of our children go to the same schools, and thereby get an inestimable knowledge of the solidarity of our American life. I have touched on this in a former article, and I can here only say that it would be impossible to overestimate the good done by the association this engenders, and the excellent educational work of the teachers. We always feel that we have given our children no small advantage by the mere fact of allowing them to go to these little district schools, where they all have the same treatment and are all tried by the same standard. But with us in the country the district school is only philanthropic in that excellent sense in which all joint effort for the common good is philanthropic.

A very wholesome effect has been produced in great cities by the university settlements, college settlements, and similar efforts to do practical good by bringing closer together the more and the less fortunate in life. It is no easy task to make movements of this kind succeed. If managed in a spirit of patronizing condescension, or with ignorance of the desires, needs, and passions of those round about, little good indeed will come from them. The fact that, instead of little, much good does in reality result, is due to the entirely practical methods and the spirit of comradeship shown by those foremost in these organizations. One particularly good feature has been their tendency to get into politics. Of course this has its drawbacks, but they are outweighed by the advantages. Clean politics is simply one form of applied good citizenship. No man can be a really good citizen unless he takes a lively interest in politics from a high standpoint. Moreover, the minute that a move is made in politics, the people who are helped and those who would help them grow to have a common interest which is genuine and absorbing instead of being in any degree artificial, and this will bring them together as nothing else would. Part of the good that results from such community of feeling is precisely like the good that results from the community of feeling about a club foot-ball team or base-ball nine. This in itself has a good side; but there is an even better side, due to the fact that disinterested

motives are appealed to, and that men are made to feel that they are working for others, for the community as a whole as well as for themselves.

There remains the host of philanthropic workers who cannot be classed in any of the above-mentioned classes. They do most good when they are in touch with some organization, although, in addition, the strongest will keep some of their leisure time for work on individual lines to meet the cases where no organized relief will accomplish anything. Philanthropy has undoubtedly been a good deal discredited both by the exceedingly noxious individuals who go into it with ostentation to make a reputation, and by the only less noxious persons who are foolish and indiscriminate givers. Anything that encourages pauperism, anything that relaxes the manly fiber and lowers self-respect, is an unmixed evil. The soup-kitchen style of philanthropy is as thoroughly demoralizing as most forms of vice or oppression, and it is of course particularly revolting when some corporation or private individual undertakes it, not even in a spirit of foolish charity, but for purposes of self-advertisement. In a time of sudden and widespread disaster, caused by a flood, a blizzard, an earthquake, or an epidemic, there may be ample reason for the extension of charity on the largest scale to every one who needs it. But these conditions are wholly exceptional, and the methods of relief employed to meet them must also be treated as wholly exceptional. In charity the one thing always to be remembered is that, while any man may slip and should at once be helped to rise to his feet, yet no man can be *carried* with permanent advantage either to him or to the community. The greatest possible good can be done by the extension of a helping hand at the right moment, but the attempt to carry any one permanently can end in nothing but harm. The really hard-working philanthropists, who spend their lives in doing good to their neighbors, do not, as a rule, belong to the "mushy" class, and thoroughly realize the unwisdom of foolish and indiscriminate giving, or of wild and crude plans of social reformation. The young enthusiast who is for the first time brought into contact with the terrible suffering and stunting degradation which are so evident in many parts of our great cities is apt to become so appalled as to lose his head. If there is a twist in his moral or mental make-up, he will never regain his poise; but if he is sound and healthy he will soon realize that things being bad affords

no justification for making them infinitely worse, and that the only safe rule is for each man to strive to do his duty in a spirit of sanity and wholesome common sense. No

one of us can make the world move on very far, but it moves at all only when each one of a very large number does his duty as the chance offers.



THE HANGING-ON OF "BY JOCKS."

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER,
Author of "The Reformation of Uncle Billy."

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

MRS. KLEPPER closed the oven door with a bang. It was baking-day, and her hands and arms were white with flour, while her cheeks were fiery red. The small summer kitchen was stifling, for it was a peculiarity of the "wash-stove," as the old range that did duty in the summer kitchen was called, that it must be red-hot before the oven became comfortably warm. It was harvesting-time, and Mr. Klepper had three hearty men to help him in the fields, and baking for three extra hands is no small job. Mrs. Klepper baked her bread in a dish-pan, great round loaves; and on baking-day the wash-stove was kept red-hot all the afternoon.

Four or five hours over a red-hot stove is apt to warm the best of tempers a little, especially when the sponge has not "riz" as it should; and this, added to the fact that measles were in the neighborhood, and that Willie was developing suspicious red spots on his countenance, had put Mrs. Klepper a little out of humor.

As she banged the oven door and turned to wipe her hot face on the kitchen towel, the door leading into the house opened, and Mrs. Klepper paused and glanced over her shoulder. Her father stood in the doorway. He had driven to town to do an errand for her, and he still wore his hat.

"Well?" his daughter asked with some irritation.

The old man shook his head sadly.

"Mary Ann," he said, "I 'm purty nigh seventy-one year old, an'—"

Mrs. Klepper dropped into the yellow

kitchen chair and folded her hands in her lap. A hopeless expression settled on her face, and she looked at the old man with mingled helplessness and reproach.

"Father," she exclaimed, "oh, father! You ain't goin' ter hev another dyin'-spell, are you? Ef you are, I guess I might as well give up, with harvestin' on, an' Willie gettin' the measles, an' no hired girl. You ain't, are you?"

The old man waited until she had ceased, turning his hat slowly in his hands.

"Mary Ann," he said again, "I 'm purty nigh seventy-one year old, an' the Bible says the length of a man's life ain't but three-score year an' ten, an', by jocks! I 'm past it, an' I 'm liable ter drap off any minute. I feel I ain't got long ter live, Mary Ann."

Mrs. Klepper glanced at her disordered kitchen and then at the clock on the shelf over the table, and heaved a sigh of resignation.

"Oh, well," she said dejectedly, "I s'pose ef you 're goin' ter hev a dyin'-spell you 'll hev ter hev et, so go ahead an' git inter bed. I ain't got no time ter lazy with you jist now. I 've got a pan o' bread in the stove. I think it 's right down mean o' you ter go ter dyin' right when I 'm head over heels in harvestin', father, but I guess I can't help et. It does seem ez ef you allus git dyin'-spells jist the wust times you kin pick out; but go on up, an' I 'll come up soon 's I kin. The medicine 's on the table, side o' the bed where et allus is."

Her father looked at her reproachfully.

"I'm past medicine now, Mary Ann," he said slowly. "You better come up jist ez soon ez you kin. Ef you don't," he added, "you're liable not ter see me livin'."

He turned away, and Mrs. Klepper pulled the oven door open angrily, looked at the browning loaf, and slammed the door again.

"I'd jist like ter git my hands on whoever 't was put pa up ter dyin' ag'in," she said. "Some o' them lazy good-fer-nawthin's down ter the store, I'll warrant. They ain't been nobody died thet I know on, but it's jist like him ter git a spell right in the busiest time. I might 'a' knowed I could n't git through harvest-time 'thout him takin' a notion ter die, jist like he did preserve-time an' when the presidin' elder come fer a week last June."

Old "By Jocks" climbed to his room and went to bed. For a year he had had dying-spells, times when he believed his end was near, although to a careful observer his fears seemed groundless, and after a few days in bed he generally became restless and got up again. Dr. Weaver swore he was as sound as an oak post, and days when he did not have a "spell" By Jocks himself boasted that he could cut more wood or pitch more hay than his son-in-law. At the store he was a great favorite, and whether tossing horseshoes on the side road or telling stories among the older men, he always held his own, and he was the jolliest one of the lot.

There is a time in every man's life when he realizes that he is growing old, and the realization did not come to By Jocks gently. It came one Sabbath morning in Orono church, in a sermon full of stirring exhortation, in which the preacher dwelt on the necessity of losing no time in preparing for the future. For the elder men he dwelt on the allotted span of life, the threescore years and ten, and By Jocks took it to heart, drove home and went to bed, and stayed there until he grew restless. Then he got up and split a cord of white-oak kitchen wood, and forgot his age until something brought it vividly before him again. Since then his dying-spells had occurred frequently, and they worried his daughter, for her kind heart could not know her father was in bed alone with his gloomy thoughts and refuse to render him the comforts due a sick man, although she knew he was in the best of health and good for twenty years of life and happiness.

When Mr. Klepper and the three extra hands came from the fields Mary Ann met her husband with a doleful face.

"Well, well, ma," he cried, "what's gone wrong? Bread ain't sour, is et?"

"Mebby et is," she said; "I ain't hed the heart ter taste of et."

"Psho, now!" her husband said good-naturedly, "guess you must 'ave got out o' the wrong side o' the bed this mornin'." And then he asked with some concern, "Willie ain't sick, is he?"

"Yes, I guess he's got the measles," replied his wife. "But thet don't worry me any; et's time he hed 'em, anyhow."

Mr. Klepper raised his dripping face from the tin wash-basin where he was "rubbin' hisself up."

"You don't mean ter tell me father's got a dyin'-spell?" he asked with great vexation.

Mrs. Klepper put down her basting-spoon noisily.

"Yes, I do," she said; "he jist has thet very thing! Ain't et jist too bad! We're so busy, all on us, an' Willie all broke out! I wisht he hed waited till we got rid o' the hands. What you ever s'pose put him up ter et this time?"

Mr. Klepper wiped his sun-browned face and rubbed his well-soaked hair.

"Why, Marty Gray died yestiddy," he said; "I s'pose father hearn et at the store."

"That's et!" said his wife. "I wondered ef them fellers ter the store'd say anything ter start him dyin', 'cause last time I was in I told 'em ter be awful careful what they said about funerals an' sich. They know how easy 't is ter set father off."

When Mr. Klepper had finished his supper he pushed back his chair. His wife was arranging a tray of dainties to take up to By Jocks.

"Don't you carry thet up, Mary Ann," he said; "I'm a-goin' up an' see father, an' ef he feels like eatin' I'll come down an' git et. Ain't no use you climbin' up them stairs fer nawthin', when he likely won't eat." He lighted his pipe and climbed the stairs, which creaked under his weight.

The old man lay back among the pillows, muttering softly to himself.

"Well, by jocks!" he exclaimed when he saw his son-in-law, "I 'lowed you was all goin' ter let me die here like a sick calf. I'm purty low this time, Henry, an' no mistake. Jist about gone. I'm purty nigh seventy-one year old, an' the Bible says—"

"Oh, come now, father," said Henry, cheerfully; "you ain't dead yit by a long sight. Bet you could throw me in a rattle right now. You'll be all right by mornin'."

"No, Henry," the old man said weakly;

"your intentions is good, but they don't help me none. All us old fellers is passin' away. Marty Gray's gone. We all got ter go. I doubt I won't live till mornin'. I feel et in my bones."

ain't never knowed et ter fail. When yer gits ter the aidge o' the grave, pains cease. Et 's a dead sure sign. I 'm dyin' this time. Marty Gray passed away jist this way, Henry, an' I 'm purty nigh seventy-one year—"



"THEN HE GOT UP AND SPLIT A CORD OF WHITE-OAK KITCHEN WOOD."

Henry seated himself on the bed.

"Where you feel the wust, father?" he asked kindly.

"Thet 's jist what scairt me," said the old man. "I ain't got no pain, by jocks! an' thet 's a sure sign a man 's dyin', Henry. I

"Father," said Henry, quickly, "I hope you 've mistook the symptoms. I do surely hope you ain't goin' ter die right now. You allus said you wanted a decent buryin', an' ef you drap off now you know yourself they ain't no time folks kin take off fer a funeral

in harvest-time but Sunday, an' next Sunday's Marty Gray's funeral, an' we could n't noways expect a big follerin', 'cause Marty he's goin' ter be buried over in Orono township, an' half the folks'd foller him. 'Course ef y'er goin' ter die they ain't no help fer et, but et's a shame fer a man ter live so long an' then not hev no sort o' a funeral."

The old man listened thoughtfully, and when Henry paused he slowly raised himself.

"Henry," he said, "by jocks, ef I did n't fergit all erbout thet! I'm low, Henry, an' I don't keer fer myself, but et would be awful mean ter them as had ter foller one o' us an' could n't foller th' other."

He slid his feet to the floor and began to draw on his garments.

"Wonder ef Mary Ann's got any supper left?" he asked, and then suddenly clasped his knee. "By jocks!" he ejaculated, "this here rheumatiz does strike me bad, Henry. Seems like et's wuss ter-night'n et's been fer a long time. I feel mighty sick, Henry. Guess I'll hev ter drive down ter Franklin ter-morrer an' see Doc Weaver. 'Fraid I ain't got long amongst ye; but I'm goin' ter try ter put off leavin' ye till next week."

He chuckled.

"By jocks! 'fraid I ain't never goin' ter git a chanst ter die. Seems like somethin' allus comes up jist when I git good an' ready. Marty Gray did n't hev no cause ter die jist now, noway; he wa' n't so old ez me by twelve months, Henry, but he allus was gittin' in folkses' way."

Henry aided him into his trousers and handed him a comb.

The old man laughed.

"Talk erbout funerals, by jocks! When I was in Chicagy I see a funeral, an' the hull thing was on the run, everybody hurryin' like tramps hed set their hay-ricks afire. S'pose I'd be hurried jist the same ef I died thar. Anyhow, ez St. Paul says, 'when you're in Rome, do like the Romans does.'"

Mary Ann met the old man at the foot of the stairs.

"Well, father," she said cheerfully, "feelin' some better?"

"No, by jocks!" he said shortly, "I ain't feelin' anywise better 'n I did, Mary Ann. I'm goin' in ter see Doc Weaver ter-morrer, but I reckon I'm past help. Ev'ry dog hez his day. I'm purty nigh seventy-one year old—"

"Yes, I know, father," she interrupted quickly; "but granddad lived to be a hundred an' six, you know."

"Thet's so! Thet's so!" he admitted, as

he took his seat at the supper-table, on which the dishes were still standing. "We're a long-lived fambly, Mary Ann. Your granny was ninety-two 'fore she needed specs, an' I ain't never heard o' one o' us died under threescore an' ten, nary one. But, by jocks! we all got ter die some day, an' I'm purty nigh seventy-one year old, an' the Bible says—"

"Who you want ter hev drive you down ter town ter-morrer?" asked Henry, hastily.

"Who? Drive me over?" asked the old man, with great indignation. "Guess I kin drive's well ez any o' you boys, by jocks! an' better, too. I don't need no driver yit, by a long ways. You young fellers think thet soon's a pusson gits a bit o' gray in his hair he hez ter hev a nuss!"

Nor would he drive any horse but the bay colt, and he was up before Henry the next morning, and had the colt harnessed before Mary Ann rang the breakfast-bell.

He found Doc Weaver in his office, deep in an argument with "Jedge" McComber on the single-tax question, and while the doctor was delivering his "finally" and driving it home with his extended forefinger, By Jocks examined the backs of the half-dozen medical volumes on the book-shelves. By the time the judge had assured the doctor that his arguments were false from top to bottom, By Jocks was feeling the weight of his years.

"Doc," he said, "guess I'm gone fer good this time. I ain't got no appetite fer my victuals. I'm plumb give out, doc, but I can't holler 'bout it; I'm purty nigh seventy-one year old, an' the Bible says the length o' a man's life ain't but threescore year an' ten—"

"No appetite, hey?" asked the doctor. "Tongue coated—um!" He slapped the old man on the back and laughed. "Pshaw!" he said, "there's nothing the matter with you. You're good for years yet. All you want is some salts and you'll be as young as the best of us. You stop at the drug-store and get a pound or so of salts, and I'll warrant you'll be helping Henry harvest in a couple of days."

"I'm purty nigh seventy-one year—"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the doctor. "Should n't have thought you were sixty."

When Mary Ann entered the kitchen after carrying the midday lunch to the field, she found her father seated at the table, with a huge yellow bowl before him. He was eating the contents with a large spoon.

"Well, father," she said gaily, "eatin' a little bread an' milk?"



"YOU DON'T MEAN TER TELL ME FATHER 'S GOT A DYIN'-SPELL?"

The old man looked up with tears in his eyes and swallowed another spoonful with a wry face.

"No," he said shortly, "'t ain't no bread an' milk, neether."

"'T ain't?" she asked, peering into the bowl with great curiosity. "What hev yer got?"

By Jocks took another spoonful and made another grimace.

"Pound o' salts," he said shortly.

Mary Ann dropped her empty lunch-basket and gasped.

"Law sakes, father!" she cried, "yer ain't eatin' a hull pound o' salts, be ye?"

"Yes, by jocks!" he said; "an' it 's the wust stuff I ever swallowed. Jist erbout gags me, by jocks! But doc told me ter, an' I guess doc knows his business."

Mary Ann seized the spoon as the old man was raising it to his lips.

"Mercy me!" she exclaimed, "ye 'll kill yerself."

Her father held to the spoon firmly.

"Let go, Mary Ann," he said crossly; "I 'm goin' ter take this stuff, by jocks! kill me er not kill me. Doc said ter, an' I don't see any use goin' ter a doctor ef yer don't do like he says. I got faith in doc, an' I 'm goin' ter do jist ez doc said. Ef I don't, I 'll like ez not be dead by mornin', anyhow. I 'm purty nigh seventy-one year old, Mary Ann, an' the Bible says a man 's only got three-score year an' ten—"

Mary Ann dropped the spoon and grasped the yellow bowl. The old man reached for it, but she was on her feet, and she hurried to the door and emptied the contents on the grass.

By Jocks moped about the farm disconsolately for several days, but as Sunday approached he brightened, and Sunday evening he regained his spirits. Old Marty Gray was buried, and By Jocks could go ahead with his dying. Willie was still in bed with the measles, but the old man felt that he could not delay for small things, and at sundown he went to his room and went to bed.

"I 'm jist erbout dead, Mary Ann," he said. "No pain left, an' I 'm beginnin' ter remember things thet happened when I was a boy. Thet 's a sure sign. Purty soon I 'll begin ter fergit things thet 's happened lately. Ef et comes ter thet by mornin' guess ye 'd better see the preacher an' fix up fer him ter come nex' Sunday. Ye know 'bout the 'rangements. Same ez when I was so low last time, Mary Ann. Reckon Henry 'll git through harvest 'g'in' then?"

"He got through last night," his daughter answered sadly; "the men went off yestiddy, ye know."

"By jocks!" he exclaimed gleefully, "so they did. Did n't I tell ye I was purty nigh gone? I 'm beginnin' ter fergit things thet 's happenin' right now, an' I kin remember them thet happened years ago. Ye ain't got no faith in how low I am, Mary Ann; but, I tell ye, I 'm purty nigh—"

His daughter fled to the door.

"Willie is cryin'," she said, and she passed into the next room.

That night her father slept peacefully, lulled by the patter of rain on the roof overhead, nor did the rain cease the next day. On the contrary, it fell in torrents, and the old man lay and watched it impatiently. Tuesday it also rained, and By Jocks sat up in bed and scowled at the window, down which the drops ran continuously. Rainy weather is always bad for the attendance at a country funeral, and the old man would have lost heart had not the dog howled all one night, and had he not heard the death-tick in the woodwork the next.

Wednesday morning the rain ceased, and Henry came and sat beside him.

"How come ye ain't haulin' oats?" the old man asked peevishly.

"Wisht I could," said Henry; "but the roads 'twixt here an' town 's so I 'd git stuck 'fore I got half a mile. I ain't ever seen 'em so soft this time o' year."

By Jocks squirmed.

"I s'pose ye ain't been ter see the preacher, then?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, I 've been," replied Henry; "I ast him about Sunday, but he can't come. He 's goin' off on his vacation ter-day."

By Jocks sat up in bed.

"Did ye see the pall-bearers?" he asked.

"Yes, I *went* ter see 'em, but I only seen one. The other three on 'em 's gone ter the World's Fair in Chicagy."

The old man's face lengthened.

"Henry," he asked fearfully, "they ain't nobody died in Orono township, hez they?"

"Yes, they hez," replied Henry, slowly; "ol' Miss Burpee died this mornin'. They 're goin' ter bury her Sunday."

His father-in-law hit his pillow a sounding whack with his fist.

"Drat her!" he exclaimed; "ain't I never goin' ter git a fair show at dyin'? I almost wisht I was one o' them old martyrs; they hed half a chanst ter die, anyhow."

He sat awhile in moody silence, and then lay back and turned on his face. He lay very

still, and Henry gazed at him silently. He heard Mary Ann moving about in the room below, heard her leave the room and after several minutes return, and still the old man lay on his face. Willie cried peevishly in the next room, and Henry stole away softly and quieted him. When he returned, the old man still lay as he had left him, one wrinkled hand outside the coverlet. Henry leaned over him and placed one hand gently on the old man's shoulder.



"I RECKON I KIN HANG ON A LEETLE LONGER."

"Father," he said softly, "father!"

By Jocks turned over suddenly, and ran his fingers briskly through his hair.

"Henry," he said, "hand me them clothes o' mine. They ain't no use my tryin' ter die in this township when they keep a-dyin' in Orono. Tell Mary Ann t' pack some things in my satchel."

"Father," cried Henry, "yer don't mean ye 're goin' ter go somewheres else t' die!"

The old man chuckled.

"Die!" he said. "By jocks! I 'm goin' ter the World's Fair in Chicagy. Ef them ol' critters I picked out t' tote my coffin kin go, I guess I kin. I 'm only a leetle over seventy year old, Henry. I reckon I kin hang on a leetle longer."

And By Jocks is still hanging on.

THE BED.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I.

"THOU, of all God's gifts the best,
Blessèd Bed!" I muse, and rest
Thinking how it havened me
In my dazèd infancy,
Ere mine eyes could bear the kind
Daylight through the window-blind,
Or my lips, in yearning quest,
Groping found the mother-breast,
Or mine utterance but owned
Minor sounds that sobbed and moaned.

II.

Gracious Bed that nestled me
Even ere the mother's knee,—
Lulling me to slumber ere
Conscious of my treasure there—
Save the tiny palms that kept
Fondling, even as I slept,
That rare dual-wealth of mine,
Softest pillow, sweetest wine!
Gentlest cheer for mortal guest,
And of Love's fare lordliest

III.

By thy grace, O Bed, the first
Blooms of boyhood-memories burst:
Dreams of riches, swift withdrawn
As I, wakening, find the dawn
With its glad spring-face once more
Glimmering on me as of yore;
Then the bluebird's limpid cry
Lulls me like a lullaby,
Till falls every failing sense
Back to sleep's sheer impotence.

IV.

Or, a truant, home again,
With the moonlight through the pane,
And the kiss that ends the prayer—
Then the footsteps down the stair;
And the close hush; and far click
Of the old clock; and the thick
Sweetness of the locust-bloom
Drugging all the enchanted room
Into darkness fathoms deep
As mine own pure childish sleep.

V.

Gift and spell, O Bed, retell
Every lovely miracle,
Up from childhood's simplest dream
Unto manhood's pride supreme!
Sacredness no words express—
Lo, the young wife's fond caress
Of her first-born, while beside
Bends the husband, tearful-eyed,
Marveling of kiss and prayer
Which of these is holier there.

VI.

Trace the vigils through the long,
Long nights, when the cricket's song
Stunned the sick man's fevered brain,
As he tossed and moaned in pain
Piteous, till thou, O Bed,
Smoothed the pillows for his head,
And thy soothest solace laid
Round him, and his fever weighed
Into slumber deep and cool,
And divinely merciful.

VII.

Thus, O Bed, all gratefully
I would ever sing of thee,
Till the final sleep shall fall
O'er me, and the crickets call
In the grasses where at last
I am indolently cast
Like a play-worn boy at will.
'T is a Bed befriends me still;
Yea, and Bed, belike, the best,
Softest, safest, blessèdest.

A PLEA FOR FAIR TREATMENT.

BY WU TING FANG,
Chinese Minister at Washington.

IN all civilized communities the power to decide a matter in dispute is invariably taken away from the interested parties and lodged in the hands of a third person. It has been found that this is the only way to secure substantial justice to both sides. But in international controversies the parties interested are themselves the judges. This being the case, public discussion of a question of an international nature is apt to be intensely partizan in character, irrespective of the merits of the case. In other words, the people of each country, as a rule, allow their patriotism to get the better of their sense of right and wrong. In former days the strongest arm, the heaviest battalion, usually settled every controversy. Now, happily, force has given place, in a great measure, to diplomacy, which is nothing but an appeal to reason and to the sense of justice inherent in mankind. The necessity of exercising calmness, judgment, caution, and discretion in handling international questions cannot but be apparent to all, considering the welfare of the large number of persons affected, the magnitude of the interests involved, and the far-reaching consequences entailed upon one or more nations. Even the people of the United States and Great Britain, who speak the same language, live under similar institutions and laws, and have virtually the same customs and manners, have found it at times difficult to avoid misunderstandings. How much more difficult is it to prevent misunderstandings between peoples so unlike, and in many respects so antipodal, as the Chinese and the Americans, not to say the Europeans, in language, in religion, in ways of thinking, in educational training, and in modes of action! For the maintenance of friendly relations between such incongruous elements it is imperative that great care and patience should be exercised. The recent events in China present a case in point.

During the past year certain districts in the province of Shan-tung were infested with scattered bands of outlaws. Issuing nightly from their hiding-places, they made sudden descents upon the peaceful inhabitants, and

carried off as booty all that they could lay hands on. The people of those districts at last had to organize themselves for common defense. With this end in view, they practised boxing, fencing, and other athletic exercises, so that they might better cope with their assailants. So far the purposes of those organizations were perfectly legitimate. But, unfortunately, hard times followed. The heavens withheld the much-needed rain; the fields were parched; the crops failed. The rural communities found starvation and suffering staring them in the face. All the able-bodied men that had banded themselves together to protect their families and homes turned marauders themselves. Thus came into prominence the I-ho-chuen Society, literally "Righteous and Harmonious Fists," or Boxers, as they are now known throughout the world. When they were first heard of, a few months ago, they were even then strong enough to bid defiance to the local authorities. From the province of Shan-tung they extended their operations to the neighboring province of Chi-li, and in a short time reached the capital, Peking. Everywhere they left destruction and misery in their path. Telegraph-wires were cut; railroad-tracks were torn up; churches were burned; Christian converts were massacred.

At the first sign of trouble, the foreign ministers at Peking naturally asked that marines should be permitted to land and come up to the capital for the protection of their legations. This request was granted. The guards reached Peking just in time before communication with the outside world was entirely cut off. For days every effort to get word to or from the foreign ministers failed. Days soon lengthened into weeks. The world naturally grew more and more painfully anxious about their safety. The fearful suspense respecting their fate at once gave rise to a crop of rumors, hinting at massacres, autos da fe, tortures, and the like. At length all seemed ready to give up the besieged legations for lost. Then certain despatches from Shanghai gave the startling news that a dreadful crime had been committed on all foreigners in Peking. No grue-

some detail was wanting. It was graphically told that the legation guards, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, having fired their last cartridge, were mercilessly cut down to a man; that the scene of confusion and horror which followed the mad rush of the infuriated mob upon their prey was easier to be imagined than described; that nameless tortures were inflicted upon the victims; that some were even thrown into caldrons of boiling oil. Such blood-curdling tales could not but produce a profound impression. A thrill of horror ran through the whole world. At the first receipt of the news, in the midst of universal sorrow, no one seemed to take any notice of the source whence the reports came.

But a sober second thought should have questioned their authenticity. Shanghai is about nine hundred miles from Peking. Events which took place at Peking would naturally become known first at Tientsin or Chi-fu rather than at Shanghai. There was no reason why the reports should have taken the longer instead of the shorter routes to reach the coast. Those upon whose word the story of the so-called massacre was constructed were men who had left Peking at the beginning of the trouble or had never been there at all. They were not eye-witnesses of the scenes they pretended to describe. They only inferred from the difficult experiences they had gone through in reaching a place of safety that those who were left behind must have met their doom. Thus out of such flimsy materials the gigantic fabric of the massacre was reared. Unfortunately, the world was in the position of a drowning man catching at straws. Tidings from the besieged in Peking were awaited with fear and trembling on all hands. Every one thought that the legations could not hold out weeks against overwhelming odds, and was ready to hear that the worst had actually come to pass. The reports from Shanghai, therefore, fell upon receptive ground. To such an extent did these newspaper inventions find credence among the people and the press on both sides of the Atlantic that a memorial service for the supposed dead was actually fixed for July 23 at St. Paul's Cathedral in London. This service would have taken place at the time and place appointed, had it not been for the fact that a message direct from Minister Conger was received and made public a few days before that date.

On the other hand, information from Chinese sources, whether official or private, all

tended to establish the fact that the foreign envoys were safe in Peking. But the people and the press both in Europe and in America turned a deaf ear to all Chinese assurances. Evil motives were imputed to the imperial government for keeping as long as possible other nations in ignorance of the fate that had befallen the foreign representatives in Peking. All officials holding high and responsible posts under the Chinese government were painted as liars of the blackest dye. Even imperial edicts declaring in the most solemn and positive terms that all the foreign ministers with the exception of Baron von Ketteler, the German minister, remained unharmed, met with no better reception. The public still refused to be convinced. The prevailing opinion throughout Europe and America seemed to be that all Chinese, whether high or low, were incapable of speaking the truth. I do not deny that one sometimes meets with individuals in China who have no regard for the truth; but this species of moral delinquency is not peculiar to any one race or to any one country. The author of the Psalms in the Christian Bible went so far, in his haste, as to say that "all men are liars." I am inclined to think that this statement is rather too sweeping in its scope. At any rate, the Chinese have not an exclusive claim to this unenviable distinction. Throughout the East, Chinese merchants have everywhere the reputation of being men of their word. Transactions involving hundreds of thousands of dollars are daily being consummated with nothing but the word of Chinese merchants back of them. What is said of Chinese merchants applies also to Chinese officials. Foreign loans of large amounts have been contracted under their hand and seal. They have always been scrupulously punctual in their payments. No attempt has ever been made by them to repudiate their liability in any financial transaction. Such being the case, statements made by Chinese officials are surely worthy of some credit, and should be accepted at their face value.

I cannot bring myself to the belief that those who had pinned their faith on the story of the massacre, and were most vehement in their cry for vengeance, had any intention of misleading the public in any way. I am of opinion that they were honest in their convictions, but, in the excitement of the moment, only mistook sensational reports for a statement of facts. But after all the severe reflections that they have cast upon the government and people of China

alike, I think it but right that, as men of honor, they should now manfully come forward and make the *amende honorable*. By so doing they would, in some measure, undo the mischief they have done. For if they had succeeded in carrying away with them the government and people of this country as well as those of Europe, they would have inflicted upon the whole Chinese nation a gross injustice, and serious consequences might have ensued from their ill-considered and impetuous advice.

Inasmuch as nothing could possibly satisfy the public at the time but a direct message from the besieged ministers, such a communication, after great difficulty, was obtained in the shape of a cablegram from Minister Conger. This was a reply to the State Department's inquiry sent on July 10. It was in the secret cipher of the State Department, which no one but Minister Conger or one of his secretaries could have written. But upon the receipt and publication of the message, strange to say, a wave of incredulity spread over this country and Europe. Fully ninety men or newspapers out of every hundred doubted its genuineness. Reasons were elaborately put forth to show that it was a forgery. Among these may be mentioned the following: that it was undated; that the Chinese government might have obtained possession of the legation cipher key; that it was an old telegram intercepted over a month ago and held back just for such a use; that its contents were known to the Chinese officials, as vouched for by a high British official at Shanghai; that it was a diabolical attempt on the part of the Chinese government to deceive the world and sow dissension among the allied powers, with the view of delaying their military operations. All sorts of sinister motives were imputed to the Chinese authorities for sending the message. It grieved me particularly to find that persons in America and Europe who had been in China and were in a position to enlighten the public on the Chinese situation made matters worse by coming out with statements declaring their unshaken belief in the story of the massacre and in the worthlessness of the Conger telegram. A certain returned missionary, who said he had spent fifty years in China, was reported to have used the following language: "I believe the entire foreign legation in Peking has been killed, and the responsibility for this killing is to be found in the deceit and cunning of the Chinese minister at Washington. There is no doubt that the Chinese

minister had private despatches on this subject several weeks ago. He knew of the impending disaster, but he was too cunning to tell it."

Christianity teaches people to be charitable to their fellow-men, and here is a follower of Christ who, in a reported statement, which, as far as I know, has not been denied, openly charges me with deceit and holds me responsible for events in China when I was more than ten thousand miles away from the scene of action. There are no doubt many good missionaries in China, but it can be easily seen that if some of them are not more charitable and considerate than this missionary is reported to be, friction with the natives can hardly be avoided.

Now, the evidence respecting the safety of the foreign representatives in Peking is of so positive and overwhelming a nature as to leave no room for doubt. The story of the massacre is nothing but a pure fiction. The Conger telegram has, at the same time, been proved to be genuine by the production of the cipher original. Thus the two most exciting incidents of the present trouble in China may be said to be closed. But they teach a lesson, which every one will do well to heed in the future: not to be hasty in forming conclusions.

There is a Chinese saying: "If you want to condemn a man, you can always find an excuse for so doing without any difficulty." There is a disposition in some quarters, I am told, to do everything possible to embroil China in a war with the foreign powers at the present time, or to bring about a partition of the country in the hope of securing more concessions or commercial advantages in the final settlement. All the baseless inventions detrimental to China which have appeared in the newspapers are supposed to have this end in view. I feel reluctant, however, to impute such evil motives to those who have thus unwittingly worked against China. I am inclined to believe that they have fallen into the mistake of judging Chinese ideas and doings by the Western standard. I will give an illustration.

Newspapers nowadays often mention this official as belonging to the anti-foreign party, and that official as a leader with progressive tendencies. These terms are very misleading. To an American reader the word "party" conveys the idea of an organization of men in public life, who are bound by certain political ties and recognize certain principles in the conduct of public affairs. There are no such parties in China. All deductions from

the existence in Chinese politics of a party in power and a party in opposition are absolutely at fault.

Again, take the widely heralded enmity between the Manchus and the Chinese. From the relations of a conquered nation to its conquerors, Americans naturally infer that the Chinese must hate the Manchus and only wait for an opportunity to rise against their supposed oppressors. Nothing would be further from the truth. In Peking, Manchus and Chinese mingle freely in social and official life. The same is also true in other parts of the empire. In point of fact, there is about as much enmity between the Chinese and the Manchus as there is between the Scotch and the English at the present day.

Moreover, it must be remembered that most of the high officials in Peking are born and bred Chinese of the old school. All the princes and nearly all the ministers of state have spent most of their days within the four walls of the capital. They have never visited even other parts of the empire, not to say foreign lands, nor can they speak any other language besides their own. They have absolutely no knowledge or experience of foreigners or foreign ways, except those who are ministers of the Tsung-li Yamen (the Foreign Office), and the experience of these men has been confined exclusively to their official intercourse with the foreign representatives at Peking. Under the circumstances, it is not strange that they should often do and say things which are right in their own eyes, but which, when transmitted

through a foreign medium, assume a different aspect. It is well for foreigners to show a little forbearance in dealing with the Chinese, and the Chinese will not be found wanting in grateful appreciation.

China is now passing through an important crisis in her history. Troublous times are apt to engender fierce passions. She desires only to be treated fairly and justly by other nations. The baseless reports that have been circulated in the newspapers about the recent happenings in different parts of China have done incalculable harm in that they have served to make the situation, already serious, more difficult. One should be particularly careful in sifting facts and slow in forming conclusions in these days of sensational journalism. There is a saying that "one man's meat is another man's poison." This is true of nations as well as of individuals. The conditions and environments of life are so different in the Orient from those in the Occident that the same cause will often produce widely diverse effects. Throw water on a burning building, and it will put out the fire. Throw water into a tank of sulphuric acid, and it will generate so much heat as to cause an explosion. It is only from an Eastern point of view that the difficulties arising in China can be seen in their true proportions and bearings. Great care must be exercised in determining the proper course to be pursued in dealing with Eastern nations so that no irretrievable wrong may be committed. Let justice and consideration for others be the guiding principles on all occasions.

WASHINGTON, August 17, 1900.

THE CUP OF BLISS.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

THE reddest rose, the bluest violet,
Take them and bray them in a golden jar,
Drip in the clearest dewdrops; nor forget
Some faintest scent from where old shadows are,
Nor the night laughter where the brook is loud,
Nor that far voice when all the silence grieves;
Stir these with motion of the softest cloud,
Of winds that run along the sunny leaves.
The last, add glances of the moonlit stream,
Pink tremblings from the edges of the dawn,
A dash of rapture only youth dare dream,
And the dear pang it leaves when it is gone.
Pour, now, and drink. Is it the cup of bliss?
Thou canst not, then, remember love's first kiss.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

International Hatred.

THE close of the nineteenth century seems to be marked by a recrudescence of international and interracial prejudice and hatred. Africa and the Philippines have been the fields of bitter conflicts between races of different color. The political treatment of the blacks in some of our Southern States shows the distrust of the dark race by the white, while the brutality of white mobs in the punishment of certain black criminals witnesses, again, to something more than distrust in the relations between the two races. That this is not a purely geographical condition, the recent race-riot in New York bears witness. In China we have a terrific example of the hatred of the yellow race for the white. In some of the cases cited showing bitterness between races, hatred has been intensified by resented intrusion; but back of it all is the specter of the ancient, uneradicable—shall we say uneradicable?—prejudice between races. What was it but the same spirit of race antipathy that lately shook well-nigh to its foundations one of the greatest and most civilized countries of Europe?

The hatred between highly civilized nations has in it often something of the race prejudice also; but international hatred manifests itself sometimes independently of race affinities and repulsions. Not long ago most of the nations of Europe, Great Britain being a significant exception, were bitter haters of the United States. Later the feeling toward the United States greatly diminished, while certain of these nations took to hating England with a fury strangely mixed of jealousy, envy, and genuine moral indignation. A little while ago it seemed as if the feeling between America and England had reached a naturally friendly condition, when this feeling was disturbed by events in South Africa.

The outlook is depressing enough, and yet there is another and more cheerful side to the picture. Notwithstanding all the rancor and hatred among races, there is in some respects to-day a better understanding between them than ever before. There has been in America, doubtless, a reaction from the doctrinary and humanitarian and political enthusiasm regarding the negro on the part of Northern whites. Meantime there has grown up in the South itself, among the old dominant class, a new appreciation of the black man; and while we are confronted on the one hand with fearful outbursts on the part of white mobs, and with deliberate projects for restriction of the black vote, a natural evolution among the blacks,

and work done among them by institutions controlled by such men as General Armstrong and Booker T. Washington, have brought about in certain sections an appreciable improvement of their condition, raising up for them wise and efficient sympathizers and allies among neighbors of the opposite race. Himself belonging to the dark race, no one can accuse Mr. Washington of any lack of appreciation of wrongs done to the blacks, but he finds and cheerfully proclaims abundant signs of a better day for his people. One of the signs of this better day was the Montgomery Race Conference, so interestingly commented on by him in the August number of THE CENTURY.

Again, notwithstanding the nightmare of the Chinese outbreak, the statements of recent observers like Bishop Potter and others, printed in these pages, show that never before have there been so many of the Chinese people imbued with an understanding of the best things in Western civilization. Another result of the cataclysm is sure to be a better understanding than hitherto of the Chinese, both as a people and as a political problem. Among other results of a violent lesson, judging from some of Bishop Potter's frank and elucidating remarks, may be the discovery that "the heathen in his blindness" has seen some things that the Christian in his blindness fondly prognosticated that the poor heathen would be unable to see.

The wars flaming so unexpectedly from the ashes of the century seem to be vivid evidences of international hatred; and yet the long European peace extending through the last decades of the century, an armed and equipped peace though it be, has a good meaning. Though there are wars, every war finds mankind more and more sensitive as to the unescapable horrors of the bloody arbitrament. Those who go to war are put more and more to their apologies. It may look absurd, but it means a good deal, when kingly warriors, incased in steel armor and loaded with improved weapons, preach peace to the world. It is not true that the Czar's Peace Congress has been without result. In its very existence it was magnificently significant, and it has established certain principles and regulations which will yet be found of practical importance. International arbitration has taken immense strides during the century.

As to the feeling between England and America, this so frequently becomes involved in American political currents that it is difficult to speak frankly about it without incurring suspicion in some quarters. During the present political cam-

paign, for instance, there are charges of a "secret alliance" with Great Britain, based, probably, upon the undeniable and highly useful friendship of the British people and government with the United States during the Spanish war. At the same time, it should be noted that the leader of the "opposition" in America is free to say that "sympathy for the Boers does not arise from any unfriendliness toward England."

The facts of the matter, as to this particular international sentiment, would seem briefly to be these: The natural understanding and good feeling between peoples having the same language and religion, the same basic laws, and the same principles of "ordered liberty"—this natural understanding and good feeling, we say, is now and then interfered with by opposing interests, as during our Civil War; while there is a constant tendency in America to take the school-history attitude toward that nation which, in the past, has given so many of our own military and political heroes their opportunity. The American school-boy and the American Fourth of July audience have been, naturally, trained to hate the red-coat and the flag under which the redcoat fought against us in two wars. Again, the gigantic mistake of a large part of the English "ruling classes" at the time of our Civil War has been kept well in mind. Our school-children and our patriotic audiences have not had it clearly explained to them that it was not the *people* of England who opposed them in 1776; that whatever may have been the attitude of English opinion in 1776, in 1812, or in 1861, England has "had her lesson"; that the deeper relations have now their full force, and that to-day there is no country in the world where America finds such constant and profound understanding and sympathy as in Great Britain. Englishmen read with surprise and grief accounts of "wide-spread" anti-English sentiment in the United States. They cannot understand it. They resent European enmity with bitterness, but evidences of American enmity fill them with astonishment and pain. The present extremely friendly and compliant attitude of England toward America is sometimes attributed to motives purely interested. Selfishness may account for governmental action, but there is a genuine popular sentiment behind all this. One of the most distinguished statesmen of England—one, by the way, not in sympathy with the present ministry—said the other day, in private conversation, that for years no sentiment has called forth more genuine applause at public meetings throughout Great Britain than some kindly reference to the United States. The recent prompt subscription in America to English bonds is a substantial indication of confidence on the part of the new country in the stability and financial integrity, at least, of the old.

It would not be difficult to bring forth numerous evidences of an improved state of feeling among races and nations. The largest of the world's international expositions, for instance, is the one which marks the close of the century, and the German Emperor's conduct in being one

of the first to trust priceless hereditary art treasures within the precincts of the great Fair is an evidence of good feeling not to be underestimated; after his example, no other European governments could well have held back. And now the French government has consented to allow its soldiers in China to take orders from one of the leaders of that German army which so lately triumphed over the troops of France.

But it is unnecessary to multiply favorable instances. Certain it is that the nation that wastes its energies in hating other nations must soon fall out from the general advance. It is a belittling and a dangerous custom. There must be emulation, rivalry; one should entertain a truly patriotic and bracing sentiment concerning one's own home and government, but one should not hold an ignorant, disdainful, and furiously jealous attitude toward near or distant neighbors. Such an attitude is as disastrous and retrogressive in regard to races and peoples as it is in regard to individuals. The individual must know himself, and self-knowledge is necessary to the nation; but a nation cannot know itself in a salutary manner without knowing its neighbor, and it cannot know its neighbor if it does nothing but hate him.

Ruskin and his Feminine Economics.

RUSKIN'S sum of inspiration to the world has been variously appraised since his death, and the points at which he failed in his self-appointed task of awakening a materialistic generation to the esthetic life have been, on the whole, more insisted upon than his successes. Had women alone been called upon to write of Ruskin's works it is probable that the result would have been different. He was never so right and so adequate, never so thoroughly stimulating, as when he addressed himself to the female sex, to the business of analyzing feminine duties and the opportunities given to women for promoting the higher idealities in daily existence. In the constitution of Ruskin's mind there was certainly something essentially akin to the feminine. He had notions about introducing esthetic considerations into the small matters of life which were just such as might have come to a gifted, beauty-loving, sensible woman, but which often seem fantastic enough to the majority of his male readers. His love of cleanliness and order makes an intimate appeal to the soul of the good housewife. His almost comical horror of old clothes, of rents and tatters, is a sentiment perfectly understood of any wholesome woman who knows how to use her needle. When he relates how, in Switzerland, in an inn whose beautiful old marble staircase was begrimed with the incrustations of the foot-tracks of years, he took a broom and pail of water, and incontinently scrubbed the steps clean from top to bottom, a man may be a bit in doubt as to what he is to make of the esthetic mission carried to such extremes; but a woman is in instant sympathy. There is no doubt in her. She knows just how Ruskin felt. She could not have stood that dirt on those stairs, either. One is whimsically reminded,

in reading very many Ruskinian outbreaks over the "cast clouts" of the poor and the peaked visages of the ill-fed, of one of those busy, expansive clergymen's wives who run with furious energy an army of soup-kitchens and sewing-circles, and positively will not permit any mortal to use his human prerogative of being slipshod and improvident.

Scientifically viewed, Ruskin's theories about economics may have been open to discussion; but in the minute management of the human being's domesticities he had such economic conceptions as commend themselves naturally to the highest and best types of women the world over. He hated the vulgarity of waste and of those sumptuous drawing-room effects that sometimes conceal a frowzy pantry. He wanted things to be good all through, with a sincerity which one might compare to that of the builder of a Greek temple, but which it is equally exact to compare to that bred of the cultivated instincts of a perfectly refined woman. The fact that visitors were not received in the kitchen was no reason, to Ruskin, why the kitchen should not be burnished and beautiful. He uttered many inspiring and lovely words about the kitchen's obligation in this respect. Yet, in reality, he was only composing, with rich and suggestive harmonies, on a plain theme which generations of experience, and of handed-down wisdom from mother to daughter, have rendered as familiar to the saving remnant of the female sex as a cradle melody.

Practicality is about the last quality with which Ruskin has been credited; still, in point of fact, the most significant and valuable elements in his writings are founded on the kind of knowledge that comes from practical contact with the minutiae of daily living, and from nothing else. In his ideas about art he may have been visionary and astray; as to how men and women should live to be healthy and bright, and to get the greatest amount of happiness and joy out of their years on this earth, he had the soundness of ex-

perience. But, to reiterate, it was not the man's empirical knowledge about life, it was the knowledge—as to how matters really worked when you got down to the infinitesimal details of living—which he might have acquired if he had passed through a series of Buddhistic incarnations in the persons of many clever, aspiring, yet shrewd women, women full of ideals about the esthetic possibilities of existence, yet forced to discover, by the clippings that circumstances administer to feminine wings, that the prosaic limits the poetic on all sides. Since there is no chance of eliminating the prosaic,—since dust will gather, and food will spoil, and clothes will wear out, and since, men not being able to live in filth, disease, and rags, a perpetual hand-to-hand struggle must be kept up with all these ugly things,—better make a picturesque virtue of necessity, and treat the dust and the clouts, the broom and the water-pail, in the grand manner. Something of the nobility in one's attitude may become transmitted, mysteriously, to the coarse substance of those plebeian entities, or the brilliancy of one's technic in handling them may raise them to dignity.

Ruskin never preached on any subject more effectively than on this, and perhaps when many of his other preachments shall have been forgotten it will be more clearly seen how important he was whenever he took it up. His was the most authoritative and the most enchanting voice ever lifted to express the philosophy of the enlightened woman's opinion and practice with regard to the fundamental economics of daily life. Many women had known about these topics all along, but they had never seen them crystallized, intellectualized, built, as an integral element, into a high system of esthetics. They ought to be very grateful to Ruskin for having made much of their hidden wisdom visible. It is good wisdom, primordial wisdom; and to have perceived this is no mean originality, and may be one of the best of rights to enduring fame.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Jed's Monument.

THE man who drove me up from the station to the farm-house at which I was to stay while painting the famous Fairsex oaks was called Enoch. Houses were few and far between on the way up, but every one we passed reminded Enoch of some incident in the life of the resident. Most of these incidents were trivial, but served to while the monotony of the long and hilly drive.

"That's where old Jed Whitbeck used to live,"

said he, pointing to some grassy mounds, which a closer look showed to be the remains of a cellar.

I had often heard of Jed Whitbeck from the country folk thereabout, so I made the proper reply to his remark. "Pretty keen, was n't he?"

Enoch chuckled. "Keen? Well, I sh'd say so. Ther' wa'n't no keener man in Fairsex Caounty than him. Jever hear the way he fixed the Slough of Despond?"

"No," said I; "and I don't believe I ever heard

of the Slough of Despond outside of 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

"Why, years ago, when good roads wa'n't as common as they are to-day," said Enoch, carefully avoiding a stone that was embedded in the highway, "ther' was a piece of road that stretched from Squire Wadhams' daown to the school-haouse, —about ten rod, I guess,—an' in the springtime that stretch was a reg'lar quagmire. Ther' wa'n't no use tryin' to hurry through there in a buggy or any other kinder rig, 'thout you had plenty of time on your hands. I've seen a pair of cattle sunk purt' nigh up to their horns in that piece. Wal, it did n't do no good to complain to th' selec'men, because all three on 'em lived daown-taown an' did n't have no occasion to come up on the road 'cep' in summer-time, when they 'd come a pleasure-drivin', an' then the roads was middlin' good everywhere. Then they 'd say, 'No need to spen' any money on a road 's good 's this.' Wal, farmers up on the hill complained some, but their fathers had used the road before 'em, bad as 't was, an' changes is slow up there, an' it looked as ef the Slough of Despond, which had be'n so named by a schoolmaster, name of Pitkin, who taught here for a couple er years 'way back in the airly seventies—queer man he was, too. He used ter—"

"But you were speaking of the road."

"That 's right," said Enoch, who allowed himself to be picked up and brought back with an equanimity seldom shown by an easy talker. "Alongside of the Slough ther' was a piece of stun wall that hed got tired stan'in', an' had fell over before I quit bein' a boy, an' that 's a good many years ago. Stuns was pretty promiscu's in the hull meadder. Place belonged to a lazy feller named Neb Hawkins."

"One day Jed Whitbeck was drawin' a load of apples to market, an' he bruk daown with a pair of cattle right in the middle of the Slough, an' he had to unload the apples into bags an' wait fer the road to dry up before he could git the wagon aout, an' the cattle was stuck in the mud so long that, by gummy! it looked kinder lonesome ther' when they finally drewed 'em out. I 'd hate to say haow long they was watered an' fed ther'. Wal, arter Jed got everything out of the road he vowed that the place 'd be mended before it came tax-time ag'in, or he would n't pay a cent."

Enoch turned 'way out for a passing team, country fashion, and I asked him how Jed made out.

"Wal, fust he went daown to th' selec'men an' told them of haow he 'd lost the sale of his apples by the lamentable condition of the road, an' he took 'em up and showed 'em the place where he near lost the cattle. Then he ast 'em ef they 'd pay him two dollars a day fer himself an' hired help ef he 'd mend the road. They, thinkin' of the usual way of cuttin' it up and chuckin' in turf, said they would. Then he ast ef the taown would stan' it to pay him fer materi'ls used, an' as he had a persuadin' way, they said they guessed it would. Wal, arter he 'd fixed the selec'men, he goes to see Neb Hawkins, an' he says: 'Neb, that 's an onsightly lot er stuns in your meadder. What 'll

you gi' me to clear it off?' Neb he thought a minute, an' he cal'lated that it would take him a good many days, that he could better go a-fishin' in, to do the job himself, an' so he says: 'Why, I 'll give ye ten dollars to clear it off. I could raise a good crop of buckwheat ef 't wa'n't for them stuns.' Wal, Jed he wa'n't done yet. He went araoun' to the leadin' men of the village, an' he ast ef they 'd change work with him for a day, an' bring their cattle, an' they all promised, includin' Neb. Wal, he sot on a certain day, an' when the men come with their cattle ther' was a string of fifteen head, an' he led 'em to the Slough, which was on'y a few rods from his haouse. The road was in workable condition then, it bein' late in May. Some he set to diggin' aout the road; some, includin' Neb, by gummy! he set to clearin' the meadder and drawin' off the stuns on a stun-boat, an' they filled the hole in the road plumb full of stuns an' covered 'em over with dirt, him bossin' the job, but doin' no work himself. By night-time that road was mended fer good an' all, and Neb's meadder was as smooth as a filly's neck. Then Jed he sent in a bill to the selec'men for work performed by fifteen pair of cattle and men at two dollars a day,—which is cheap in these parts,—an' he added ten dollars, bein' the wuth of the stun used, though it was wuth more 'n that; but Jed said he did n't want to be graspin'. An' then he collected ten dollars from Neb fer clearin' his meadder, although Neb had put in a day on it. It did n't come out first what he 'd done, an' when it did come out the road was so teetotally fine that no one said a word about it. Long arter the rest of the road 'd be muddy the old Slough 'd be as dusty as Main street on circus day."

"Just how much did Jed make on the transaction?" I asked.

"Why, he made thirty fer doin' the job, an' ten fer the stun it took, an' ten more fer takin' the stun; so he was paid fifty dollars fer stan'in' still all day an' bossin' his neighbors. But I call the flat piece of road up there Jed's monnymet."

Charles Battell Loomis.

The Day We Thresh.

THE threshermen 's a-comin'! I kin hear the whistle too!
Gee-whizz, but ain't it jolly fun, with lots o' work to boot!
An' us boys 'll have the biggest time of all the busy spell,
Jes hangin' roun' the threshin'-chine, listenin' at 'er yell.
The big gate 's propped wide open, the ditch acrost is planked;
In struts the noisy traction, her greasy sides all flanked
With August sunshine's glitter, 'at lights up ev'ry part,
An' slants plump down the hull concern, clean to the water-cart.
The neighbor womens all come in to he'p my ma git dinner,

An' supper, too, ma she 's afeard; she says the
hands all been er
Moseyin' roun' an' visitin', 'stead o' to their
business hitchin',
While her an' all the women is a-sweatin' in the
kitchin.

The things 'at Christmus fetches, w'y, they could
n't make a smell
To the grub we have fer threshin' folks—the
good things I know well.
Red squince p'esurves, an' chicken pie, an' biled
ham sliced off thin,
Jes makes a feller eat an' eat, an' keep on
shovelin' in.
My pa he hurries to the barn, an' gits some nice
clean boards,
An' fixes up a table out in the long grape-arber,
to'ards
That big ole apple-tree, where the birds is
keepin' house,
An' a-quarrelin' an' sassin' as sly as ary mouse.
The girls they spread the table-cloth, an' set the
victuals on,
Fer all their beaus is 'mongst the hands, tall
Harry, Dick, an' Tom;
'At 's w'y each girl must have a bush, an' stan'
an' shoo off flies,
All prinked, an' furbelowed, an' frizzed, an'
gigglin' with their eyes.

When men-folks gits through dinner an' the
women all have et,
They set aroun' an' rest a spell, an' gossip some,
I s'pec',
An' wonder w'y, in threshin'-time, the wea-
ther 's al'ays hot.
Nen off they rush to clean things up an' fill the
supper-pot.
Sometimes ma mashes lemons the huckster
fetches from town,
An' scoots us off fer water to rench the sugar down.
Nen she joggles it roun' an' roun' an' pours it in
a jug,
An' ties fast to the corn-cob cork a bright new
pewter mug.
The pup an' me, an' Lige, an' Bud, with ole Shed
at our heels,
Take an' carries it, right off, to the men out in
the fiel's,
Who gits mighty dry a-pitchin' big wagginsfuls o'
wheat,
An' jes *that quick* they grab the jug, to he'p
cool off the heat.

We got to hurry right straight back to run
some pullits down,
'At ma wants ketched fer supper, fried in gravy
nice and brown.
Nen us boys plays like we 's soldiers, an' whip ole
Spain a spell,
An' wonder when the women-folks will ring the
supper-bell.
'Bout five o'clock the men comes in, the grain all
stored away;

They talk, an' wash, an' comb their hair. an'
primp up that a-way;
An' argufy on politicks—say Cuby 's too blamed
hot;
Can swelter 'nough right here at home, when
threshin', like as not.
Nen stop to eat their suppers an' plug a
watermelon,
Swap ole jokes, an' give a guess how next
year's crops is sellin'.
An' while the tired-out women-folks must wash
the dishes up,
The men jes loll roun' on the grass, an' pester
my bull-pup.

An' when the moon-man lights his lantern an'
hangs it in the sky,
It makes black shadders on our grass, an'
lighten-bugs jes fly.
Nen men-folks stretch, an' 'low they best go home
an' do the chores,
Git up the cows, an' feed the pigs, an' shet the
big barn doors.
Jes *ole men* does ('at 's married folks), 'cause
young men they mus' wait,
An' hang aroun' an' whittle, an' fergit to shet
our gate,
A-waitin' fer them giggly girls, who acts like
they don't know
'At they 's purty as a peach, an' goin' to ketch a
beau.
Nen the empty waggins goes a-clatterin' 'crost
the bridge,
An' wakin' up the echoes 'at 's a-hidin' in the
ridge,
Where the frogs is all a-jawin' at the screech-
owl out o' sight.
Nen we hear the men a-singin', far away, "Good
night, good night!"

Adelia Pope Branham.

Partial Statements.

WHY should I do the kindergarten the favor of
turning over to it the one original thinker of my
family?
* * *

THEY who maintain that women are the more
selfish do not sufficiently notice how often they
marry.
* * *

ORGANIZED charity at least does not give nuts
to the toothless, or picture-cards to the blind.
Sometimes charity does.
* * *

It takes a woman to add enough to one crumb
of love to make it a feast.
* * *

WHAT a big cup of anguish one can drink—
taken sip by sip!
* * *

A FORMULA? Certainly. So has the sun for
rising.
* * *

I MAY forget the fellow who praised, or even
him who blamed me, but not him who saw clear
through me.

A WOMAN is known by the secrets she keeps.

IN the bright lexicon of (modern) youth there is
no such word as must.

I FEEL fairly quiet in my mind as long as my
anarchist neighbor keeps on bringing in coal for
his wife. He still respects one authority.

A MAN considers that a woman loves him enough
only when she is doing his way.

DON'T get too near your enemy: he may turn
out to be a good fellow.

IT is n't so necessary to find heroes as to see
the hero in every man.

Dorothea Moore.

The Return of the Quill.

"William Dean Howells, instead of going forward to
the type-writer, has gone back to the old-fashioned
quill pen."—*Literary Life*.

BACK in the dim-lit ages
When literary sages

Inscribed their classic pages with quaint, methodic
skill,

Their cumbrous tomes gigantic,
Their treatises pedantic,

And e'en their works romantic were written with
a quill.

For poets dead and gone it
Freed many a soaring sonnet—

A pen with feathers on it, sure, should help a
rhyme ascend.

But shadows thick environ

The quill-writ verse of Byron,

And nibs of tempered iron now their aid to poets
lend.

In times remote and olden
(Some say the age was golden)

An author was beholden only to the humble goose;
But modern rules are tighter—

Each present-day inditer

A late-improved type-writer needs to make his
work of use.

Yet here 's a man of letters—

With few, if any, betters—

From whom Dame Custom's fetters have loosed
their cunning hold;

He 's daringly decided

To use, by genius guided,

The pearly pen that glided o'er vellum leaves of old.

No more his hand prehensile
Shall clasp a pen or pencil;

He 's chosen his utensil, and he 'll wield it as he
will.

In spite of malediction

He 'll cling to his conviction

And manufacture fiction with a good, old-fash-
ioned quill.

This notable example

May prove a reason ample

For other folk to sample the pen of long ago,

That, in their varied phases,

Portrayed Clarinda's praises,

And winged the flowing phrases of Bunyan and
Defoe.

The peaceful quill's arrival

May herald the revival

Of tales which shall outrival the works we 've
read of late;

The romance realistic,

The novel pessimistic,

The hero atheistic, may soon be out of date.

Jennie Betts Hartwick.

Explanation.

SHE thought it was the sunshine,

The buds and blossoming,

The birds, the bees, the fragrance,

And all the pomp of spring,

That set her pulse to leaping,

Her heart to throbbing fast.

She thought it was the springtime—

Until the spring was past.

She thought it was the summer,

The languor that is June's,

The mornings fresh and dewy,

The dreamy afternoons

That flushed her cheek with feeling

And made her young blood thrill—

Until the summer faded,

And she was happy still.

But when across the meadows

October loitering came,

To fill the land with shadows

And touch the leaves with flame,

She pressed her trembling fingers

Her throbbing heart above,

And turned with eyes clear shining—

To meet the gaze of Love.

Josephine H. Nicholls.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1900.

Portrait Miniature. Painted by	Laura C. Hills	Frontispiece
Half-toned plate engraved by H. Davidson.		
China's "Holy Land." A Visit to the Tomb of Confucius	Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg	803
Pictures by Malcolm Fraser, Otto H. Bacher, and Harry Fenn, from photographs by the author.		
American Miniature Painting	Pauline King	820
Pictures by J. A. Mac Dougall, W. J. Baer, Theodora W. Thayer, Alice Beckington, Marie Champney Humphreys, Virginia Reynolds, Laura C. Hills, Lucia Fairchild Fuller, I. A. Josephi, Florence Mackubin, Lydia Field Emmet, and W. J. Whittemore.		
The Helmet of Navarre. III. (Begun in August)	Bertha Runkle	831
Pictures by André Castaigne.		
Memories of a Musical Life. IV. Reminiscences of Vieuxtemps, Ole Bull, Wieniawski, Raff, Remenyi, Rubinstein, von Bülow, Joachim, Paderewski and others. (Conclusion)	William Mason	848
With a portrait of Theodore Thomas at twenty-four.		
The Chinese as Business Men	Sheridan P. Read	864
(Formerly U. S. Consul at Tientsin.)		
The Child Perpetual	Virginia Frazer Boyle	868
Picture by E. Potthast.		
Oliver Cromwell. XII. (Conclusion)	John Morley	874
Pictures by F. Brangwyn, Joseph Pennell, drawings and portraits.		
Mr. Grigsby's Way	Annie Steger Winston	897
Picture by A. I. Keller.		
Chinese Education	Romyn Hitchcock	900
Pictures by A. F. Jaccaci, Malcolm Fraser, and W. J. Baer, from photographs.		
East London Types	Sir Walter Besant	905
Pictures by Joseph Pennell and L. Raven-Hill.		
Examples of American Portraiture. III. The Lady with the White Shawl. Painted by	William M. Chase, LL.D.	920
Chinese Traits and Western Blunders. (The East of To-day and To-morrow)	Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter	921
(Bishop of New York)		
Dr. North and his Friends. VIII. (Conclusion)	S. Weir Mitchell	930
Civic Helpfulness.	Theodore Roosevelt	939
The Hanging-on of "By Jocks"	Ellis Parker Butler	944
Pictures by Frederic Dorr Steele.		
The Bed	James Whitcomb Riley	950
A Plea for Fair Treatment	His Excellency Wu Ting Fang	951
(Chinese Minister at Washington)		
The Cup of Bliss	John Vance Cheney	954
DEPARTMENTS:		
Topics of the Time.		955
International Hatred — Ruskin and his Feminine Economics.		
In Lighter Vein		957
Jed's Monument (Charles Battell Loomis) — The Day We Thresh (Adelia Pope Branham) — Partial Statements (Dorothea Moore) — The Return of the Quill (Jennie Betts Hartwick) — Explanation (Josephine H. Nicholls).		

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Oct. 1900.

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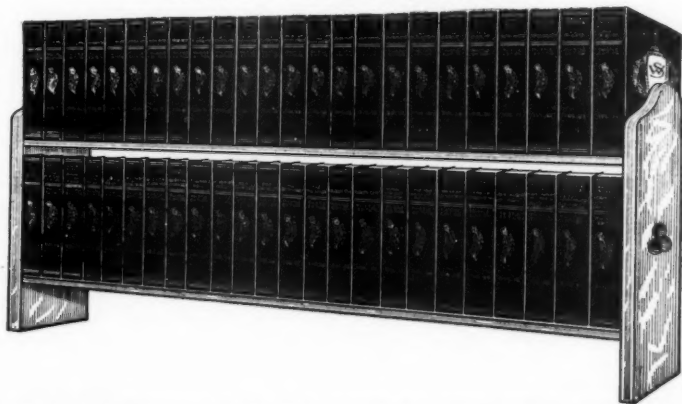
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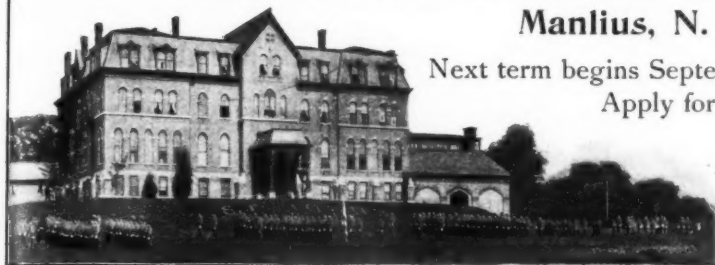
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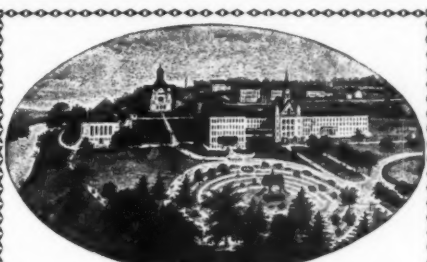
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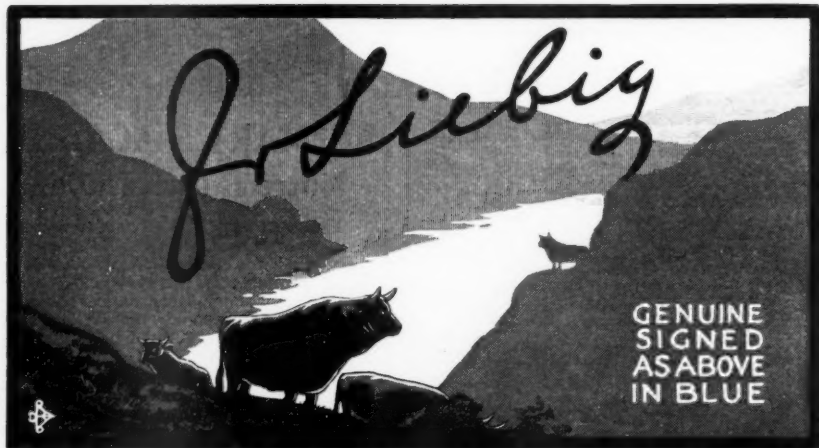
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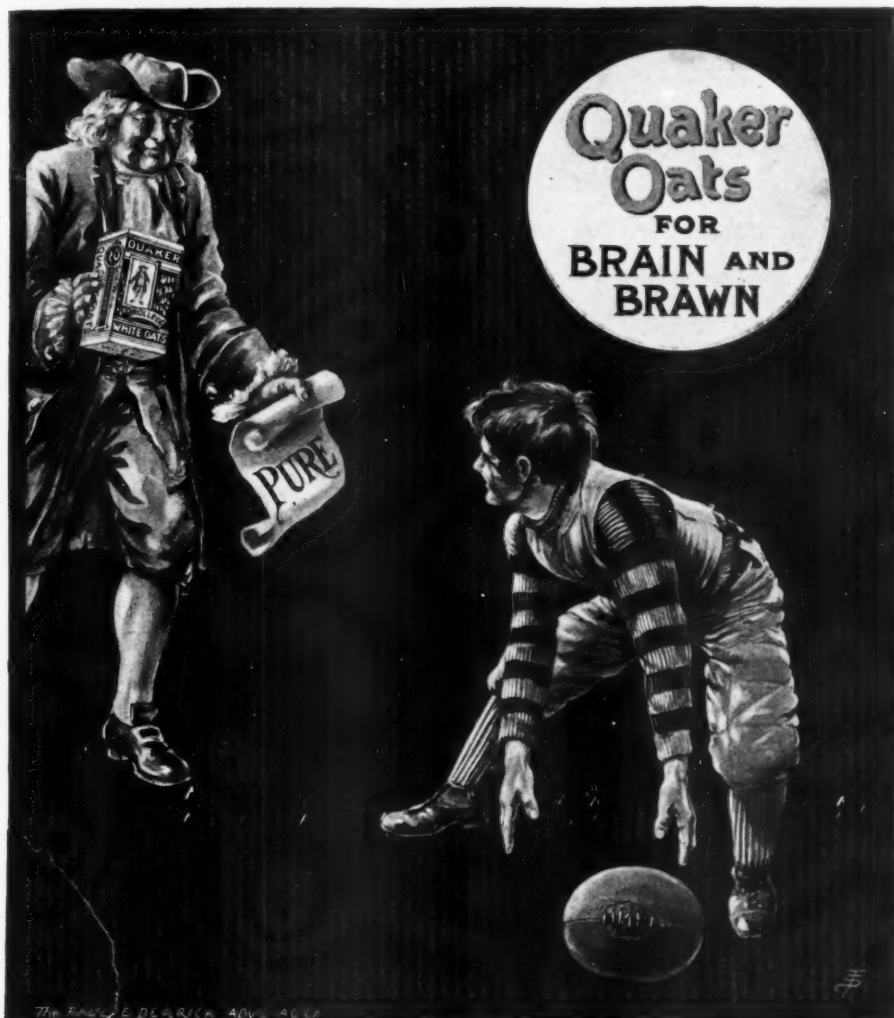
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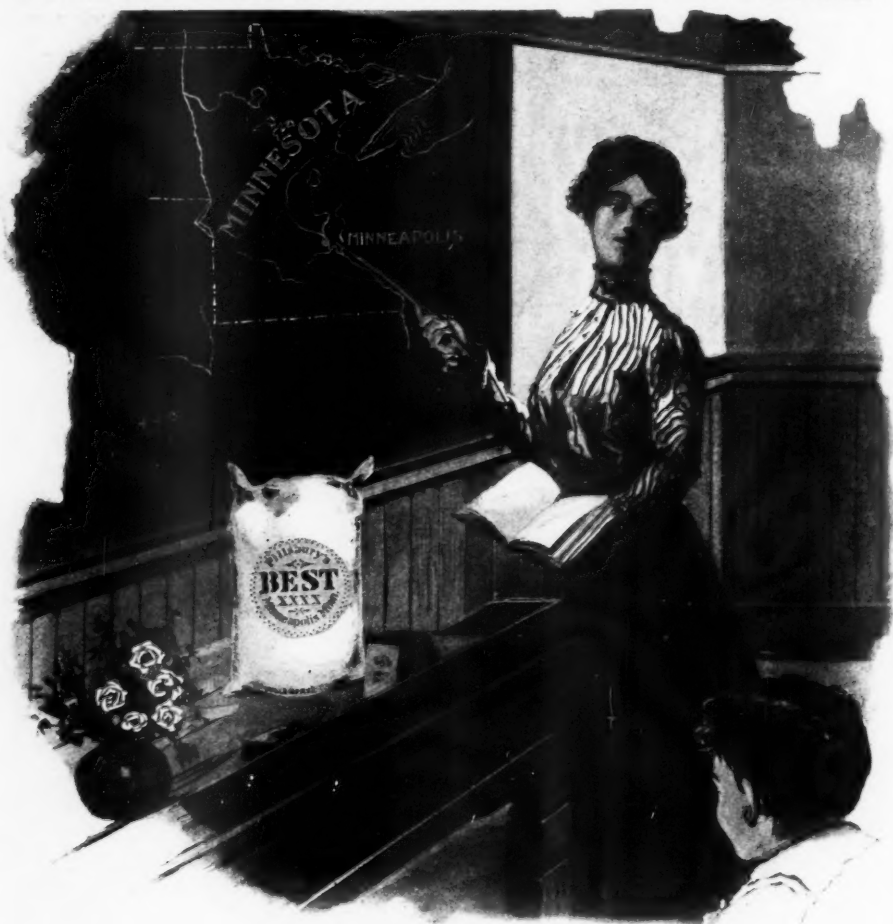
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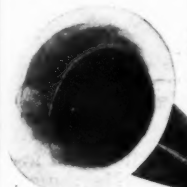
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The only Music Box that
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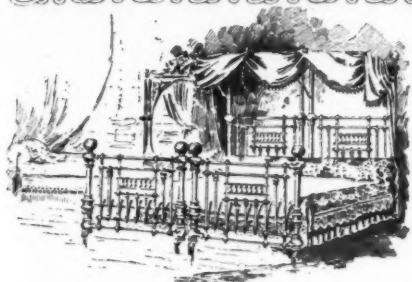
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Pearline is a soapy
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All ash cans are
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Ask your dealer for it. If he
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Write for the little book, "Tight Around the Waste." Free.

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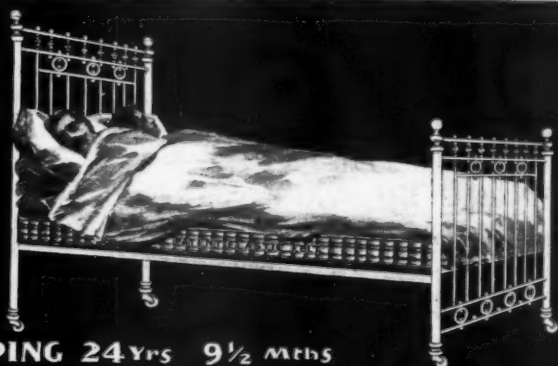
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They are easily adjusted by the wearer. They are
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Think of it—of these 70 years over one-third is spent in bed! Why not be supremely comfortable every minute of these years? Thousands of users (see our book) testify that

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HOUSE FURNISHINGS 38

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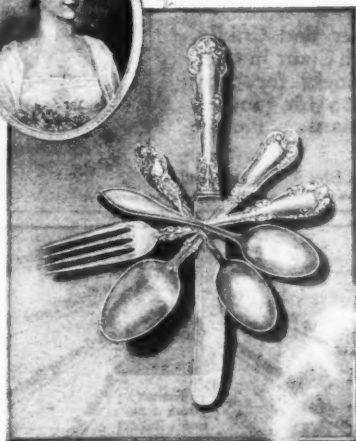
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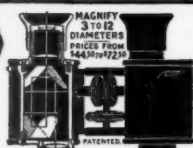


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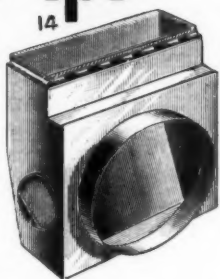
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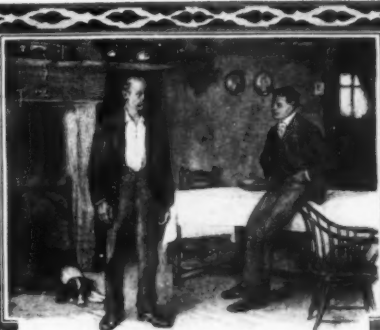
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Systems mildly warm
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No dirt, little labor, much
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for health and comfort can be maintained in the home by using the

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SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

It's as harmless as the flour you eat. It makes old silver new—in brilliancy—and keeps new silver always new.

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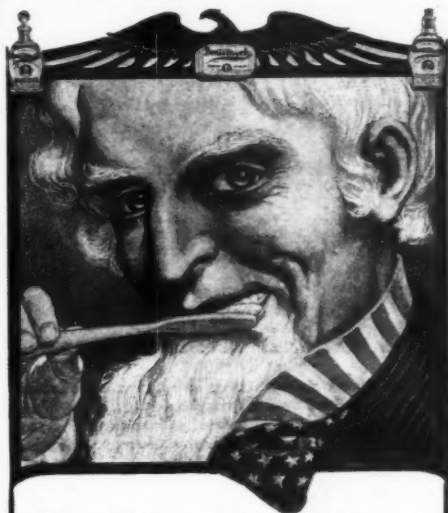
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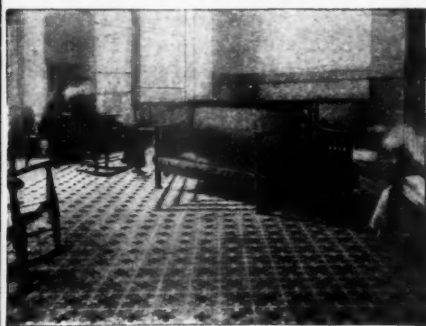
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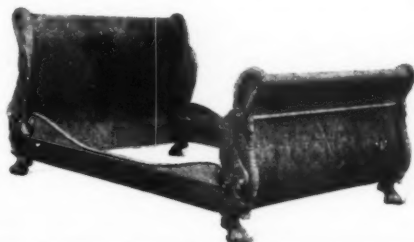




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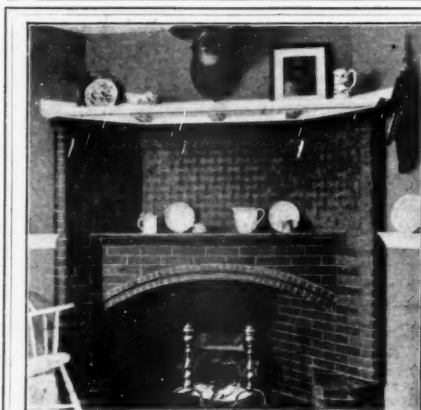
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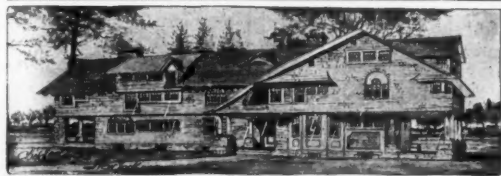
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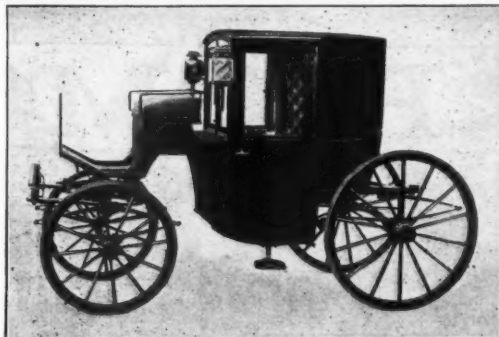
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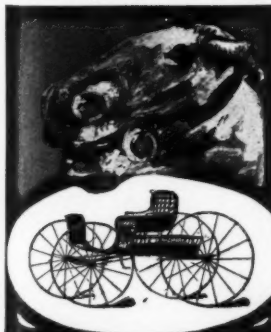


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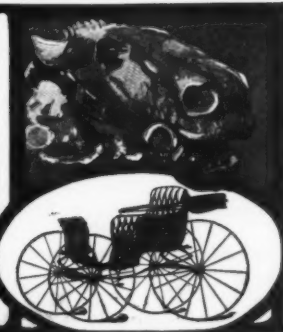


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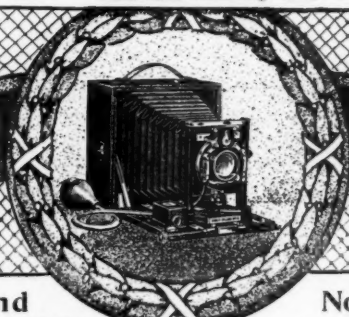


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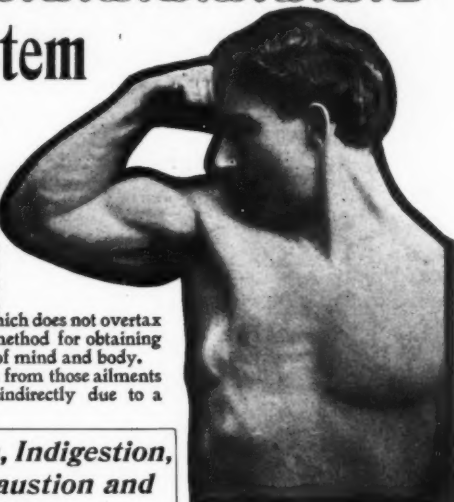
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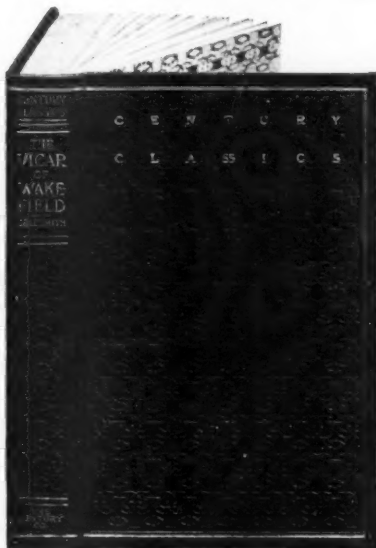
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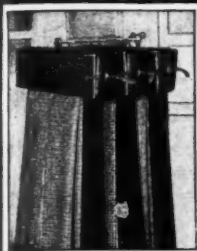
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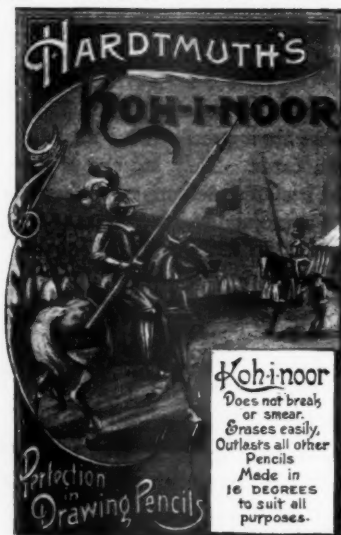
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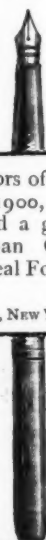


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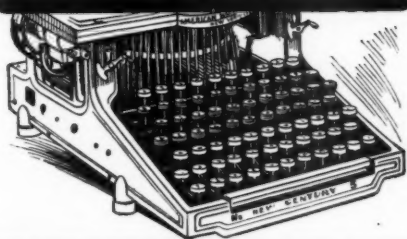
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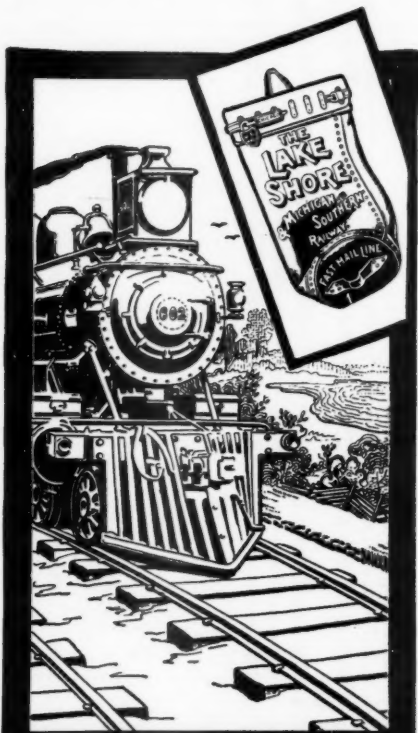
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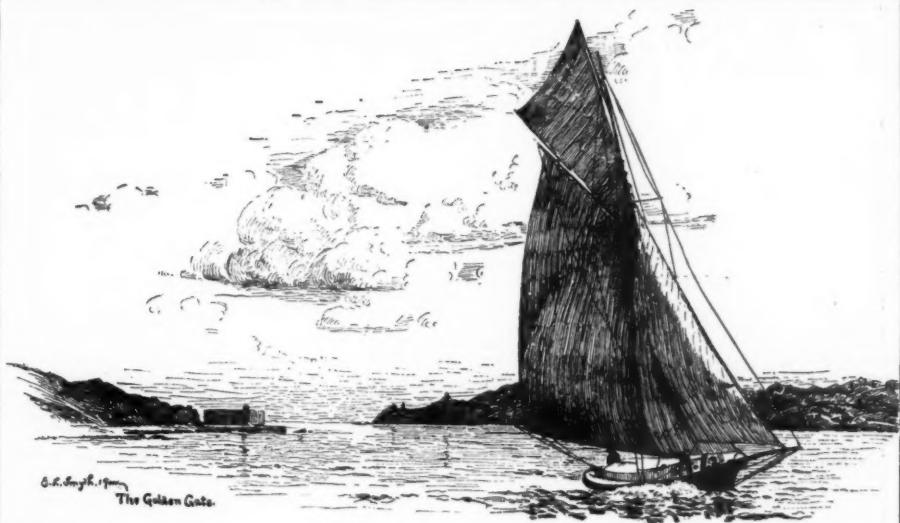
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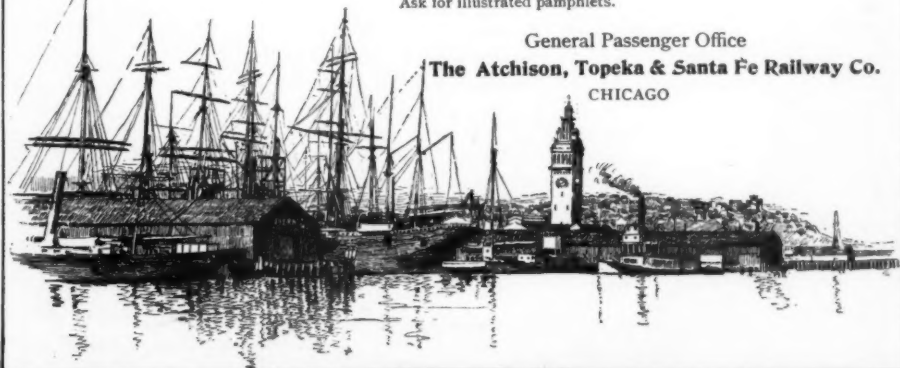
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Oct. 1900.

FOR THE TRAVELER 74

HAWAII AND AUSTRALASIA. THE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

announces a fast mail service every three weeks from San Francisco to Auckland and Sydney, via Honolulu and the Samoan Islands; beginning November 21st on the

**THREE NEW
SISTER
SHIPS**

**"SIERRA"
"SONOMA"
"VENTURA"**

These new twin-screw steamships, built by the Cramps, have a speed of over seventeen knots an hour and *will save five days* in the voyage to Sydney, making the trip in twenty-two days. From San Francisco to Honolulu the fast time is made of five and one-half days.

To **Tahiti**, the
Gem of the Pacific.

A service will be opened to Tahiti on November 1st, making the round trip from San Francisco in 33 days.

**A Trip Around
the World**

From San Francisco via Honolulu, Samoa, New Zealand, Australian ports, India, Gulf of Suez, etc., Continental Europe, England, splendid Atlantic liners to New York, and railway across United States, first-class in every respect, ticket good for two years, \$635.00.

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TO CALIFORNIA THROUGH COLORADO

THAT IS THE INTERESTING WAY TO GO

Our daily through sleeping car, Chicago to San Francisco, and our weekly tourist parties every Wednesday from both Chicago and St. Louis to Los Angeles, pass all the magnificent Colorado scenery by daylight.

Let me send you particulars about our personally conducted parties to the coast. They offer a comfortable, interesting and inexpensive way of reaching California. Enclose 6c for a valuable 72 page illustrated book on California.

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Great Rock Island Route

Offers exceptional advantages to
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*The Best Personally Conducted Tourist
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2 Routes The Scenic **To** Los Angeles **2** Excursions
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Latest Improved Tourist Cars on Fast Trains — Lowest Rate
Tickets available for passage. Write for itinerary and
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First-Class Through Sleeper Daily

BETWEEN

Chicago and San Francisco

Carried on Limited Trains of the Rock Island, D. & R. G.,
R. G. W., Sou. Pac. Dining Car Service Through. Buffet
Library Cars. Direct connection to and from
Los Angeles. This car crosses the mag-
nificent scenery of the

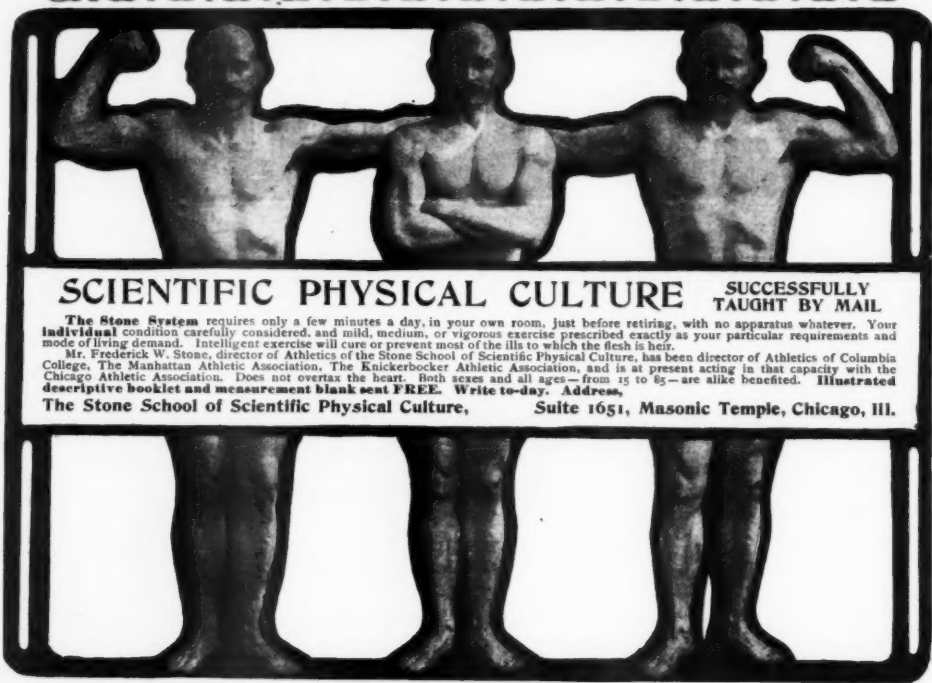
Rockies and Sierra Nevada by Daylight

IN BOTH DIRECTIONS

We will gladly send you "Chicago to California," an anno-
tated itinerary describing the run of this
through car. Write for it.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., CHICAGO.

MISCELLANEOUS 76



SCIENTIFIC PHYSICAL CULTURE

SUCCESSFULLY
TAUGHT BY MAIL

The Stone System requires only a few minutes a day, in your own room, just before retiring, with no apparatus whatever. Your individual condition carefully considered, and mild, medium, or vigorous exercise prescribed exactly as your particular requirements and mode of living demand. Intelligent exercise will cure or prevent most of the ills to which the flesh is heir.

Mr. Frederick W. Stone, director of Athletics of the Stone School of Scientific Physical Culture, has been director of Athletics of Columbia College, The Manhattan Athletic Association, The Knickerbocker Athletic Association, and is at present acting in that capacity with the Chicago Athletic Association. Does not overtax the heart. Both sexes and all ages—from 15 to 85—are alike benefited. Illustrated descriptive booklet and measurement blank sent FREE. Write to-day. Address,

The Stone School of Scientific Physical Culture,

Suite 1651, Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

IF YOU HAVE

**Impure Blood,
Rheumatism, OR ANY
Skin Complaint**

TRY

Sulphume

Price \$1, express paid

SULPHUME is pure sulphur in liquid form,—a new chemical discovery. Sulphur heretofore was considered insoluble. Sulphume can be taken internally, applied as a lotion and used in baths.

SULPHUME BATHS can be taken at home, having all the advantages (and more) of the most famous Sulphur Springs. One bottle of Sulphume makes 12 strong sulphur baths, or 1200 doses.

SULPHUME SOAP is the only soap in the world made with Liquefied sulphur. That is why it is a **Genuine Sulphur Soap**. It stops itching and all skin irritations, softens and whitens the skin, and has no equal for the toilet and bath. One cake for trial mailed on receipt of 25 cents.

ALL intelligent people know what valuable remedial properties sulphur possesses, but **FEW** realize the wonderful results of liquid sulphur, Sulphume. Gargling once is sufficient for an ordinary sore throat.

Drop a postal card and we'll mail you our **SULPHUME BOOK** and **SKIN BOOK** both FREE. When you write for our books, if you will mention the particular complaint you are interested in, we will send you a special letter of advice.

SULPHUME COMPANY, 122 Sulphume Building, CHICAGO.

Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, Canadian Depot.



B. T. Babbitts Best Soap

is for folks who want their
money's worth of soap

Don't buy soap and premium knick-knacks
together.

You're likely to pay too much for your pre-
miums and much too much for your soap.

Babbitt's Best Soap for nearly half a century
has lead all laundry soaps in purity and economy,
and it still leads, and always will lead.

Your full money's worth of soap-quality and
long-lasting economy in every cake.

No Premiums

and no need of them — the best sells on its merits.

Made by B. T. Babbitt, New York



Concerning Staples

A staple is a well-established article of trade or commerce. It is built on the endorsement or approval of a good many people. This approval in turn rests on knowledge, therefore

To Make a Staple

of an article you must tell people about it. With many well-known staples this operation has extended over now forgotten years—but the time and toil were expended all the same. To-day this operation is called advertising, and advertising will make a staple, as surely as and more quickly than the old way. This has been demonstrated over and over again.

There is another point to be considered. It often becomes necessary

To Make a Staple Staple

For instance, an old favorite gets elbowed aside and forgotten because of the advertising of some new and enterprising staple-maker, but "Like Cures Like," and good advertising will often keep the old favorite a favorite still. This too has been repeatedly proven.

A Staple Fallacy

When a business man says "I have a staple, and therefore advertising would do me no good," in almost every case he is wrong—wrong because the knowledge which alone makes and maintains a staple can be best imparted by means of the printed page—the method by which everybody (including the man himself) gets information.

We have studied the staple question closely and have accomplished the pronounced impossible with some. Furthermore, we can do it again. Let us hear from you.

N. W. AYER & SON

Newspaper Advertising
Magazine Advertising

Philadelphia

"Say! Everybody Likes Ralston Breakfast Food"

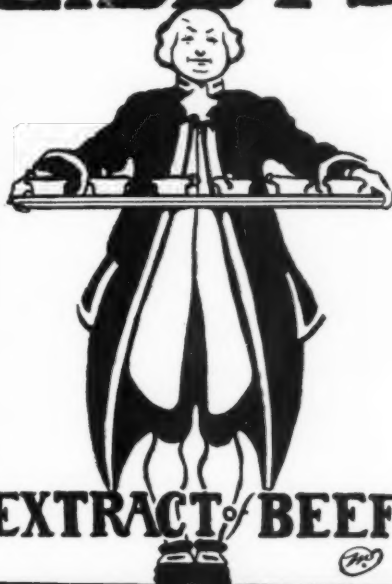
Another **1,000.00 Dollars** in cash for **One Thousand Boys and Girls**

ESTABLISHED BY FIRST DOLLAR SELLING RALSTON BREAKFAST FOOD

We have extended the opportunity for bright boys and girls to earn money easily, introducing **Ralston Breakfast Food** by offering an additional **ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS**. The business knowledge gained, and the bank account started, are big inducements; especially as no money is required and check is mailed for service rendered. Write and we will tell you how to earn the money. Give the name of a minister or doctor for reference; and the name of your grocer, as all orders will be filled by him.

PURINA MILLS, "Where Purity is Paramount"
892 Gratiot Street, St. Louis, Mo.
To Adults: For sample of Ralston, send grocer's name.

LIBBY'S



EXTRACT OF BEEF

Is essential to the proper preparation of

**SOUPS
BOUILLON
MEAT JELLIES
BEEF TEA
GRAVIES**

Because: A very little of it represents the strength and savor of pounds of prime beef; by its use results are obtained that can be secured in no other way, and it is highly nutritious. The best cooks find it as necessary as the spice box.

A new edition of "How to Make Good Things to Eat" tells many new uses for Libby's Extract of Beef. Sent free.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY
Chicago

From Bean to Cup

**PURE!
HEALTHFUL!!**

Kiehl's
COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

SOLD AT OUR STORES
AND BY
GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

FOOD PRODUCTS



Some Pure Food
Is Poor Food.

Van Camp's

Boston Baked

Pork & Beans

—Prepared with Tomato Sauce,

Is Pure Food
And Good Food.

Everybody eats it. Your grocer sells it. Sample can for six cents in stamps. Booklet free.

VAN CAMP PACKING COMPANY,
310 Kentucky Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.



The perfection of all reservoir ranges is reached in a range that will work equally well with soft coal or hard coal, wood or cobs—bake, roast, boil, seethe and fry to perfection—heat all the water you need almost instantly—properly used, last a lifetime; and save its price in a year.

Majestic

Malleable Iron and Steel

Range

does all of it, and the reservoir will not boil, "thump" and steam you out of the kitchen. This range will not clog with ashes and clinkers, allow smoke and soot to escape into the kitchen, crack or break, or subject you to the expense and annoyance of every other cooking apparatus. Made of MALLEABLE IRON and best open-hearth cold-rolled steel, 10 to 50 per cent heavier throughout than any other range. Flues lined with pure asbestos, and the entire range riveted with the best Norway iron rivets—air-tight and dust-tight. This explains why a Great Majestic Range will do its work in half the time, and with half the fuel.

Majestic Ranges

are different and distinct from all others—made in variety to fit all conditions and every purse—with or without water connections—for wood, coal, gas; also in combination for coal and gas. Our Booklet, "A Model Kitchen," SENT FREE. Half the bad cooking is due to defective flue and range arrangement. This Booklet tells "How a Kitchen Should be Arranged" to get best cooking results from any range; and tells all about Majestic Ranges and Malleable Iron. Postal brings it. Shall we send it?

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LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

The Original and Genuine Worcestershire.

Beware of Imitations

Butlers in the best families and all first class cooks can tell you that soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads and many other dishes are given an appetizing relish if flavored with Lea & Perrins' sauce.

SIGNATURE ON EVERY BOTTLE. *Lea & Perrins*

John Duncan's Sons—AGENTS, NEW YORK.

KNOX'S GELATINE



IS A PURITY PRIZE WINNER

no matter who competes. I challenge competition on these statements: KNOX'S GELATINE is the pure calves' stock gelatine. It is transparent. It is granulated—measure with a spoon like sugar.

I will Mail You FREE

my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," if you will send the name of your grocer. If you can't do this, send a two-cent stamp.

For 5c. in stamps (to cover postage and packing), the book and full pint sample.

For 15c. the book and full two-quart package (two for 25c.) Pink color for fancy desserts in every package.

Beware of imitations of similar name.

CHAS. B. KNOX,
10 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

KO-NUT

A STERILIZED FAT FROM THE COCOANUT FOR SHORTENING AND FRYING

POTATO CROQUETTES are never greasy when fried in "KO-NUT."

Ask your grocer for "KO-NUT" or write

INDIA REFINING CO.,
PHILADELPHIA.

FREE.—Write for 20th Century Mother Goose.



Two Hundred Dollars

in cash prizes are offered for
the best recipes for cooking

Kornlet

the creamy pulp of a tender, high
flavored variety of sweet corn,
with all the coarse, indigestible
hull left on the cob, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$100.00
Second "	50.00
Third "	30.00
Fourth "	20.00

As Kornlet can be served in many ways, and as we have only eight
recipes, we will pay cash also for acceptable recipes that are not prize win-
ners. Contest closes November 15, 1900. Write for circular giving details.

THE HASEROT CANNERIES COMPANY, 39-41 Woodland Ave., CLEVELAND, O.

Registered by
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NATURE'S GREAT NERVE TONIC AND RESTORATIVE
IN NERVOUS INDIGESTION, ETC., ETC.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Springs Nos. 1 and 2.

Invigorates the Appetite, promotes Digestion and Assimilation,
neutralizes Acid, allays Nausea, and is emphatically a Stomach
Water. As a nerve tonic it is a Powerful Restorative in Nervous
System. An Antidote to the Acids, it is
not less efficacious in what may be termed Flatulent or Acid Indi-
gestion. Many mineral waters are debilitating in action. The **BUFFALO LITHIA WATERS**
are always tonic, always reconstructive and restorative. This is not the claim merely of the
proprietor of these waters. They are daily prescribed by the great army of physicians covering the Ameri-
can Continent, and also by physicians of London and Paris.

Both Springs 1 and 2 are powerful Nerve Tonics. No. 1 is also a potent Blood Tonic, and is especially
indicated in all cases where there is Poverty or Deficiency of Blood. In the absence of these
symptoms, No. 2 is more indicated.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally.

Testimonials, which defy all imputations or questions, sent to any address.

PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

Springs are open for guests from June 15 to Oct 1st.

They are reached from all directions over the Danville Division of the Southern Railway.

BLUE LABEL SOUPS.

20 Varieties
CURTICE BROTHERS CO.
ROCHESTER, N.Y. U.S.A.

Ready for use
after heating.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

The HARDEST TEST ON COFFEE

is made by the first-class hostelry. However good the balance of the menu, poor coffee will spoil it all. Waiter, chef, steward, proprietor—all—keep a vigilant eye on the coffee. No coffee has stood this test like



Once used by the hostelry where epicures dine, its use has never been discontinued. The only argument ever urged against it is the price—"it costs more because it is worth more."

Following is a partial list of the famous hostelries in the U. S. where it is served exclusively:

DENVER & RIO GRANDE
Dining Cars.
HOTEL SCHENLEY, Pittsburgh.
GRAND HOTEL, Cincinnati.
GRAND PACIFIC, Chicago.
BARTHOLDI, New York.
SHANLEY'S CAFES, New York.
BATTERY PARK HOTEL, Asheville, N. C.
ARLINGTON, Hot Springs, Ark.
B. & O. S. W. Dining Cars.
L. S. & M. S. Dining Cars.
COTTON BELT, Fardor Café Cars.

GRAND HOTEL, Yarmouth, N. S.
COLORADO HOTEL, Glenwood Springs, Colo.
WABASH R. R. Dining Cars.
BROADMOOR, Colorado Springs, Colo.
TONY FAUST'S, St. Louis.
DEL PRADO, Chicago.
HAMPSHIRE ARMS, Minneapolis.
THE MORaine, Highland Park, Ill.
IMPERIAL, New York.
C. R. I. & F. Dining Cars.

The same blend of coffee served by the list of hostelries mentioned above—"FAUST BLEND"—is on sale generally by grocers throughout the United States at 40 cents per pound, in packages convenient for the family—one, two and three pound air tight tins and in bulk.

If your grocer does not keep it send us his name and \$1.30 and we will send, prepaid (East of the Rocky Mountains), a 3-lb. can, whole ground or pulverized. Send \$2.00 for a 3-lb. can and Blank's Scientific Coffee Pot. BOOKLET, by C. F. Blanke, giving useful information about coffee, the care of the coffee pot and Blank's favorite recipe for making coffee FREE on request.

THE C. F. BLANKE TEA & COFFEE CO., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

TO WIN A
HEARTY WELCOME,
TAKE ALONG A BOX OF

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONS

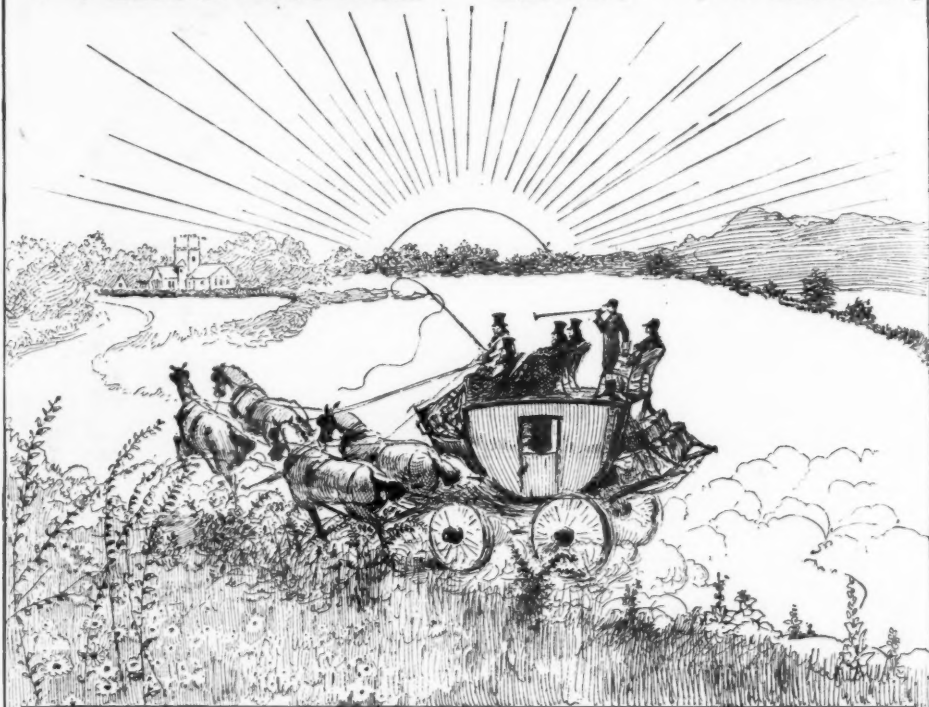
Sold everywhere.

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate makes
a delicious drink in a minute.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1316 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia,
Penna.

MINERAL SPRINGS 84

White Rock LITHIA Water.



No Hamper is complete without White Rock.

"The vim and life without the salt." Bottled at Waukesha, Wis.

For sale by Dealers; at Hotels, Cafes, Bars and on Dining Cars everywhere.

WHITE ROCK MINERAL SPRING COMPANY,

Waukesha, Wis.



Pettijohn's

ALL THE WHEAT BUT THE OVERCOAT

FLAKED BREAKFAST FOOD

"A REASONABLE FOOD."

Eat reasonable food.

Eat food that does not quarrel with your digestion, and at the same time appeals to your appetite.

Pettijohn's Flaked Breakfast Food is a reasonable food.

It contains all of the phosphates, all of the nitrogenous and mineral elements of the rich, ripe wheat, at the same time it is delicately appetizing, and has that true depth of taste that only the Pacific Coast white wheat can give.

Pettijohn's is distinctly good to eat.

All good housekeepers know that Pettijohn's is very simple to cook, but to get the greatest value out of Pettijohn's it should be cooked right.

Use one part of Pettijohn's to two parts of boiling water, and boil fifteen minutes or more. They will bring out the true value of the wheat. Have you one of our **Cereal Cook Books**? If not, send your address and we shall be pleased to send you one **Free**.

THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO.,

Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill.



Among Life's Pleasures

All sit steady! The long whip lash flies out, the guard sounds his horn and we are off. High above the dust and traffic of busy streets, past verdant fields, up and down the country roads and lanes! The exhilaration of swift motion, the beautiful scenes, joyous companionships, the pure delight of coaching through a pleasant land. And at the end of the trip a dainty, sufficient, appetizing luncheon of

Cream of Wheat!

Composed of only the part of the grain useful as a food—it is palatable, nutritious and digestible. A series of gravures which we issue, will interest you. They are really fine, and you get one with two packages of Cream of Wheat. Your grocer has them.

CREAM OF WHEAT CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

In all the details of preparing, curing, and smoking Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon, we never lose sight of the fact that it is the final purchaser (the consumer) whose appetite must be satisfied. If you like ham or bacon, and are not satisfied with what you have been ordering, ask your dealer for "Swift's Premium." The name is branded on the skin.

If you care to know about packing house operations, send for "Swift Illustrated." This little book tells the whole story briefly and comprehensively, gives information about the Government's Inspectors, the gigantic operations at the Stock Yards, the preparing and curing of meats, the extent of our business, and other interesting features. Illustrated in colors. Sent free to anyone, if this magazine is mentioned. Address "Advertising Department, Swift and Company, Stock Yards Station, Chicago."

"Swift's American Girl Calendar"

is the name of our beautiful art calendar for 1901. It is now in press and promises to be the most attractive home calendar ever issued. New in idea and novel in treatment, Swift's American Girl Calendar will undoubtedly be a greater success than was Swift's 1900 Home Calendar.

The November magazines will give full details, including a black and white reproduction, and will tell how one of these beautiful works of art can be obtained.

Swift and Company

Packing Plants at Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, St. Joseph and St. Paul

Over Three Hundred Branch Houses in Europe and America



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A DOCTOR'S REASON.

"Doctor, why do you tell nurse to use Ivory Soap?"

"Two or three years ago, the students at a college in which I am interested, bought some of each kind of soap for sale in the city and made analyses of them. The result was that purity, price and uniformity of quality, indicated Ivory as the soap to be recommended. Since then I direct my patients to use it exclusively."

Ivory Soap — 99¹/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure.



The
SOROSIS
Shoe

for Women, Girls and Boys.
All styles \$ 3.50

SOROSIS

Means Something to Every Woman

Sorosis name and Sorosis methods of manufacturing have made it possible for every woman in this country to take advantage of the best "Ready to Wear Shoe" ever made, at the low price of \$3.50, and also make it possible for her, after finding the last which fits her foot correctly, to *really own a private last* which, being protected and easily identified by Sorosis name, she can call for, without fear of being taken advantage of, in every city in this country and abroad.

Thus, with a little care in trying on the first time she buys, as perfect a fit is obtainable as can be secured in a custom-made shoe, and that, too, at from *one-half to one-third the price*. Mothers who have worn with satisfaction their own purchases of "Sorosis" will be pleased to know that our *Boys' Shoes* embody all the peculiar and remarkable qualities which have been found to be a part of every GENUINE "Sorosis."

Catalogue of the various styles sent on request

A. E. LITTLE & CO.
Manufacturers of "Sorosis"

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The Judges at the Paris Exposition have awarded a

GOLD MEDAL

to

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

the largest manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate in the world. This is the third award from a Paris Exposition.

**BAKER'S
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES**



TRADE-MARK

are always uniform in quality, absolutely pure, delicious, and nutritious. The genuine goods bear our trade-mark on every package, and are made only by

**Walter Baker & Co. Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.**

ESTABLISHED 1780.

Royal

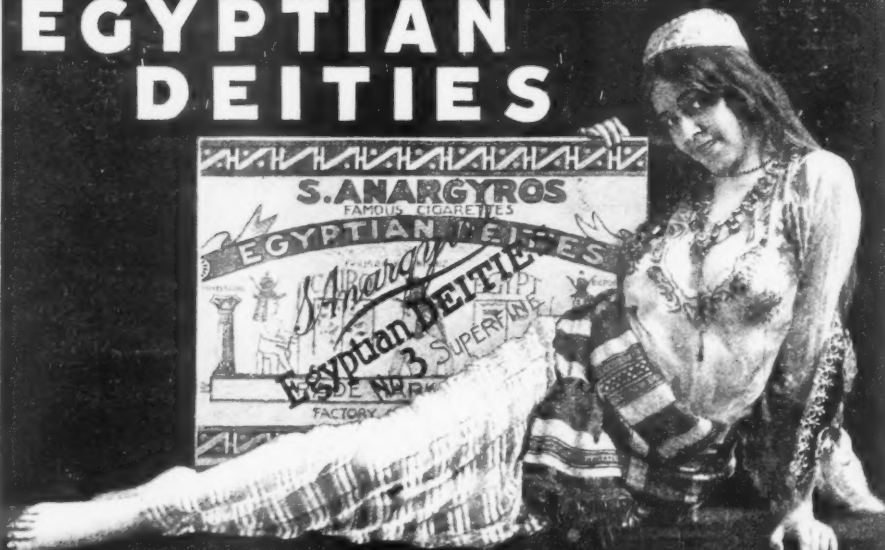


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Absolutely Pure.

Reject Alum Baking Powders—They Destroy Health

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"No better Turkish Cigarette can be made"

